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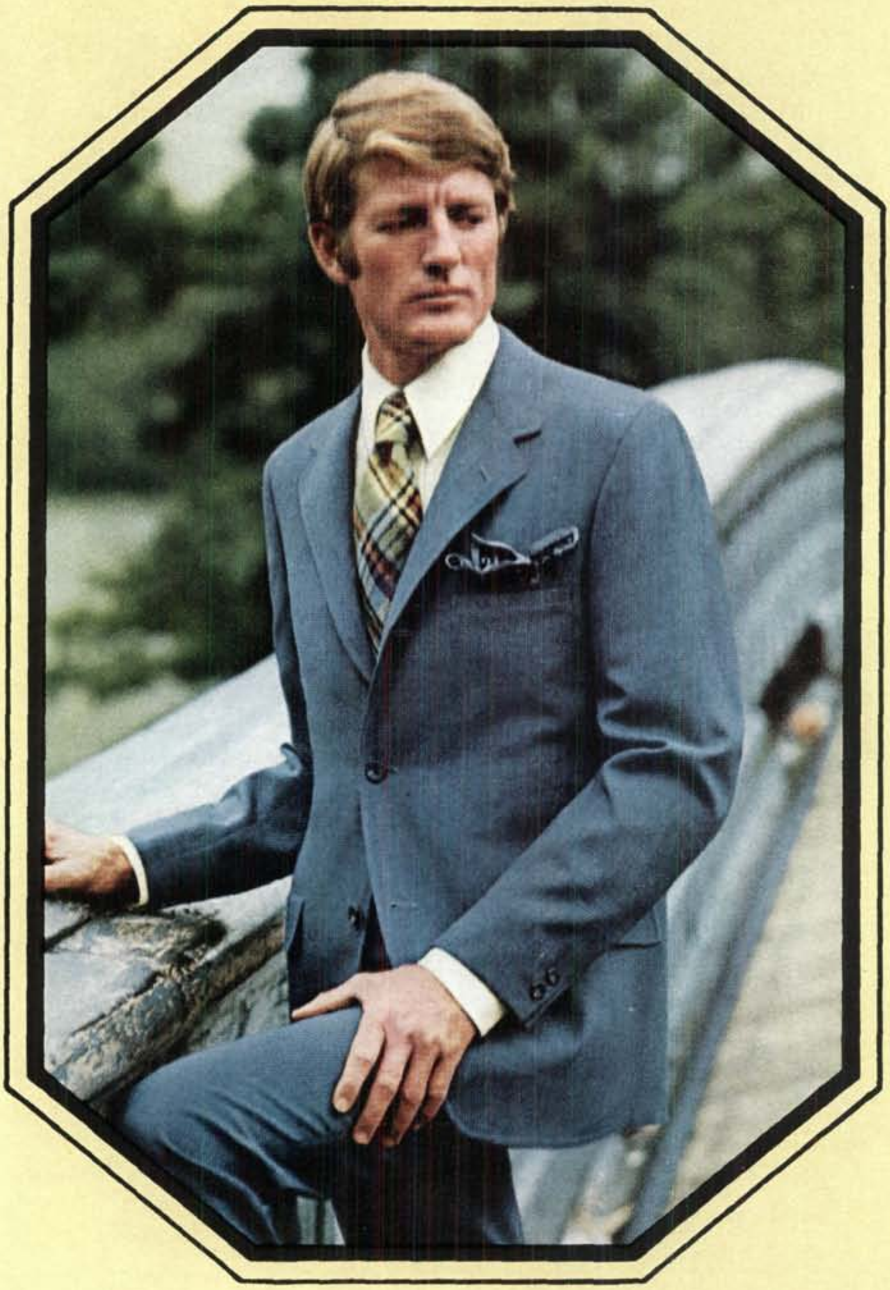

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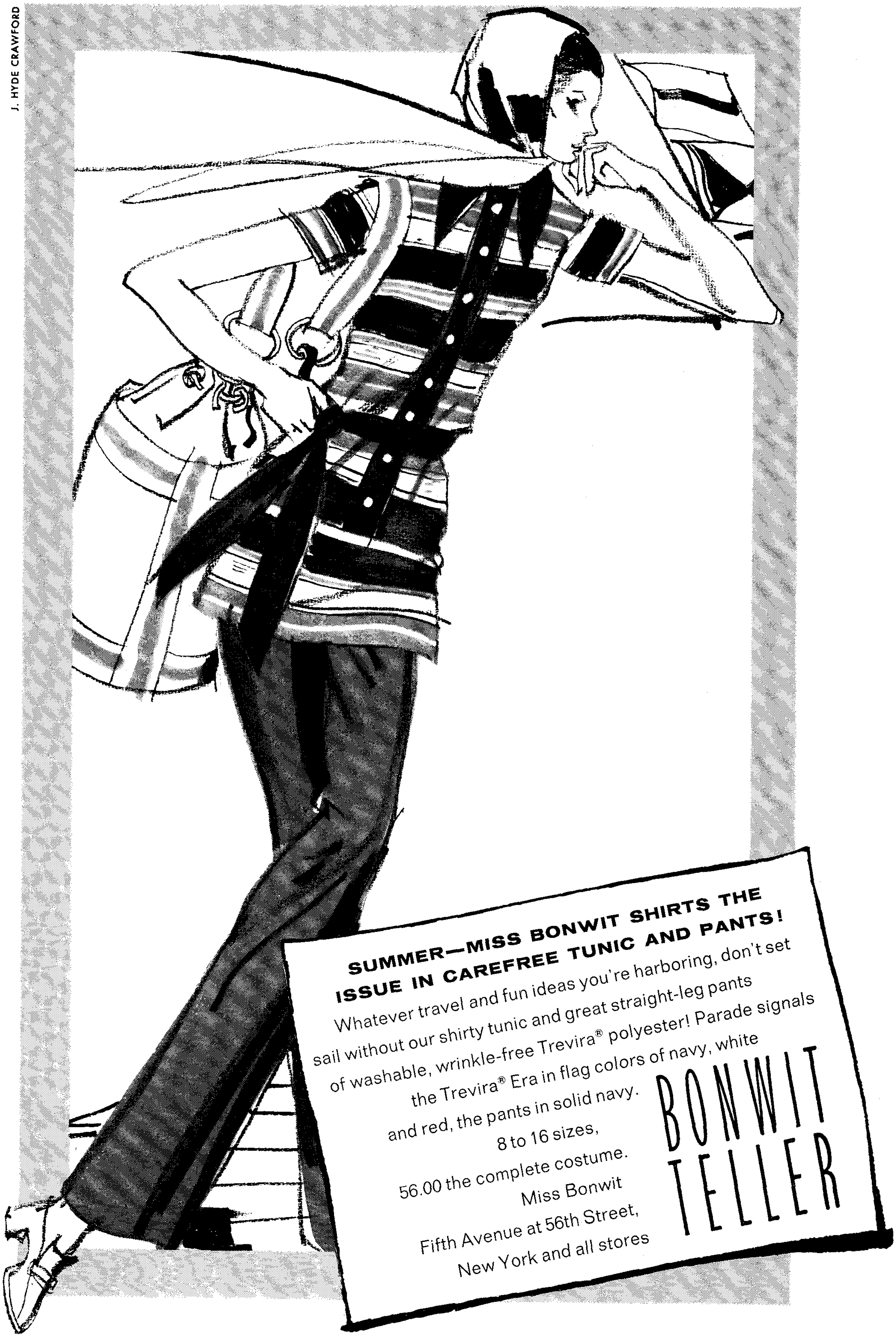

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TELLER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Borstal Boy—An eloquent, touching adaptation, by Frank McMahon, of Brendan Behan's account of his life in an English reform school. Wonderfully acted by Niall Toibin and Frank Grimes, of the Abbey Theatre. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Brotherhood and Day of Absence—A pair of one-acters by Douglas Turner Ward, one of the shrewdest and best of all our playwrights. The first is a blunt and harsh practical joke about a black couple who come for cocktails to the suburban house of a white couple. The second is a revival of Mr. Ward's sharp, witty satire about a day in a small Southern town when all the blacks decide not to turn up for work. The performances are very good indeed. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Wednesday through Friday, and Sunday, at 8:30, and Saturday at 7 and 10:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 3.)

Butterflies Are Free—Keir Dullea, Eileen Heckart, and Blythe Danner are excellent in a machine-made comedy that guarantees a laugh a minute, or maybe two minutes. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Cherry Orchard—A two-week engagement of Chekhov's comedy, presented by the John Fernald Company of Oakland University, Rochester, Michigan. Opens Tuesday, May 5, and will run through Saturday, May 16. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Child's Play—A just sufficiently scary thriller, about dark deeds at a boys' school. Written by Robert Marasco, directed by Joseph Hardy, and ably acted by Fritz Weaver, Pat Hingle, Ken Howard, Michael McGuire, and David Rounds. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Dark of the Moon—A revival of the Howard Richardson-William Berney play. (Mercer-Shaw Arena, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dear Janet Rosenberg, Dear Mr. Kooning—A pair of brief imports by a British playwright named Stanley Eveling. Their prevailing cuteness becomes quite exasperating at times, but they are literate and entertaining all the same. With Kevin O'Connor, Catherine Burns, and Penelope Allen. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds—What matters most in this domestic play is the character of its scornful, wisecracking, funny, and very touching heroine. She is given a fine performance by Sada Thompson, who is ably supported by Pamela Payton-Wright, Amy Levitt, and Judith Lowery. The dramatist is Paul Zindel. Melvin Bernhardt directed. (Mercer-O'Casey, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A revival of John Herbert's play about homosexuality in prison. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Harvey—A model revival of a silly but endearing old comedy, starring James Stewart and Helen Hayes. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday at 2 and Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, May 2.)

How Much, How Much?—A shoddy comedy compounded of gags and moralizing in about equal amounts, but with interesting (i.e. human) performances by Kristoffer Tabori and Hugh Franklin. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 477-4410. Wednesday through Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 7 and 10:30; and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 3.)

Inquest—A mock-documentary account of the trial and execution of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, who, in the early nineteen-fifties, were convicted of conspiring to commit espionage. Ably acted by George Grizzard and Anne Jackson. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Last of the Red Hot Lovers—A middle-aged man attempting his first extra-marital fling is the subject of Neil Simon's latest hit comedy. It is splendidly acted by James Coco, Linda Lavin, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Persians—A dim production of the Aeschylus tragedy. (St. George's Church, 207 E. 16th St., east of Third Ave. 533-2222. Nightly at 7. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, May 2. Half an hour before curtain time, the ceremonies begin in Stuyvesant Square, with the music of a Persian santur and with jugglers.)

The Pig Pen—A play by Ed Bullins. Season subscribers only. Opens Wednesday, April 29, and will run through Saturday, June 6. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7; Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8; and Fridays at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Private Lives—Noël Coward's comedy is well on

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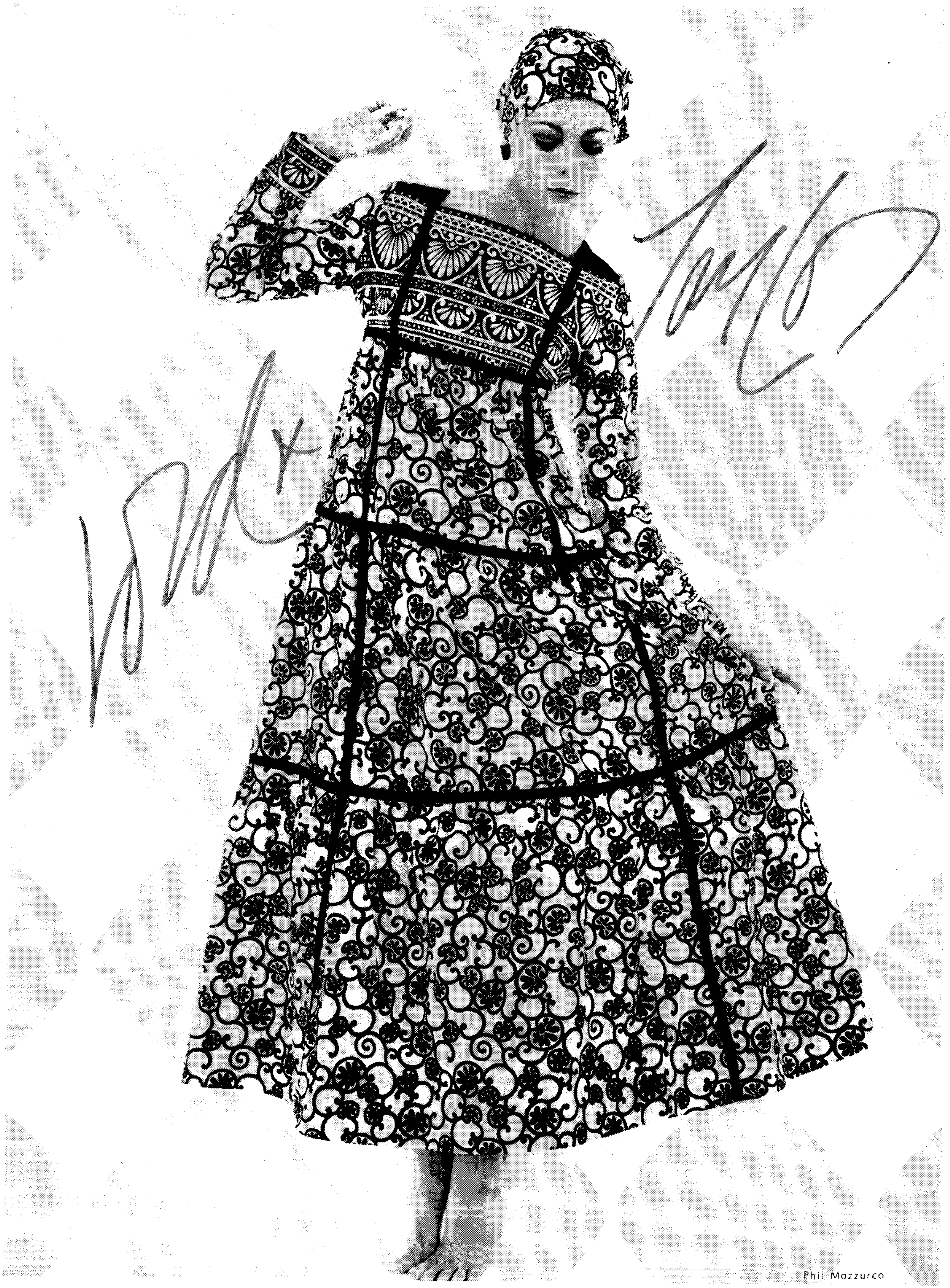

Phil Mazzurco

A little nostalgia will take you a long way this summer. Yes, it's time for girls to look like girls—at home, at parties, at the beach. Bill Atkinson understands perfectly and designs this black-and-white print in cotton-and-rayon for sizes 8 to 16, 36.00 in The Beach Scene at all Lord & Taylor stores

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

its way to immortality, and the present production, with Tammy Grimes and Brian Bedford, is a worthy seventieth-birthday present to the Master. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Two one-acters by Harold Pinter: LANDSCAPE and SILENCE. Each is an invasion of the privacy of its characters, who speak their thoughts aloud but rarely get in touch with one another. The scripts, needless to say, are good, but the performances, with a couple of exceptions, are not. (Forum, Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:45, and Sundays at 8:15. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45. Closes Sunday, May 17.)

Sheep on the Runway—Art Buchwald's helter-skelter comedy about a mythical Himalayan kingdom that has the misfortune to be noticed by Washington. With a splendid cast headed by David Burns and Martin Gabel. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesday at 2 and Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, May 2.)

Summertree—A revival of a play by Ron Cowen, with Lenny Baker. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq., 675-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.)

Le Tréteau de Paris—Final performances of a five-week repertory of plays in French. Beckett's OH! LES BEAUX JOURS, with Madeleine Renaud: Wednesday, April 29, at 2:30 and 8:30; Thursday and Friday, April 30-May 1, at 8:30; and Sunday, May 3, at 3. . . . ¶ Ionesco's LA LACUNE, LA JEUNE FILLE À MARIER, and LES CHAISES: Tuesday, May 5, at 7 (opening); Wednesday, May 6, at 2:30 and 8:30; Thursday and Friday, May 7-8, at 8:30; Saturday, May 9, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sunday, May 10, at 3. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. 541-8586.)

The White House Murder Case—Jules Feiffer's satire on war and a number of other things is clever but ultimately ineffectual, in spite of Alan Arkin's fine direction and satisfactory performances by all concerned. With Paul Benedict. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—ADAPTATION and NEXT: Two one-acters—the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . THE BOYS IN THE BAND: A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . THE CONCEPT: A drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Thursdays and Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30; Sundays at 3; Wednesday, April 29, at 2; and Wednesday, May 6, at 1:30.). . . FORTY CARATS: June Allyson and several other nice people in a comedy adapted from the French by Jay Allen and directed by Abe Burrows. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . NO PLACE TO BE SOMEBODY: Charles Gordone's play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. The actors include Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . PLAZA SUITE: Three conjoined one-act comedies by Neil Simon. Peggy Cass and Don Porter have the leading roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Applause—A loud and joyous descendant of the old movie "All About Eve." Lauren Bacall is wonderful, and so are many of her associates, among them Len Cariou, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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The Boy Friend—Sandy Wilson's breezy musical of nearly twenty years ago, which pretends to have been written forty years ago. With Judy Carne and Sandy Duncan. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Coco—Katharine Hepburn single-handedly saves the day in this old-fashioned trumpery musical, with book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by André Previn, and sets and costumes by Cecil Beaton. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special matinée for the Actors' Fund Thursday, May 7, at 2.)

Company—Fine music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, a witty book by George Furth, and admirable singing, dancing, and acting by a cast that includes Dean Jones, Elaine Stritch, Susan Browning, Teri Ralston, and Pamela Myers. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Drunkard—A surprisingly jolly musical adaptation of that old Victorian nuisance. Songs by Barry Manilow. (13th Street Theatre, 50 W. 13th St. 691-1413. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Joy—A program of songs by and with Oscar Brown, Jr. It has indeed some joyful moments, although it seems more appropriate to a cabaret than a theatre. Mr. Brown and the stunning Jean Pace split most of the songs between them, but they leave a few for their irresistible maestro, entirely named Sivuca, who treats us to engaging samples of Brazilian scat. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Last Sweet Days of Isaac—This buoyant musical, with a lively score by Nancy Ford and nimble words by Gretchen Cryer, tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounters with a couple of droll, pretty girls. The show loses a little steam in the second act, but it holds up quite well anyway. The performances—by Austin Pendleton as the hero, Fredricka Weber as both girls, and a delightful rock group called the Zeitgeist—are just about perfect. Word Baker directed. Ed Wittstein designed the stylish setting. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Mahagonny—Barbara Harris, Estelle Parsons, and Frank Porretta in Bertolt Brecht and Kurt Weill's musical. The director is Carmen Capalbo. (Anderson, 66 Second Ave., at 4th St. OR 4-2350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

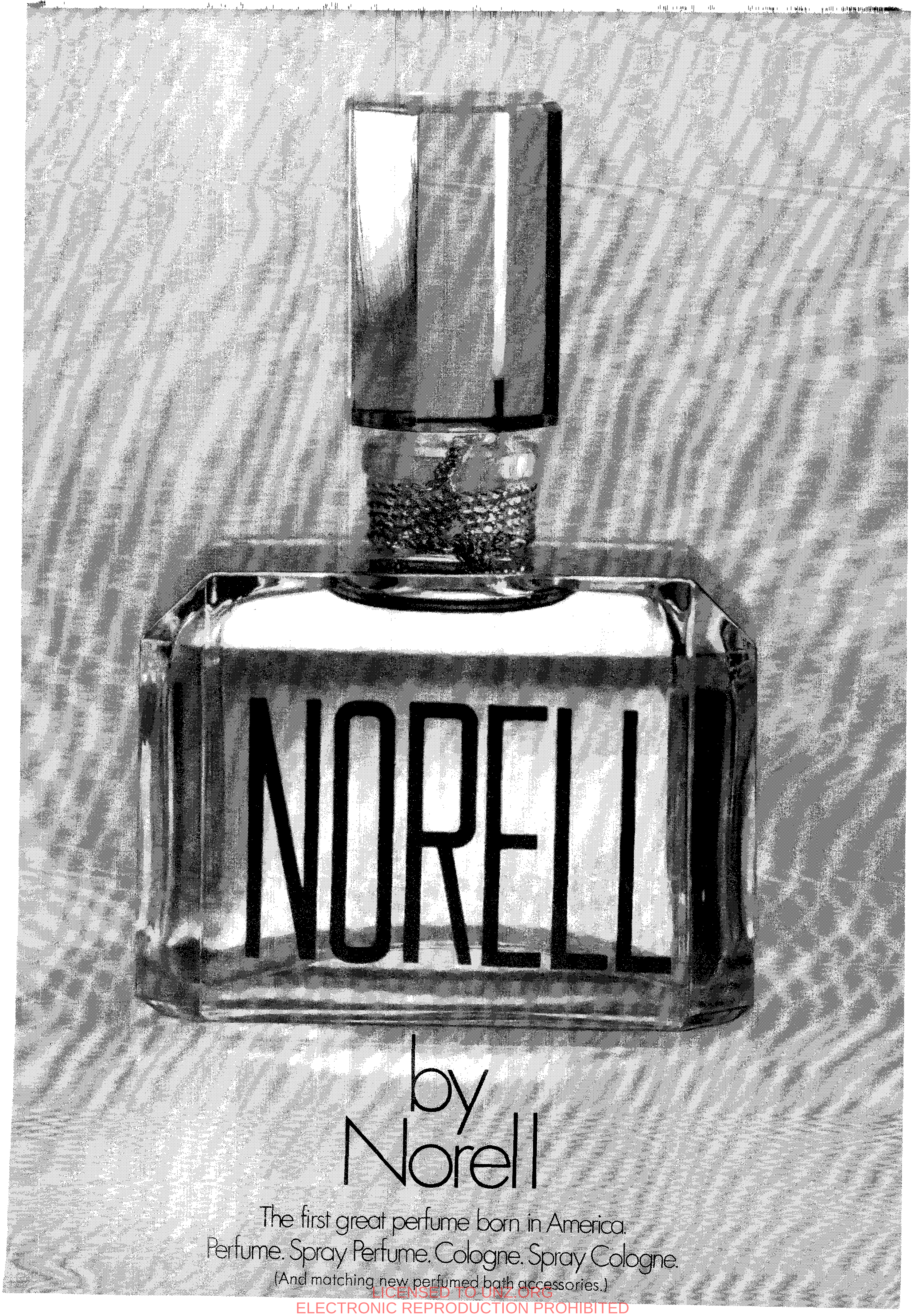
Minnie's Boys—A thoroughly inept account of how the Marx Brothers grew up and became famous. Lewis J. Stadlen makes a fine Groucho; the rest is, or ought to be, silence. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mod Donna—A musical with a book and lyrics by Myrna Lamb, and music by Susan Hulsman Bingham. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Purlie—An old-fashioned black musical, one cut above a minstrel show. With Melba Moore and Cleavon Little. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—Miss Ann Corio and her young ladies bump and grind and twirl tassels, but there is no life in the show, in spite of the venerable presence of Steve Mills and a few other comedians. (Hudson West, 361 W. 57th St. JU 2-4020. Wednesday through Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 3.)

Long Runs—JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS: A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.). . . DAMES AT SEA: A takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, about a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 10.). . . THE FANTASTICKS: You saw only your mother die. I see them pop off every day in the Mater and Richmond and cut up into tripes in the dissecting room. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45; and Sunday, May 3, at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. No seven-o'clock performance Friday, May 1.). . . FIDDLER ON THE ROOF: It's a beastly thing and nothing else. It simply doesn't matter. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.). . . HELLO, DOLLY!: You wouldn't kneel down to pray for your mother on her deathbed when she asked you. Why? Because you have the cursed jesuit strain in you, only it's injected the wrong way. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Incidentally, Ethel Merman is now Dolly.). . . HAIR: A host of hirsute young folk hellbent on knocking you for a psychedelic loop, and they do, they do. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . MAN OF LA MANCHA: Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Somegoro Ichikawa plays the title role; Jack Dabdoub substitutes for him at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . OH! CALCUTTA!: A collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . PROMISES, PROMISES: Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara in an adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . 1776: A misreading of American history, executed with schoolboy high spirits. Starring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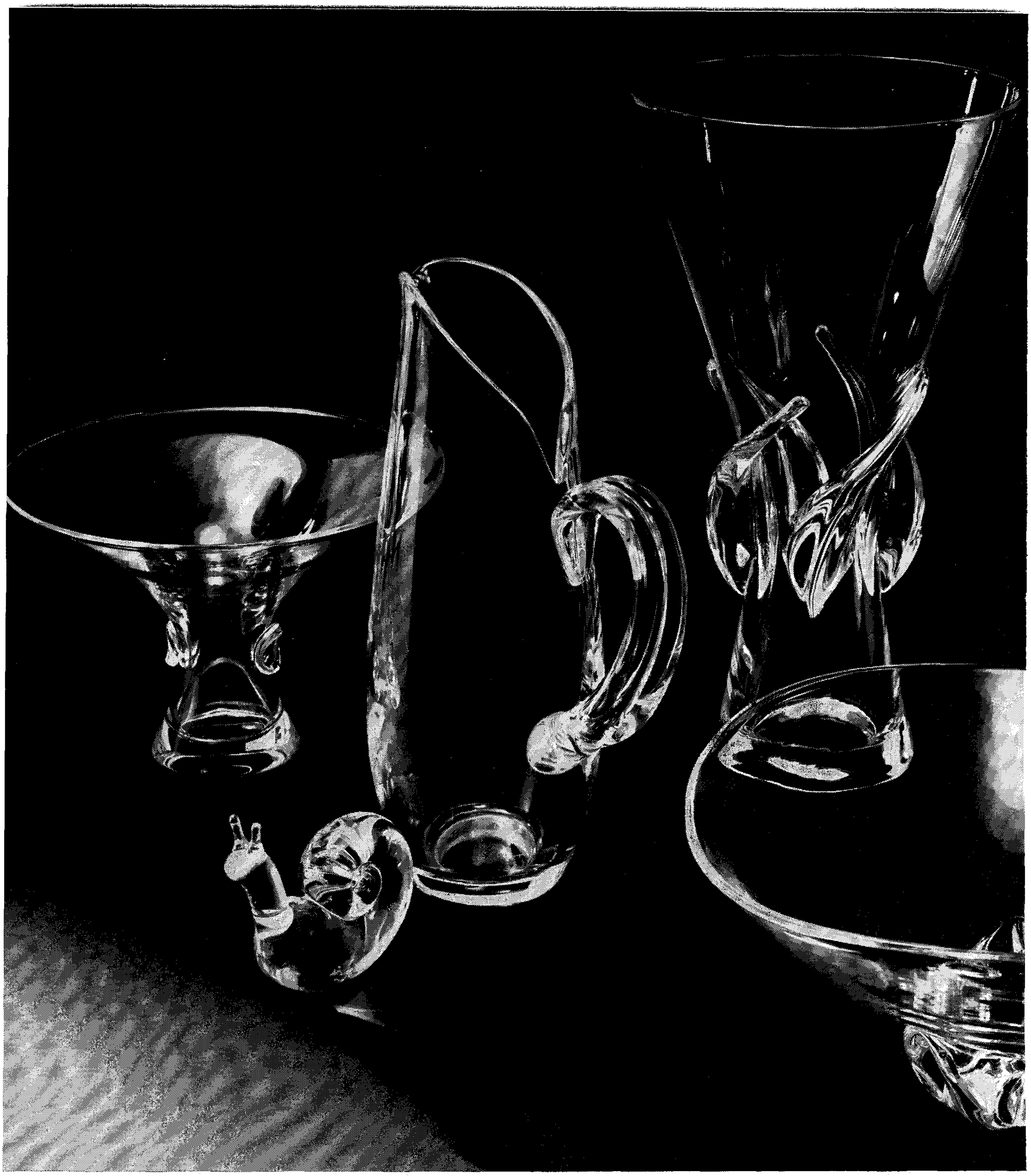

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

William Daniels and Howard Da Silva as John Adams and Ben Franklin. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Thursdays, except May 7, and Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and also Tuesday, May 5, and Thursday, May 7, at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule (and *really* tentative, because of labor negotiations)—Wednesday, April 29, at 8:15: "Four Temperaments," "Afternoon of a Faun," "In the Night," and "Raymonda Variations."... ¶ Thursday, April 30, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "Afternoon of a Faun," an unnamed ballet (première), and "Four Temperaments."... ¶ Friday, May 1, at 8:15: "Trois Valses Romantiques," "The Cage," "Tarantella," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Saturday, May 2, at 2:15: "Swan Lake," "Dim Lustre," and "Dances at a Gathering." ... ¶ Saturday, May 2, at 8:15: "Trois Valses Romantiques," "Dim Lustre," "The Cage," and "La Sonnambula."... ¶ Sunday, May 3, at 1:15: "Bugaku," "Allegro Brillante," the new unnamed ballet, and "Scotch Symphony."... ¶ Sunday, May 3, at 7:15: "Irish Fantasy," "Agon," the new unnamed ballet, and "Ballet Imperial."... ¶ Tuesday, May 5, at 8:15: "Stars and Stripes," "Ivesiana," and "Dances at a Gathering."... ¶ Wednesday, May 6, at 8:15: "Jewels."... ¶ Thursday, May 7, at 9: A program of new productions. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call JU 6-7902.)... ¶ Friday, May 8, at 8:15: "Irish Fantasy," the new unnamed ballet, and "Who Cares?"... ¶ Saturday, May 9, at 2:15: "Swan Lake," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Firebird," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Saturday, May 9, at 8:15: "Concerto Barocco," "Firebird," "Dim Lustre," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, June 14.)

ROYAL BALLET—Wednesday, April 29, at 8: "Daphnis and Chloë," "Symphonic Variations," and "A Wedding Bouquet."... ¶ Thursday, April 30, at 8: Friday, May 1, at 8 (a benefit performance; for tickets, call OR 4-5010); and Saturday, May 2, at 2 and 8: "Romeo and Juliet."... ¶ Sunday, May 3, at 2 and 8, and Tuesday, May 5, at 8: "The Sleeping Beauty."... ¶ Wednesday, May 6, at 8: "Coppélia."... ¶ Thursday, May 7, at 8: "Daphnis and Chloë," "Symphonic Variations," and "A Wedding Bouquet."... ¶ Friday, May 8, at 8: "Giselle."... ¶ Saturday, May 9, at 2 and 8: "La Fille Mal Gardée" and Act III of "Raymonda." (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. 787-3880. Through Sunday, May 31.)

CITY CENTER AMERICAN DANCE SEASON—A three-week spring series of appearances by seven companies; through Saturday, May 16. **ALWIN NIKOLAIS DANCE THEATRE.** Wednesday and Thursday, April 29-30, and Saturday, May 2, all at 8, plus Sunday, May 3, at 2:30: "Divertissement II," "Structures" (première), and "Tent."... ¶ Friday, May 1, at 8; Saturday, May 2, at 2:30; and Sunday, May 3, at 7:30: "Divertissement I," "Tower," and "Echo."... **PAUL TAYLOR DANCE COMPANY.** Tuesday, May 5, at 7:30; Friday, May 8, at 8; and Saturday, May 9, at 2:30: "Junction," "Duet," "3 Epitaphs," "Foreign Exchange" (première), and "Churchyard."... ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, May 6-7, and Saturday, May 9, all at 8, plus Sunday, May 10, at 2:30: "Private Domain" and "Orbs." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

JEAN ERDMAN THEATRE OF DANCE—Friday, May 8, at 8: "The Perilous Chapel," "Twilight Wind" (première), "Changing Woman," and "The Castle" (première).... ¶ Saturday, May 9, at 8:30: "Fearful Symmetry," "Twilight Wind," "The Perilous Chapel," and "The Castle." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—Oh, you know. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 2 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1:30 and 6. The performances on Friday, May 8, may be cancelled because of a basketball playoff. Closes Sunday, May 10. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around the menagerie.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Folks, both long- and short-haired, sit on wooden benches and sip coffee. Singer Tom Rush will be around until Wednesday, May 6, when the folkish Jake Holmes will succeed him. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven on Sundays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight on Fridays and Saturdays. Tuesdays are anomalous, with visitors taking the regulars' places. Closed Monday, May 4.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A wood-panelled bar and restaurant where people come, and frequently return, to sit and talk and copiously dine. From eleven to three, subdued jazz comes from Joe Beck's agile electric guitar, backed up by another musician's agile bass. Dinner is served until one.

CASEY'S, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Candlelight and brick walls, and dining amid mirrors. Some fairly advanced jazz sounds from eleven until one, generally on piano and bass. No music Sundays.

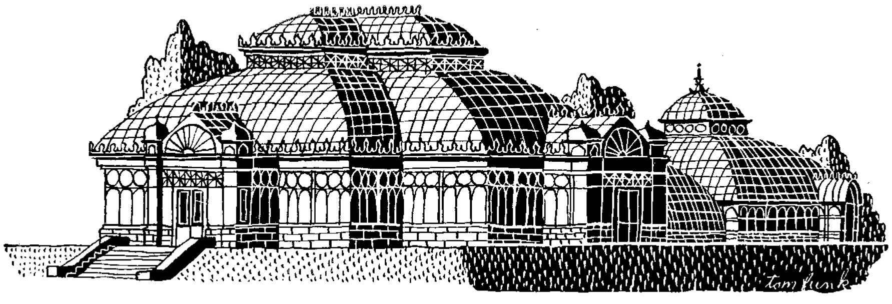
HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—James Moody, on reeds, leads a quartet that includes Mousey Alexander, Ross Tompkins, and Victor Sproles. Friday through Sunday, May 1-3, Anita O'Day will sing along, bringing her established, throaty style to old and new songs. Some light Italian dishes are available. Closed Mondays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Dixieland, under slow siege, still manages to flourish here. There's nothing extraordinary about the bar, but the music—played by a group that includes Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Eddie Hubble, Oliver Jackson, and Joe Muranyi—is forthright. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A pair of polar bears (stuffed), an ancient fire engine, and ricky-tick banjo music accompany the drinks, which are mostly fermented. One can buy a boater and put it on one's head, if one enjoys putting on boaters. Closed Mondays.

RED ONION, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Two banjos and a piano every night from nine to three or four. Also peanuts, boaters (again), garters, and prefabricated nostalgia. A fine how-do-you-do. Closed Sundays.

ROOSEVELT GRILL, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU



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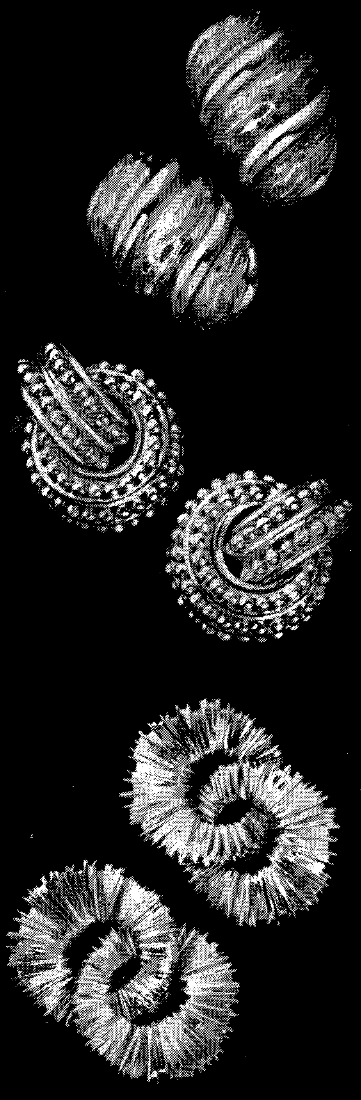

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6-9200)—Call it the World's Greatest Jazz Band (as does its owner) or call it Generation Gap; either way, it's effortful work on behalf of tradition. The players: Yank Lawson, Bob Haggart, Billy Butterfield, Bud Freeman, Gus Johnson, Jr., Lou McGarity, Ralph Sutton, Bob Wilber, and Kai Winding. When they fall silent, Bobby Hackett leads Vic Dickenson, Jack Lesberg, Dave McKenna, and Cliff Leeman onstage. The tradition of tea dancing (beginning at five-thirty, Monday through Friday) is likewise upheld; dinner, and further dancing, begins at seven, every night but Sunday. Sunday afternoons, from two-thirty to five-thirty, Bill Berry and his New York Band, sixteen strong (Dave Frishberg, Sol Gubin, and Bob Dougherty are involved), knock out an early-bird tea dance. On Tuesday, May 5, the W.G.J.B. cedes its territory to Eddie Condon's crew—Roy Eldridge, Milt Hinton, Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, Budd Johnson among them.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's dim, shadowy, and nondescript, and so are its environs. Jazz most nights from nine until closing by a quartet known as the Charles Tolliver Music, Inc. On Tuesday, May 5, the Grant Green quartet will arrive. Closed Mondays.

Uncle John's Straw Hat, 316 W. 49th St. (581-1828)—A jazz band from New Orleans will play a six-to-nine session on Sunday, May 3. The members: Punch Miller, John Handy, Homer Eugene, Dick Wellstood, Sylvester Handy, and Lester Alexis. Music of one sort or another can be heard Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: Beginning at about nine-thirty, the David Amram-George Barrow quartet plays its special kind of funky-academic jazz for drinking and dining. On Mondays, when the regular performers are off, new talent is auditioned.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—Percussive phenomena dominate the room as the Elvin Jones trio (Joe Farrell on sax and Wilbur Little on bass) plays. The Gil Evans octet opens Tuesday, May 5. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Music starts at nine-thirty.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Boondock is right; it's practically in the North River, in a pretty desolate part of town. Sawdust-covered floors, conviviality, and substantial amounts of what is known as soul food. Quiet jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Mondays through Wednesdays) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursdays through Sundays).

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2808)—Tiny and ornate. Fake palms cast shadows on upholstered balustrades, and the furnishings, many of which are for sale, provide a kind of Louis XV-Riemenschneider-Chippendale-rococo effect. The clientele looks satisfied. Dancing to records from ten to three or four, with some live entertainment thrown in (but not until Tuesday, May 5). Dining of a most delicate sort.

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1282)—*Ce n'est pas français, mais ce n'est pas mauvais.* It's above a restaurant named Sam's, and the trappings are reminiscent of "Casablanca." The record-spinner has multifarious selections to choose from. Activity until three-thirty every night.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A period piece whose creators have worked hard to make it seem French, historic, and popular. It manages to be a little of each. The dinners and suppers are worthy, and people dance to 45s from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Patrons mill and mingle while a mammoth light show flashes, splashes, and dribbles on a wall. Dancing, to live and recorded sounds, starts at eight on Fridays and Saturdays, and at nine on Sundays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays. No alcohol.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (PL 1-7025)—A restaurant that has dancing on Fridays and Saturdays only. Service, food, and ambience all foster a serene enjoyment. The recorded music allows various kinds of dancing, from eleven until three or four. Dinner and supper.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—One of the oldest discothèques in existence, with an air that suits its age. The restrained recorded music runs from nine to three or four. Dim lights disclose well-dressed people dancing and dining. On weekends, reservations are recommended for tables (none needed at the bar). Closed Sundays.

Later at Act I, 1 Times Square. (695-1880)—Above the garish square, an ornamented place to dance to records as well as to solidly swinging live groups. The waitresses are apt to get carried away by the music, but don't knock it. Supper. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (PL 2-4365)—Windows look out on the Park, a mirrored ball strews light-flecks on the floor, and the tables look like animals. A lot of energetic dancing to records, from ten until three or four each night. Late dinners are served. Reservations are recommended.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Manhattan-on-the-Nile might look something like this, with Egyptian statuary and lots of what passes for hip diversion. Some of the latter comes from loud recorded music, some from an outfit called Linda Price & the Pipers. The dining is substantial. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A pseudo-street where you can patronize a couple of bars, a cheese shop, a fishmonger's, and several other real establishments. You can also dance to records, from six until three Sunday through Friday and from eight until three on Saturday. The music is reliable discothèque stuff.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Dancing is preëminent here, despite the rotary devices (Harley-Davidson, Schwinn, La Salle—you name it) on the walls. The crowd knows how to swing, and the records reverb. When the records don't, Pendulum do. Closed Sundays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's in the vaults—below a crêpe-and-shish-kebab establishment of the same name—and it's generally considered to be a cool place. The records continue without surcease, and the dance floor is alive from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—for whatever they're worth—are suggested on weekends. The drinks are big. The walls are mirrored.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

el morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): Not *all* the perfumes of Arabia, but enough of them, and of the indigenous architecture, to make the latest restoration of the once imperial palace a pleasurable one. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **delmonico's**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Ernie Warren, whose band is in the restaurant, has never believed in getting far away from Park Avenue, and the denizens here feel the same way. All quiet Sundays and Mondays, though. . . . **roseland dance city**, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): The pioneer virtues that made this country great—the foxtrot, the two-step—are extolled to the exclusion of all free-form ballet. The bill of fare is elemental; the dance is the thing, and to that end the music is perpetual and live. Eight until around one during most of the week; Sundays, starting time is three-thirty, and Thursdays it is two. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Frontier life, Las Vegas style, but sufficiently diluted. While Rodney Dangerfield, the innkeeper here, is on the road, Irwin Corey is talking gobbledegook of a sort that would do discredit to many a celebrated political spokesman. As of Monday, May 4, this parody will be supplemented by the earnest songs of Vi Velasco. Nourishment at all hours; closed Sundays.

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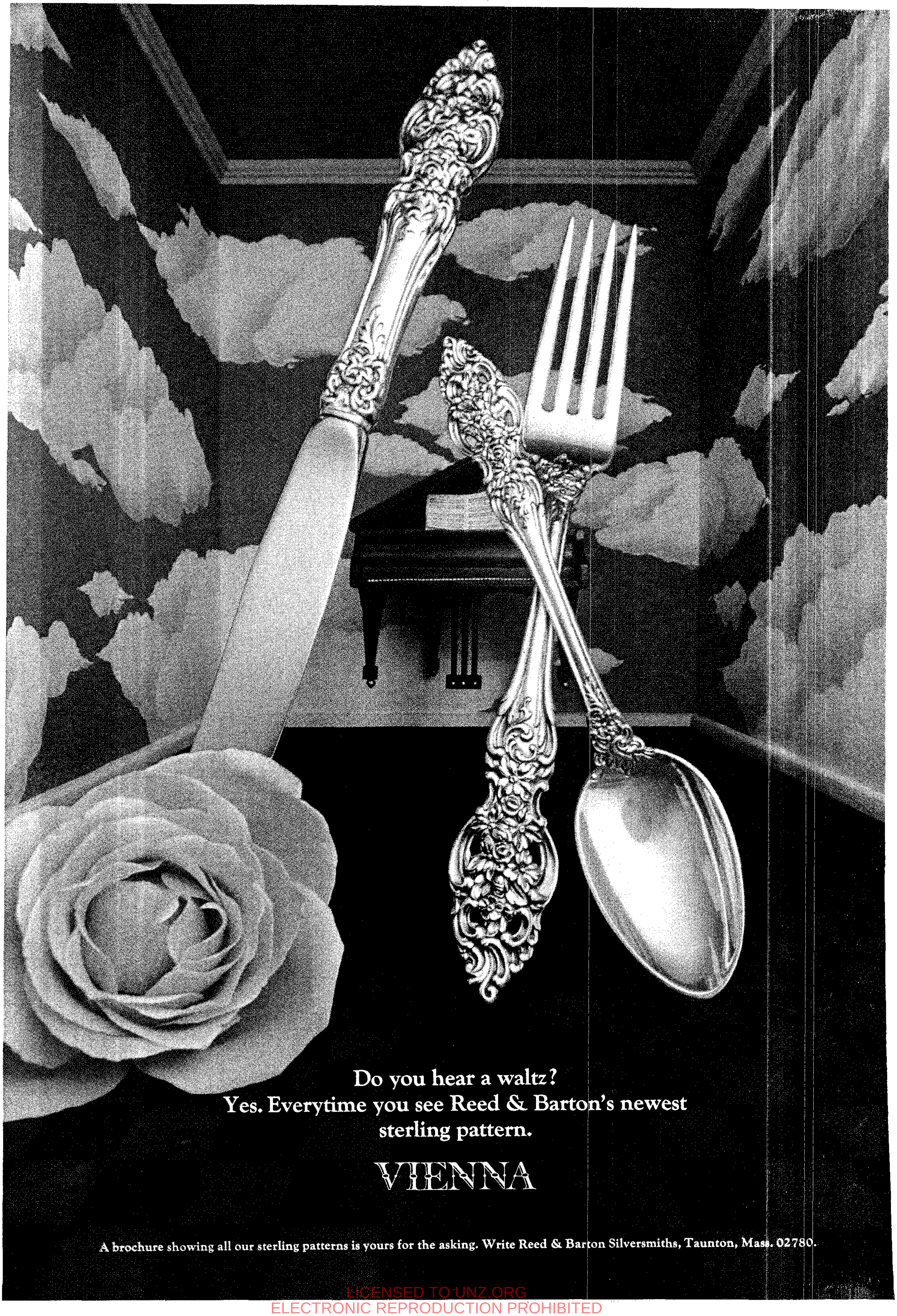
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

2-1244)—"Weigh-In, Way-Out," a pocket-size revue, has good ideas about several matters of national concern, and quite a few of the solutions it offers are entertaining. The cast, though, operates on the premise that experience is not necessary. Nine-thirty and midnight, but not on Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—A Near East meeting house, where a musical instrument is the only visa required. The main meeter and greeter—and jester, too—is Avram Grobard; his assistants (all except Ron Eliran, a blithe tenor by trade) play wily Oriental instruments that don't grow on trees, or do they? The dining is a meeting of East and West. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—One big happy family, and even slaphappy whenever the *schuhplattler* dancers strike out; that is, Bavaria in an outgoing, singing, beer-drinking, operetta state of body and mind. None of this, though, on Sundays.

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The Royal Box contains, perhaps with difficulty, Milton Berle, an art form wholly of, by, and for a Broadway that really was Broadway. Twice a night. The dance music is made by the orchestra of Lee Evans—an organization perfect at minding its p's and cues, to say nothing of the proprieties. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—La Morucha, the best thing that has happened to flamenco dancing in ever so many years, makes her final appearances on Wednesday, April 29, and Bertha Dupuy, a Free Cuban who is great when she clings to Latin *chansons d'amour*, goes away the same night. Next evening, Los Chavales de España, singing exultantly, arrive in parade formation. Two deals every night is the house rule. . . . ¶ In the much smaller Flamenco Room, the activity, likewise on a no-nights-off basis, is enhanced by the guitar of Pepito Priego and the voice of Antonio Maya. Their lyric commentary on the male-vs.-female syndrome makes it appear to be not at all an unnecessary evil. They commence at ten, and do not stop until way past bedtime.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0000)—The Supremes chant the last of their vivid roundelays on Wednesday, April 29, and Lonnie Shorr tells the last of his funny stories. One night after that, Dionne Warwick, a vocalist whose vehicle is a sweet chariot, swinging low, swinging high, moves in, along with Woody Herman's new Herd of never-say-die jazz men. Fridays and Saturdays at eight, eleven, and two, Sundays through Thursdays at eight and midnight. . . . ¶ In the lounge, where music begins at ten, you can almost see the stars over the Nevada desert when the lights go down.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—Sy Oliver's trumpet has summoned to arms a most excellent nine-man crew (Britt Woodman and Leonard Gaskin included) to air his notions about jazz; Leo Stein's threesome spells them with great glee. No dancing; closed Sundays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The spirit of twelve-o'clock-and-all's-well rules the Persian Room, and in response to it the orchestras of Burt Farber and Mark Monte glow in turn throughout the evening. At ten-fifteen on Wednesday, April 29, and during dinner and supper thenceforward, Jane Morgan will do song recitals elaborate enough to amount to coronations. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ,** Charlie Byrd sometimes calls in his outfielders and goes it alone, and absorbingly, on his guitar, but his quintet has plenty of chances to follow its leader in other compositions. Marty Napoleon's rollicking trio chips in with music for further listening and music for footwork, too. A small menu, but a thoughtful one. Eight is the usual starting time. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ There is music (alive, alive-o) from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, and again from seven to ten-thirty (except Sundays) in the Edwardian Room; this is mainly the fiddle plied by Sandu Marcu. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the right spot to begin the Grand Tour of Europe, for then Gunnar Hansen's violin sets off upon the prescribed route. No action Sundays, and Monday nights belong to Mr. Marcu.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—A child's-eye view of Heaven, with Jonah Jones, as De Lawd, blowing away on his mellow horn, and Felicia Sanders getting her teeth, and her tongue, into some fervent ballads—a child's-eye view, but a happy one. The enterprise is in session every night but Sunday, and dance music commences at eight.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, endowed with so many worldly goods (and no bads), runs its steady course of perpetual music (Quintero's faithful family retainers and a useful new band led by Hal Turner) except for certain interludes of song by Hildegarde, whose arias are largely cotton candy. On Thursday, May 7, she will be replaced by Vaughn Monroe, whose arias come up like thunder from China (Nationalist, of course) 'crost the bay. The singing happens Tuesdays through Thursdays at dinner and Fridays and Saturdays at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ Next door, in the serenity of La Boite, two Viennese cronies (Ernest Schoen on violin, Jules Kuti on piano) engage in reminiscences. No dancing, naturally. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—John Davidson gives dinner and supper in the Empire Room an Ivy League look and sound as he sings—a quaint, old-hat, but altogether pleasing notion. Charles Turecamo's orchestra breathes firmly but fluently the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Bobby Short, in concert with his sidemen, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, dwells, in song, on the gilded Riviera lives of shrewd young ladies named Penny Wise and hapless admirers named Pound Foolish. The best possible foolery of its kind. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Night after night you can see the stagecoach coming through Generation Gap on its way to Young City. A clutch of musicians greets it at the gateway to the old corral. No music Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): West Indian customshouse. Among the customs honored in the observance are the uttering of calypso and the downing of rum. The troubadour begins at dinner time and stays on into the morning. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Members of the immediate family gather every night but Sunday and Monday to dine a bit, dance a bit, sup a bit, and listen to the head of the household, Rita Dimitri, who sings soprano and soubrette at nine-thirty during the week, at nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Anyone who wishes to see a vacuum abhorred should study the Hungarian gypsies bending to their perpetual work. Song and dance (this last by the diners) are added now and then. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): A real echo chamber when the staff, all incipient Carusos, burst into song as they distribute dinner. Fun and dandy, if noisy. Closed Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): Often standing room only, and no standing on ceremony, in this bar-and-grill. Voice and piano are the accompaniment, from cocktail time on, and the best of this sound is from Scott Reed, who is in action from nine-thirty until three, Tuesday through Saturday each week. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The violinists who patrol the battlements seem never to be bowed down, except, of course, when Leyna Gabriele, daughter of the regiment, turns loose a foursome of choristers (herself included) who operate on the theory that there's no operetta like an old one. From dinner until two, except Sundays. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Right in the lap of the well-known and ever-popular god. He is celebrated not only by Olympian libations and cuisine but by an Athenian dance quartet intent indeed upon its

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Old King Henri must have been a merry old soul, for he left behind him an entertaining play castle, as well as a couple of his fiddlers three. One of them, George Cardini, does the bowing (*no* scraping) right now in the absence of the other, Norbert Faconi. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive*, but the restaurant is always *piano*. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): A country house in the Alpi Marittime. Lynn Mullinax operates the piano in the bar, to which he adds several notes of cheer. He's there from six to midnight, except for Sundays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The attic of the Sign of the Dove. A lot of odd furniture and knickknackery stored there make it quite unlike its downstairs neighbor. Part of the furniture is a mild piano, in service from six until one. Closed Sundays. . . . **IPERBOLE,** 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this museum of modern art, the newest handiwork of Armando Mei, restaurateur of distinction. The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song that are nothing if not Roman. No nights off. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Something sort of grandish. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one every evening. Sundays, someone or other fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Pomp and circumstantial evidence thereof—these are the characteristics of the bar-restaurant, in which there is a piano from five until a bit after midnight, but not Sundays or Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Royal maze, sumptuously appointed, especially by Rogelio Reguera, whose Spanish guitar is well versed, well voiced, in the classics. He performs from seven to twelve Mondays through Thursdays; from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays, and gets Sundays off. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The good life, the oak-panelled life, the well-fed life. On piano, and quietly, is George Feyer, reliving the days of the Hapsburgs and making them seem not bad at all. He is on point duty from eight-thirty until one-thirty. No music Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ PIERRE,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000): An old haven come to life again, operating every evening from six to twelve—Central European Time, that is, and three-quarter time, too, when Tony Bujka and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty break out their instruments. Sunday and Monday, they are replaced by piano, bass, and soprano. . . . **LA RONDE,** in the Americana Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Ray Hartley, whose arrangements for solo piano derive from original sources, is on a schedule that lasts from cocktails until midnight and that does not include Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A wayside tavern halfway along the road to Rome. A troupe of peripatetic musicians calls it home. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR,** in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Joe Miles has the run of the piano in the far corner of this stately mansion, and he stays put from nine to twelve-thirty. He is absent Sundays and Mondays. . . . **WINE CELLAR,** 531 Hudson St., at Charles St. (242-6769): Another part of another forest, and a faraway one, but still of the original Village villagey. Circumnavigating song and guitar, which go well with the local mulled wine, every night until around two. . . . **HOUSE OF HUNGARY,** 320 E. 79th St. (TR 9-6220): Hungarian rhapsody pours from a band (Elemer Horvath's) that must have been born and bred in Budapest; Tokay and the comestibles that go with it heap the tables. Every night, seven-thirty until three. . . . **MCALPIN GRILL,** in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700): Those who wonder what became of Wayne Sanders after Goldie's New York shut down forever will find him here at a sometimes pensive but basically joyous piano between five and ten every night but Sunday. . . . **BLUE WHALE,** 1117 First Ave., at 61st St. (838-6501): Beachfront property, right on the boardwalk. Open all year round (except Mondays), full meal service, moderate rates, no mosquitoes. The magisterial Buddy Barnes provides diners with piano that remembers with affection the best of this year and all other years.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Leo Amino—Sectional plastic sculptures that can be adjusted by the spectator; through May 14. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Saul Baizerman (1889-1957)—Hammered-copper sculptures by a celebrated American artist; through May 23. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Will Barnet—New works by a veteran New York painter; through Saturday, May 2. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St.)

Mary Bauermeister—Twenty-five of this artist's shiny constructions, incorporating pebbles and lenses; through Saturday, May 9. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jack Beal—Nudes in interiors, in high-keyed colors; through Saturday, May 2. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Carl Berger and Jason Crum—Plastic sculptural paintings by the former and oil paintings by the latter; through May 24. (Mindscape, 496 Broome St., at West Broadway. Thursdays through Sundays, 11 to 6.)

James Bishop—Square paintings that use squares; through Thursday, May 7. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Norman Bluhm—Paintings by an Abstract Expressionist who has stayed with it; through Saturday, May 9. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bill Bollinger—Fifteen large constructions which use industrial materials and most of which contain water; through May 20. (Starrett-Lehigh Building, nineteenth floor, 601 W. 26th St. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

Anthony Caro—Abstract works by a leading British sculptor; starting Saturday, May 2. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Corneille—Expressionistic paintings with figurative elements by a founder of the Cobra group; through Saturday, May 9. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jeanne Daour—Sensitively painted interiors and landscapes; through Saturday, May 2. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

José de Creeft—Sixty sculptures from 1919 to the present; through Saturday, May 2. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

Dorothy Dehner—Thirty-five Abstract bronzes, some with totemic suggestion; through May 23. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Arthur G. Dove (1880-1946)—Watercolors and drawings done between 1915 and 1943 by this pioneer Abstractionist; through Saturday, May 2. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Hamilton Fraser—Abstract landscapes by a British painter; through May 28. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Alan Gussow—Landscapes of Monhegan Island, Maine, and upstate New York; through Saturday, May 2. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

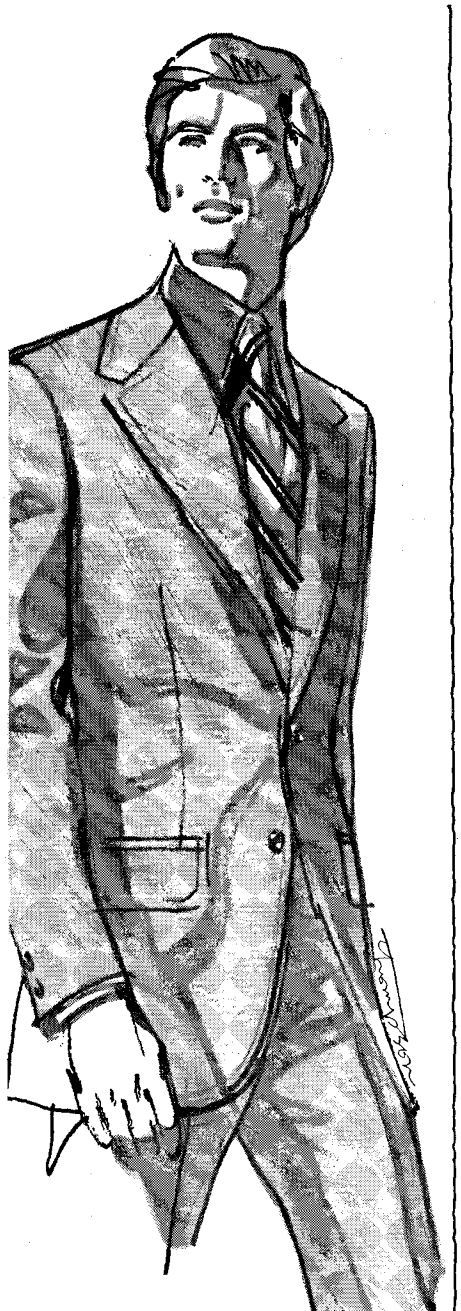
Louis Harris—Figurative paintings by an old-timer; through May 16. (Benevy, 1317 First Ave., at 70th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Harris—Lithographs and sculptures; through May 21. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Agnes Hart—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, May 9. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Harvey—Figure paintings with photographic effects intended to arouse reminiscences of the twenties and thirties; through Saturday, May 2. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Gottfried Honegger—Abstract reliefs and sculptures by a Swiss artist; through Satur-



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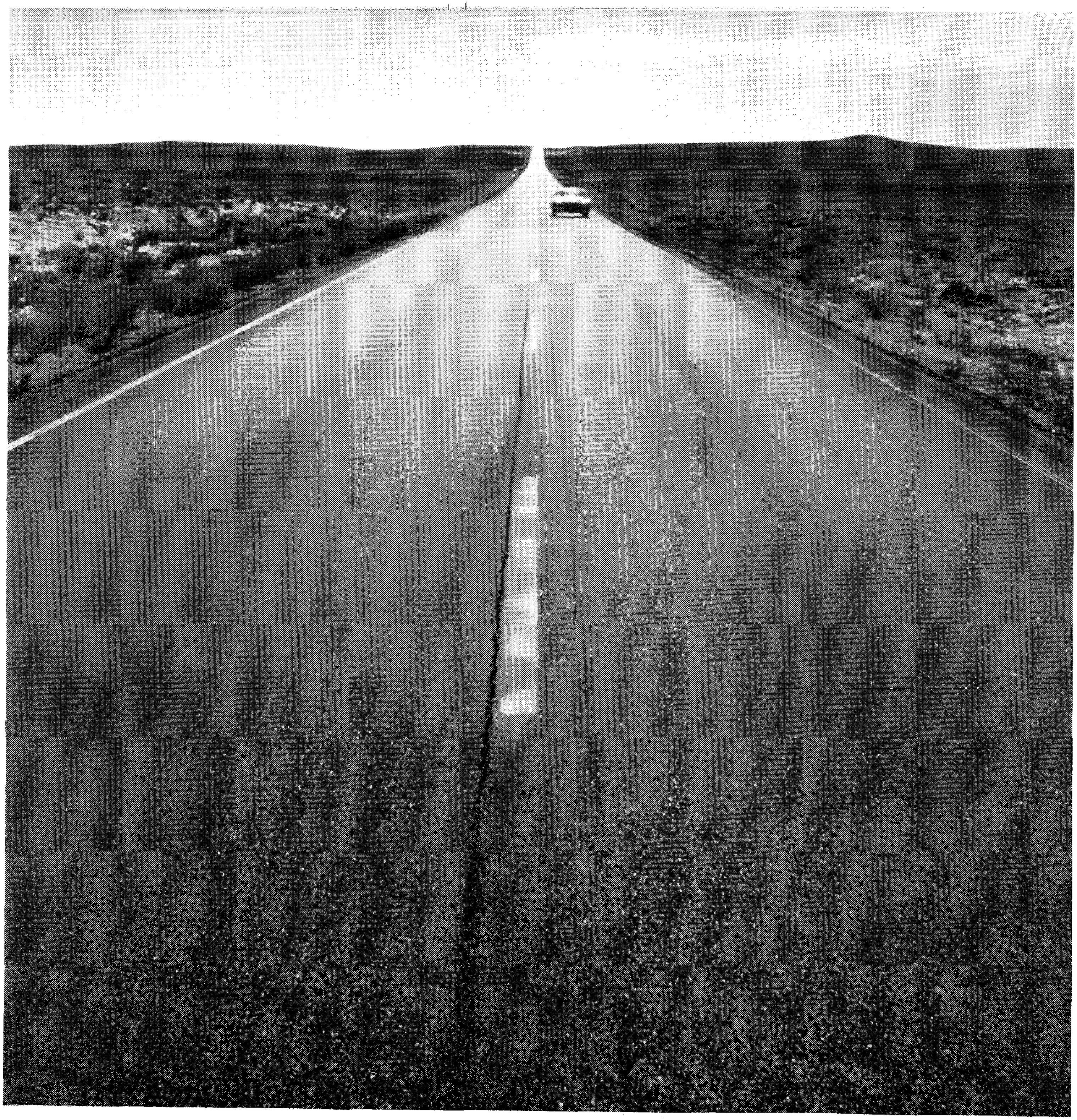

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day, May 2. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Luis Jimenez—Figurative sculptures in fibre glass and epoxy; through Thursday, May 7. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Donald Judd—Structures by a "serialist;" through Saturday, May 9. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gyorgy Kepes—Paintings by a well-known constructivist; through May 29. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lyman Kipp—Painted-steel sculptures; starting Saturday, May 2. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gustav Klimt (1862-1918)—Seventy drawings by the Art Nouveau master; through Saturday, May 2. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Misch Kohn—Graphics in several mediums by this leading American printmaker; through Saturday, May 2. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

Bruno Lucchesi—Sculptures with genre themes; through May 14. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Mangold—Pencil drawings based on a mathematical scheme; through May 14. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leo Manso—Paintings and collages; through Saturday, May 9. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Agnes Martin—Drawings by an influential Minimalist; starting Saturday, May 2. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

William McCartin—Abstractions with the effect of collage; through Saturday, May 9. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Mario Merz—A sculpture with attendant drawings and neon lights by a newcomer to the States; through May 14. (Sonnabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Piet Mondrian—Reconstruction of a room according to a plan by this master, plus drawings; through May 16. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Henry Moore—Two showings of sculptures of the sixties: carvings in marble and travertine at Knoedler (14 E. 57th St.) and bronzes at Marlborough (41 E. 57th St.); both through May 16. (Marlborough is closed Mondays.)

Robert Moskowitz—Analytical paintings and drawings of the architecture of rooms; through Monday, May 4. (French & Co., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Jerome Myers (1867-1940)—Drawings and watercolors by an American artist prominent during the first half of the century; through Saturday, May 2. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Emil Nolde (1867-1956)—Oils and watercolors by the German Expressionist; through May 16. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Novros—Multi-sectioned shaped canvases; through May 16. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Alejandro Obregon—A début exhibition of Abstract landscapes, most of them large oils, by a Colombian; starting Thursday, April 30. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Dennis Oppenheim—Videotapes, films, and slides by an earthworks artist; through May 30. (Gibson, 27 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bernard Perlin—Flower still-lifes; through Saturday, May 9. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gabor Peterdi—Hawaiian landscapes; through May 14. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jean-Pierre Raynaud—A French artist's first show in New York of wall paintings incorporating shovels, light bulbs, and other objects; through May 16. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sophy Regensburg—Still-lifes; starting Saturday, May 2. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lucia Salemme—Abstract Expressionist paintings showing traces of the city and the countryside; through May 16. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lothar Schreyer (1886-1966)—Paintings by a member of the Bauhaus in Weimar; starting Tuesday, May 5. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

James Seawright—Seven electronic constructions; through May 30. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Burton Silverman—Drawings, pastels, watercolors, and sculptures of people and places; starting Tuesday, May 5. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Hedda Sterne—Rows and rows of heads painted on unstretched canvas; through Saturday, May 9. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leopold Survage (1879-1968)—Decorative paintings by a Russian who associated with Cubists in Paris; through May 16. (Greer, 35 W. 53rd St.)

Tumarkin—Life-size bronze figures and stainless-steel abstractions by an Israeli artist; through May 13. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Victor Vasarely—Paintings by the leading Optical artist; through May 30. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tom Wesselmann—New paintings by the celebrator of the great American nude; through Saturday, May 2. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

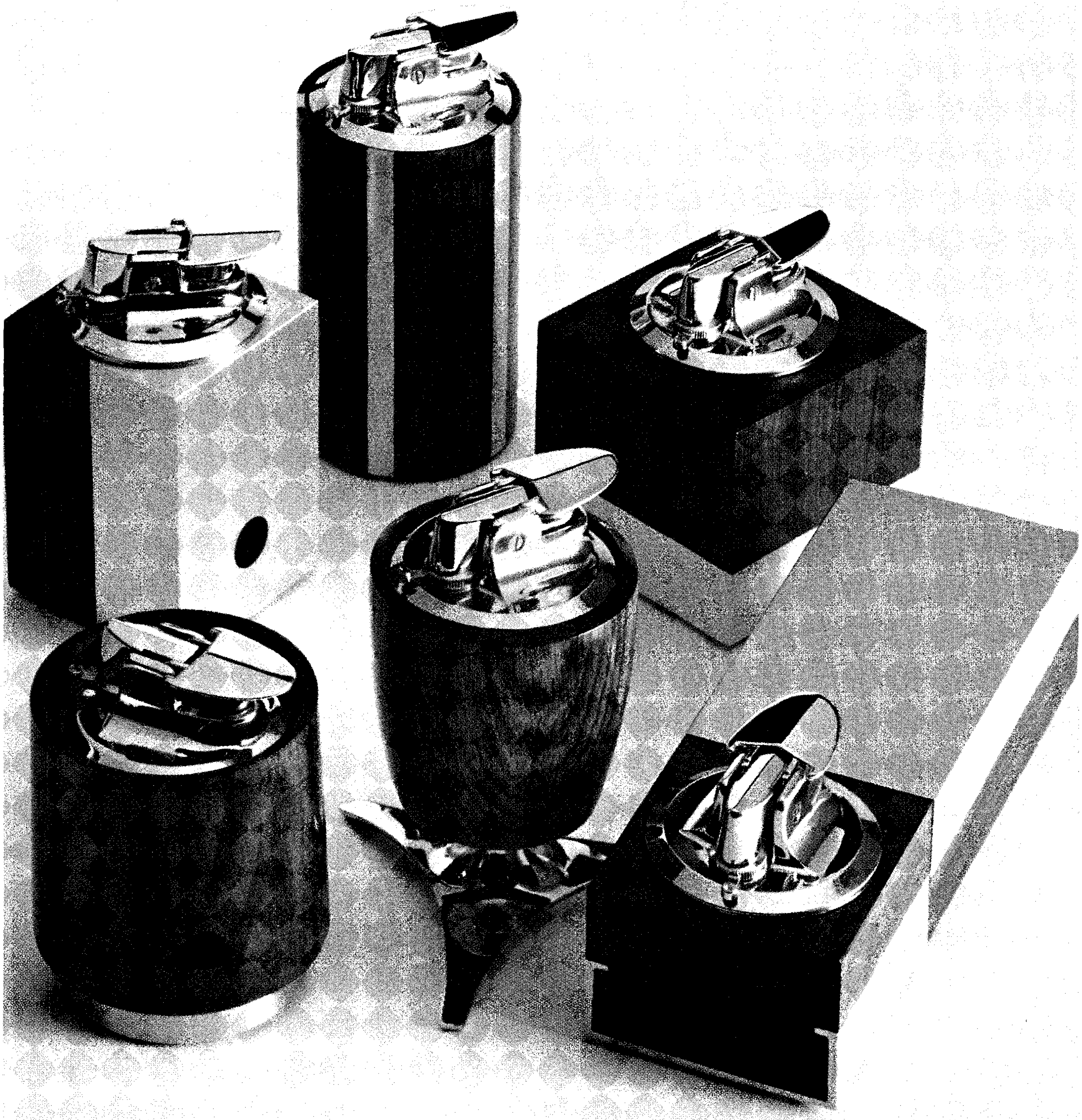
H. C. Westermann—Twelve sculptures and a suite of drawings by this inventor of unusual combinations of images; starting Tuesday, May 5. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Paul Wunderlich—Sculptures and paintings, some featuring the female figure, by a German Surrealist; through May 23. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **compass**, 1390 Lexington Ave., at 91st St.: Works by Ossorio, Antes, Klaphek, Maryan, Saul, Alex Katz, Diebenkorn, Copley, and D'Arcangelo (to mention a few); through Saturday, May 9. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7.) . . . **danenberg**, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Twenty-five nineteenth-century American painters, among them Homer, Inness, and Moran; through Saturday, May 9. . . . **hirschl & adler**, 21 E. 67th St.: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century architectural paintings, landscapes, portraits, shields, emblems, and carvings; starting Thursday, April 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **lewison**, 30 E. 60th St.: Nineteenth-century American paintings by Bierstadt, Sully, Kensett, and others; through June 19. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **new school**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Seventy-three works, ancient and modern, from the collections of directors and curators of such New York institutions as the Museum of Modern Art, the Whitney, the Guggenheim, the New York Cultural Center, and Asia House; through May 27. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, 2 to 8.) . . . **o.k. harris**, 465 West Broadway, at W. Houston St.: Geometric paintings on glass by Richard Roth, kinetic sculptures by Mel Leiserowitz, and miniature paintings juxtaposing images of Pop Art by Richard Pettibone; through Saturday, May 2. . . . **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by major twentieth-century Europeans, including Braque, Chagall, Gris, Miró, Modigliani, and Léger (a kinetic painted wood relief of Charlie Chaplin); through May 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **schoelkopf**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: American narrative paintings of the nineteenth century by Blythe, Rimmer, Vedder, and others; starting Saturday, May 2. . . . **u.s. plywood**, 777 Third Ave., at 49th St.: The Art Directors show of advertising art; through May 22. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.) . . . **doris wiener**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: One hundred Indian miniature paintings from the sixteenth century through the eighteenth; through May 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **wildenstein**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit show of approximately a hundred paintings by Manet, Monet, Pissarro, Degas, Cézanne, Gauguin, and Toulouse-Lautrec (to name a few), representing a century of Impressionism; through Saturday, May 9. . . . **wise**, 50 W. 57th St.: Works that the spectator does things to or that do things to him; starting Saturday, May 2. (Closed Mondays.)

Sculpture—Twenty winners of the Sculptors Guild's third annual young sculptors competi-

LEFT TO RIGHT, TOP ROW: ERIC $25. SKOAL $25. TIVOLI $25. BOTTOM ROW: OSLO $25. VALIANT $25.00. SCANDIA $30. Suggested retail prices ©Ronson Corp., Woodbridge, N.J. Also available in Canada



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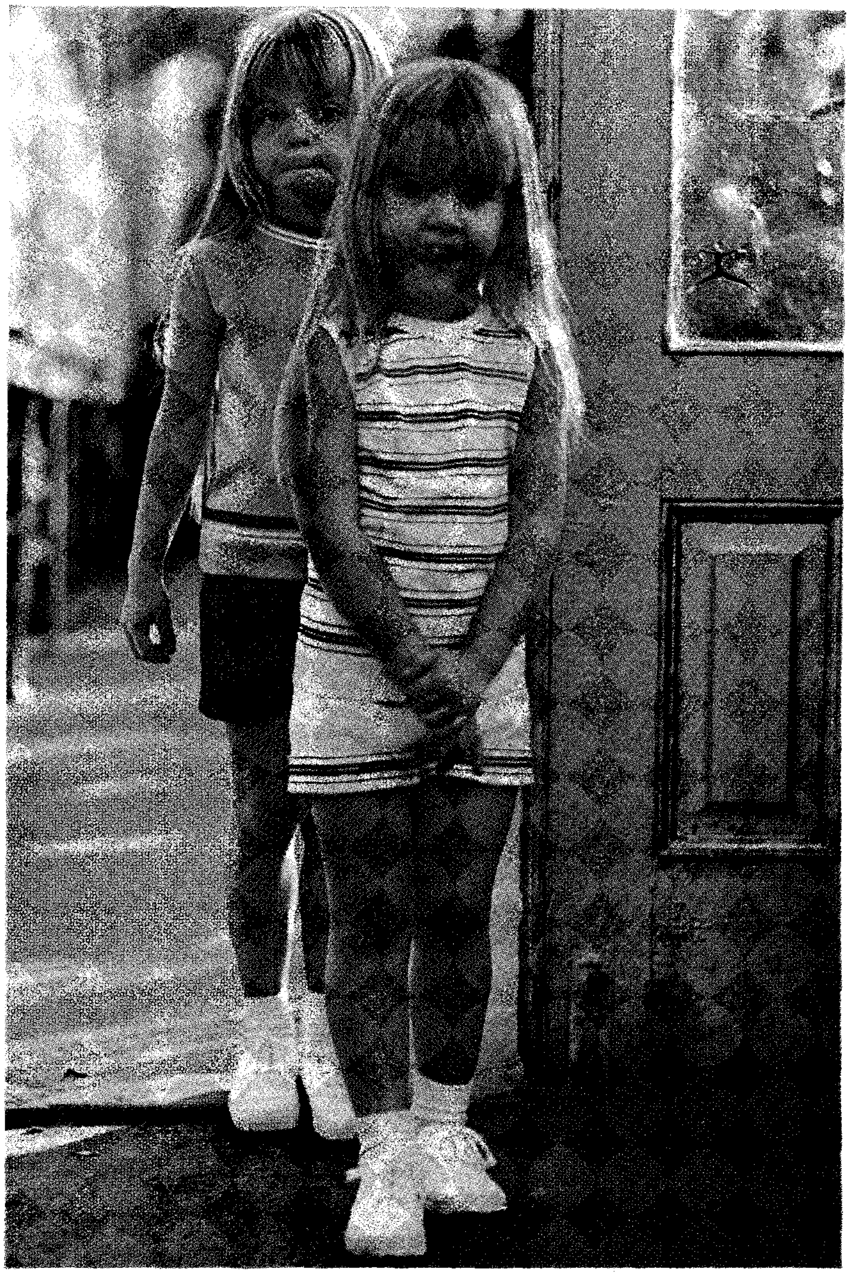

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tion; starting Friday, May 1. (797 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—More than two hundred paintings, thirty-five pieces of sculpture, and three hundred pieces of furniture and decorative objects of nineteenth-century America, also period rooms and fixtures; through Sept. 7. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. . . . ¶ Over three hundred items of medieval art, including gems, manuscripts, stained glass, textiles, sculptures, and works in enamel, metal, and ivory, done between 1180 and 1220, the period when the cathedrals of Chartres, Reims, and Notre Dame, and the first palace of the Louvre were built. The exhibition, which represents the emergence of the Gothic style, comprises borrowings from fourteen countries, including the United States. Through May 10. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 4, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 4.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Forty paintings by Frank Stella, dating from 1959 and covering the entire range of his work; through May 31. . . . ¶ A hundred and fifty items and photographs of Art Nouveau by designer-architect Hector Guimard (1867-1942), including furniture, textiles, graphics, and industrial objects; through May 10. . . . ¶ Fifty etchings done by Joan Miró between 1965 and 1968; through May 11. . . . ¶ Drawings of architectural ideas by Theo van Doesburg, leading De Stijl painter; through June 7. . . . ¶ Works in which photographs are given the illusion of solidity through various mediums; through July 5. (No admission charge on Mondays, 2 to 9; the rest of the week—Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, Thursday evenings until 9, and Sundays, noon to 6—the usual $1.50 will be charged.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The tenth annual show of selections, arranged chronologically, from the Museum's permanent collection of works done since 1900 by Kandinsky, Chagall, Klee, Delaunay, Miró, Léger, and many others; starting Friday, May 1. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Twelve large sculptures by Robert Morris, prominent for his experiments with different styles and materials; through May 31. . . . ¶ Five large paintings dealing with slavery and contemporary political personages by Thomas Nast, America's leading cartoonist of the nineteenth century; through May 10. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The permanent collection is the main show just now—no special exhibition at the moment. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Drawings and sculptures executed by the students of the School of Art and Design at Pratt Institute from a study of forms in nature. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Fifty-eight works of Asian art borrowed from museums and private collections in the United States, including Chinese and Japanese scrolls, sculptures in stone and bronze, precious objects, illuminated manuscripts, porcelains, and decorative arts; through June 7. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum of Design, Third Ave. at 7th St.—Drawings by forty artists, including Rosenquist, de Kooning, Johns, Lindner, Steinberg, and Glarner; through Saturday, May 9. (Weekdays, 10 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Works by, among others, Indiana, Nauman, and Ortman, in holography, a new technique for super-realistic images; through June 14. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Behind the scenes with Rouben Ter-Arutunian—original costume and stage designs; through June 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of books, manuscripts, letters, and drawings in honor of the centennial of the death of Charles Dickens, documenting not only his achievements as a novelist but also his dramatic and philanthropic interests; through July 31. . . . ¶ Twenty-one watercolors by William Blake for the "Book of Job;" through July 31. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Works consisting of photographic documentation, labels, tape recordings, slides, maps, charts, and texts by thirty-one "conceptual" artists from seven different countries; through Aug. 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A charming group of watercolors and sketches, done by Baroness Hyde de Neuville during her stays in the United States from 1807 to 1814 and 1816 to 1822, of landscapes and figures (many of Indians, understandably). . . . ¶ Paintings, lithographs, and engravings depicting New York harbor in its early idyllic days, when the air was fair; through June 14. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Rare books and manuscripts drawn from the Library's Lenox Collection; through June 3. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Over a hundred African objects (masks, figures, musical instruments, textiles, jewelry, and artifacts), together with a sampling of the Western art they inspired; through June 30. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall at Lincoln Center 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Lorin Maazel conducting and acting as violin soloist, with David Nadien, also violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Thursday, April 30, and Saturday, May 2, at 8:30, and Monday, May 4, and Monday, May 11, at 7:30.)

American Symphony—Leopold Stokowski directing the final performances of the season, with Alpha Floyd, soprano; Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; Dan Marek, tenor; David Clatworthy, bass-baritone; and the Westminster Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 3, at 3, and Monday, May 4, at 8:30.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting the final concert of the season, with Van Cliburn, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, May 5, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting the final concert of the season, with Lili Kraus, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, May 9, at 8:30.)

New York Choral Society—Martin Josman directing the final concert of the season, with soloists. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, May 1, at 8:30.)

Columbia University Glee Club—Bruce Trinkley directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 2, at 8:30.)

Dessoff Choirs—Thomas A. Sokol directing a program of sixteenth-century choral music in the Venetian style, with Stuart Gardner, organ, and a brass ensemble. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, May 8, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Anthony di Bonaventura, Jeanette Scovotti, and Sidney Harth—Piano, soprano, and violin, in a benefit concert. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 29, at 8:30. For tickets, call OR 4-3103.)

Aaron Rosand—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 29, at 8:30.)

Lois Whiteman—Piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, April 29, at 8:30.)

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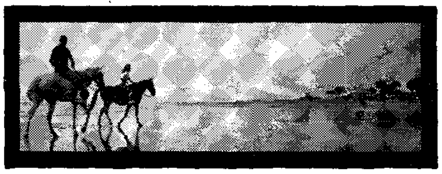

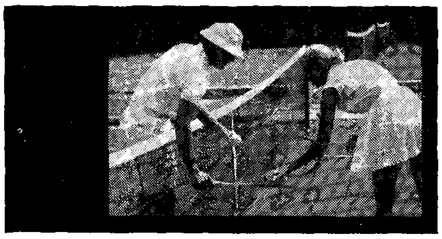

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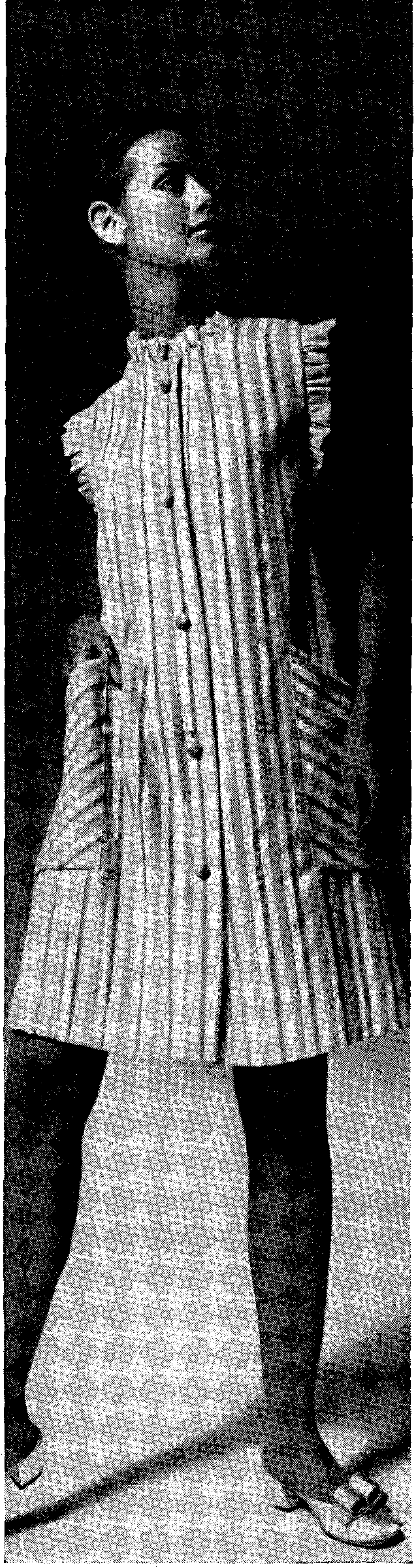


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

programs prepared by Lukas Foss and Lejaren Hiller, this one with Evelyne Crochet, piano, and Gwendolyn Sims, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, April 30, at 8:30.)

ALICIA DE LARROCHA—Piano, in the last in a series of recitals of Spanish music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, May 1, at 8:40.)

SAMUEL DILWORTH-LESLIE—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, May 3, at 2:30.)

MUSIC FROM MARLBORO—The last in a series of chamber-music programs offering soloists from the Marlboro Music Festival, this one with Ruth Laredo, piano; Jaime Laredo, violin; Raphael Hillyer, viola; and Robert Sylvester, cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, May 4, at 8:30.)

BENNY GOODMAN AND PETER SERKIN—Clarinet and piano, with assisting artists, in a benefit chamber-music concert. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 6, at 8:30.)

MINORU NOJIMA—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 6, at 8:30.)

GEORGE SHIRLEY AND MARGARET KALIL—Tenor and soprano, in a benefit concert. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, May 7, at 8:30.)

JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, May 8, at 8:30.)

AMADEUS STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, May 8, at 8:30, the second in a series of all-Mozart programs. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, May 9, at 8:30, a varied program. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

DORIS PINES—Piano, in a benefit recital. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 9, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

"YEARS OF CASALS"—An exhibit of memorabilia, plus photographs by Albert E. Kahn, of the Maestro; through June 1. (Juilliard School of Music, 65th St. between Broadway and Amsterdam Ave. Weekdays, 10 to 5.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

JEFFERSON AIRPLANE, MANFRED MANN: CHAPTER THREE, AND GLENN MCKAY'S HEAD LIGHTS—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Wednesday, April 29, at 8 and 11:30.

ROD MCKUEN—Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, April 29, at 8:30.

MOUNTAIN, LESLIE WEST-FELIX PAPPALARDI, AND BLODWYN PIG—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, May 1-2, at 8 and 11:30.

JAKI BYARD TRIO—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 1, at 8:30.

B.B. KING AND HIS FRIENDS—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 2, at 8:30.

MOTHERS OF INVENTION WITH FRANK ZAPPA, AND SEA TRAIN—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, May 8-9, at 8 and 11:30.

PETER, PAUL & MARY—Carnegie Hall. Friday and Saturday, May 8-9, at 8:30.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. California, Wednesday, April 29, at 3, and Thursday, April 30, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Milwaukee, Friday, May 1, at 8; Saturday, May 2, at 2; and Sunday, May 3, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . **SHEA STADIUM:** Mets vs. Los Angeles, Tuesday through Thursday, May 5-7, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. San Francisco, Friday, May 8, at 8:05, and Saturday, May 9, at 2:15.

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—National Basketball Association championship playoffs, Knicks vs. Los Angeles. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. The fifth and seventh games, if necessary, Monday, May 4, at 7:35, and Friday, May 8, at 2.)

CREW—Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Cambridge. Saturday, May 2.). . . ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell, Princeton, and Yale. (Princeton. Saturday, May 2.). . . ¶ Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, Mass. Saturday, May 9.)

HORSE SHOWS—Sugartown Horse Show. (Rosemont, Pa. Saturday and Sunday, May 2-3.) . . . ¶ Keswick Hunt Club Horse Show. (Keswick, Va. Friday through Sunday, May 8-10.)

HUNT RACING—Virginia Gold Cup Association. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday, May 2.). . . ¶ Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. Saturday, May 9.)

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 23. The Carter Handicap, Saturday, May 2, and the Withers, Saturday, May 9. . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, May 30. . . . **CHURCHILL DOWNS,** Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 2.

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, May 9, at 1.

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8; through Monday, May 25. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 14.

FOR CHILDREN

MUSIC—By the **NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC:** The final children's concerts of the season, conducted by Peter Ustinov (who will also act as narrator) and Alfredo Bonavera. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, May 9, at 12:10 and 2:30.). . . **AMATO OPERA COMPANY:** An abbreviated version of "The Mikado." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, May 9, at 2:30.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES:** "The Whistling Wizard and the Sultan of Tuffet." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **DRAGON MARIONETTES:** "Puss in Boots," Saturday, May 2, at 2. . . . ¶ "Cinderella," Saturday May 9, at 2. (13th Street Theatre, 50 W. 13th St. WA 9-4336.). . . **SALVATORE GUIDA:** "A Very Special Clown," Saturday, May 2, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "The Magical Red Fan," Sunday, May 3, and Saturday, May 9, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.). . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.). . . **MERI MINI PLAYERS:** "Pinocchio." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 877-1952. Saturdays at 3:30.) . . . **PERFORMING ARTS REPERTORY THEATRE:** "Young Abe Lincoln," Wednesday, April 29. . . . ¶ "Young Tom Edison," Thursday, April 30. . . . ¶ "The Circus," Friday, May 1. . . . ¶ "Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," Wednesday, May 6. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Mornings at 10.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "The Zodiac: Realm of Wandering Stars." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

CHILDREN'S ZOOS—In **CENTRAL PARK:** A pond shared by ducks and geese, Noah's Ark (with a colony of skunks inside), and a turreted castle are a few of the attractions in this tiny village, and the other inhabitants include monkeys, deer, and chickens. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.). . . ¶ At the **BRONX ZOO:** Junior-size fauna—lambs, kids, prairie dogs, and such—for junior-size zoologists. (Open daily, weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY AND PROSE READINGS—John Ashberry reading from his own works. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Sunday, May 3, at 3. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ Muriel Rukeyser and Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., reading from their own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, May 4, at 8:30.)

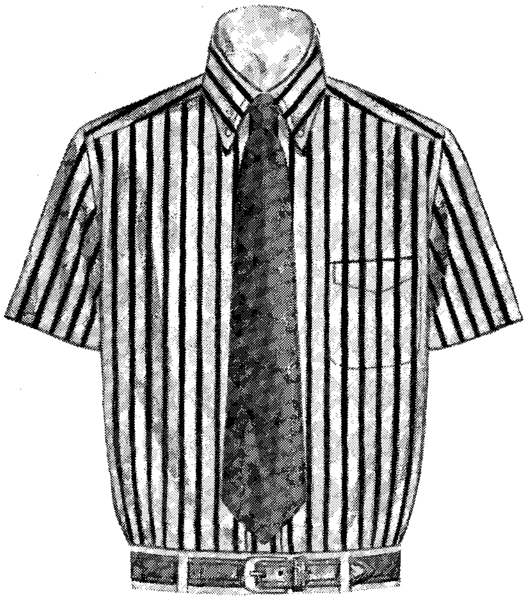
GARDENS—Some of the city's private gardens and penthouse terraces will be opened to the public on Tuesday, May 5, and Tuesday, May 12, from 2 to 5:30, in a benefit exhibition. Those on display on May 5 belong to Mr. and Mrs. William E. Hill, 125 E. 74th St.; Mr. and Mrs. Roger J. K. Cromwell, 131 E. 74th St.; Mr. John G. Ayrett, 155 E. 73rd St.; Mr. Joseph Sirola, 3 E. 66th St.; Mr. and Mrs. Graham Loving, Jr., 22 E. 61st St.; and Mr. and Mrs. Skitch Henderson, 234 E. 61st St. (For information about tickets, call TR 9-0173 Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 1.)

WALKING TOURS—"East Sixties," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, May 3. Meets at Hunter College, Park Ave. between 68th and 69th Sts., at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.)

NEW YORK FLEA MARKET—On a clear day you can see the accumulation from untold thousands of attics. (Sixth Ave. at 25th St. Open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 1 to 7.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, April 30, at 2: Old Master and nineteenth-century paintings and drawings, from many sources. . . . ¶ Friday, May 1, at 2: Art Nouveau glass, lamps, and furniture; from various owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 2, at 10:15: African art, belonging to several collectors. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 2, at 2: American furniture, including Chippendale and Federal pieces; cigar-store Indians, decoys, and other figures; and decorations. From many owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 5, at 10:15 and 2: The Duke of Manchester Virginia-Bermuda Archive, comprising letters and papers concerning the colonies in Virginia and Bermuda and covering the period 1605-47 . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 5, at 8, and Wednesday, May 6, at 10:15: Ballet books, prints, and scores; duplicates from the Dance Collection of the New York Public Library. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 6, at 2: Paintings, watercolors, and drawings depicting costume and stage design for plays, ballets, and operas; from a number of sources. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 6, at 8: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century drawings and watercolors, by such artists as Seurat, Cézanne, Matisse, and Kandinsky; from various collections. Exhibition starts Friday, May 1.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Nine programs in a series of Japanese films, some without English titles: April 29 at 2 and 5:30, "Flowing" (1956); April 30 at 2 and 5:30, "Women of the Night" (1948); May 1 at 2, "I Want to Be a Shellfish" (1959); May 1 at 5:30, "Silence Has No Wings" (1965); May 2 at 3 and 5:30, "The Song of Bwana Toshi" (1956); May 3 at 2 and 5:30, "No Regrets for Our Youth" (1946); May 4 at 8 and May 5 at 2, "A Story from East of the River" (1960); May 6 at 2 and 5:30, "There Was a Father" (1942); May 7 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "Bad Boys" (1960). . . . ¶ April 30 at 8: "A Woman of the World" (1925), with Pola Negri. . . . ¶ May 2 at 11:30: "Westfront 1918" (1930), directed by G. W. Pabst. . . . ¶ May 4 at 2:30 and 5:30: "A Man's Castle" (1933), with Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young. . . . ¶ May 5 at 5:30: "The Grape Dealer's Daughter" (1969), directed by Walter Gutman. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon, or, if a Monday, after 2. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30.). . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—April 29: "State of the Union" (1948), with Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. . . . ¶ April 30: "Desire" (1936), with Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper. . . . ¶ May 1: "Monkey Business" (1931), with the Marx Brothers. . . . ¶ May 2: "Love Me Tonight" (1932), with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald. . . . ¶ May 3: "A Foreign Affair" (1948), with Jean Arthur and Marlene Dietrich. . . . ¶ May 6: "The Major and the Minor" (1942), with Ginger Rogers and Ray Milland. . . . ¶ May 7: "The Flame of New Orleans" (1941), with Marlene Dietrich and Roland Young. (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person



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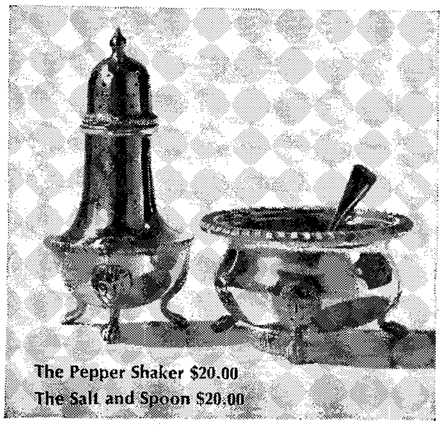

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COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Automobile Racing—At INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY: May 30. . . . LIME ROCK PARK, Lime Rock, Conn.: May 30.

Baseball—At SHEA STADIUM: Day games May 10, May 12, May 23-24, May 28, May 30-31, and June 13-14. Night games May 11, May 22, May 26-27, May 29, and June 12. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Day games May 16-17 and June 6-7. Night games May 15, May 18-21, June 2-5, and June 9-10.

Crew—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. June 11-13.) . . ¶ Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. June 13.)

Dog Shows—Ladies Kennel Association of America. (Hempstead. May 16.) . . . ¶ Greenwich Kennel Club. (Greenwich. June 6.)

Horse Shows—Devon Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. May 22-23 and 25-30.) . . . ¶ Fairfield-Westchester P.H.A. Show. (Stamford. May 31.) . . . ¶ Upperville Colt and Horse Show. (Middleburg, Va. June 4-7.) . . . ¶ Helping Hand Horse Show. (Old Westbury. June 6.) . . . ¶ Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien. June 11-14.)

Hunt Racing—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Wellsville, Pa. May 16.) . . . ¶ Fair Hill Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. May 20 and 23.)

Motorboat Racing—President's Cup Regatta. (Washington, D.C. June 7.)

Racing—At PIMLICO, Baltimore: The Preakness, May 16. . . . BELMONT: May 25-June 27. The Belmont, June 6. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: June 1-Aug. 8. . . . EPSOM, England: The Derby, June 3.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: May 26-July 25.

Yachting—New York Yacht Club Regatta. (Long Island Sound. June 6-7.) . . . ¶ America's Cup preliminary trials. (Long Island Sound. June 8-12.)

Music—METROPOLITAN OPERA, Lincoln Center (799-4420): A special four-week season, June 1-27. . . . PHILHARMONIC HALL (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic's regular season continues through May 23, to be followed by a four-week season of "Promenades," running from May 27 through June 20. . . . ¶ Collegiate Chorale, May 15. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): Pro Arte Double Chorale and Chamber Orchestra, May 23. . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Istomin-Stern-Rose Trio, May 23. . . . ALICE TULLY HALL, Lincoln Center (362-1911): Opera Orchestra of New York, May 11.

Dance Programs—City Center American Dance Season: Murray Louis Dance Company, May 12 and 16. . . . ¶ The companies of Lucas Hoving and Rod Rodgers, May 13 and 15. . . . ¶ The companies of Paul Sanasardo and Louis Falco, May 14 and 16.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: A revival of the 1924 George S. Kaufman-Marc Connelly comedy, "Beggar on Horseback," the final production of the season by the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center. . . . ¶ Imported from abroad, Jean-Louis Barrault's "Rabelais," which he wrote and directed, and in which he stars. . . . ¶ Barry Nelson in "The Engagement Baby," a comedy by Stanley Shapiro.

Other Dates—Armed Forces Day is Saturday, May 16. . . . ¶ May Garden Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, at Essex House, May 20. . . . ¶ Ice Follies of 1970, at Madison Square Garden, May 21-31. . . . ¶ Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, May 22-June 7. . . . ¶ United Nations Trusteeship Council, May 26-June 17. . . . ¶ Commencements: Smith and Vassar, May 31; Barnard and Columbia, June 2; Annapolis and West Point, June 3; Yale, June 8; N.Y.U. and Princeton, June 9; Harvard, June 11; and Dartmouth, June 14. . . . ¶ Second-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Monday, June 15.

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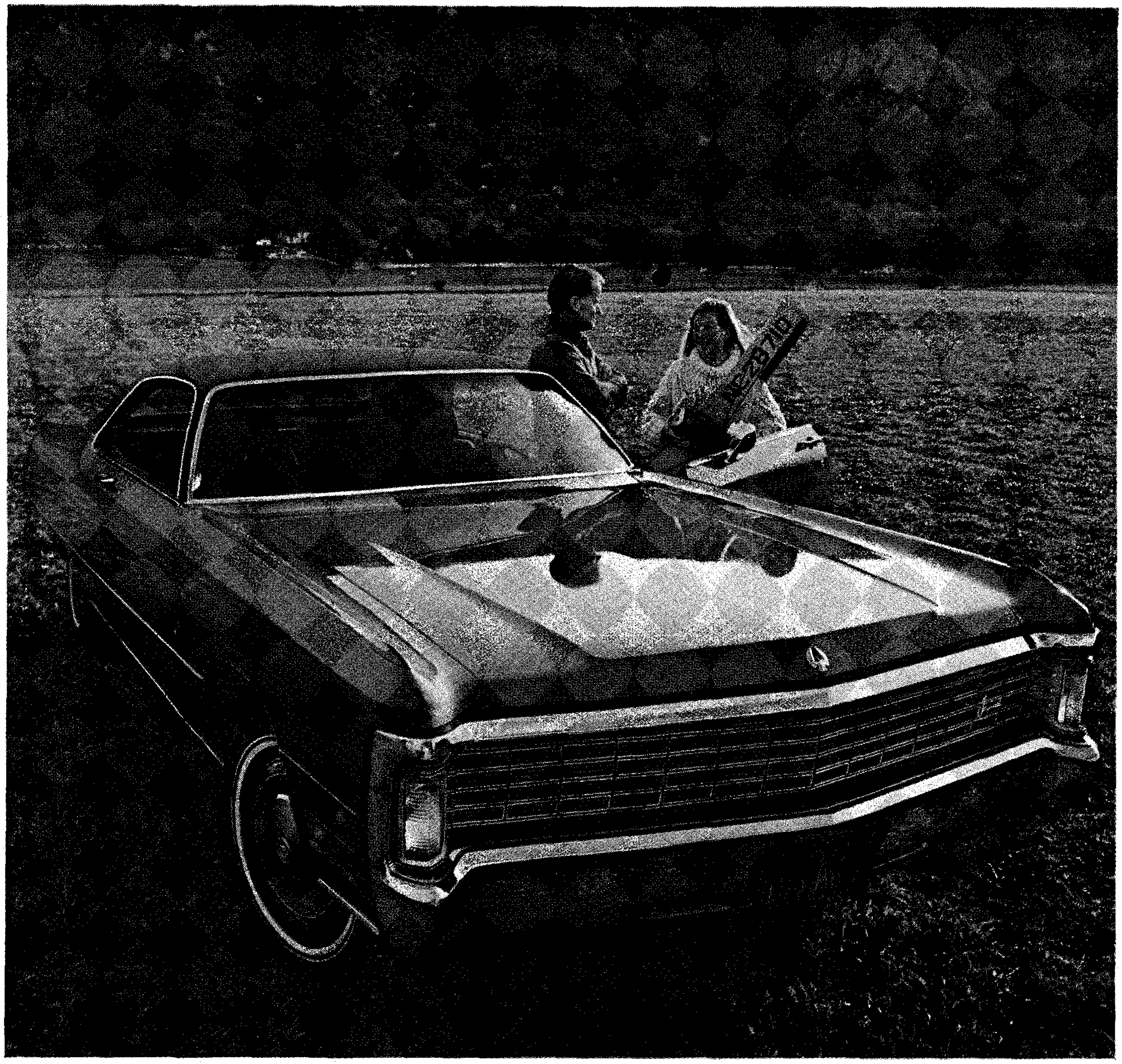

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The Adventurers—Rotten. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255; through May 2.)

Anne of the Thousand Days—Literate and civilized, but not very exciting. Richard Burton plays Henry VIII to Genevieve Bujold's Anne Boleyn. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Au Hasard, Balthazar—Robert Bresson's oblique account of the life and suffering of a donkey and the life and suffering of the people who mistreat him. Considered a masterpiece by some, but others may find it painstakingly tedious and offensively holy. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through May 5.)

Bedazzled (1967)—Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron ringing changes on the ancient Faustian theme in a comedy directed by Stanley Donen. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through May 4.)

Belle de Jour (1967)—Buñuel's color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting May 6.)

The Blue Angel (1929)—An almost legendary film. As Lola Lola, Marlene Dietrich is a rather coarse and plump young beauty; she is the incarnation of sex without romance or sentiment. Emil Jannings is the inhibited, tyrannical teacher who succumbs to her callous sexuality. Directed by Joseph von Sternberg. In German. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; May 6-7.)

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice—A very commercial but also very funny American comedy on modern sexual mores. Robert Culp, Natalie Wood, Elliott Gould, and Dyan Cannon form the two couples (it's the latter one that will interest you). (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

The Boys in the Band—The message appears to be that the spirit of M-G-M in the forties still lives in the hearts and jokes of homosexuals. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid—Some kind of cute cross between a contemporary put-on and a stylized Western legend, and it doesn't quite work. Paul Newman and Robert Redford are, however, among the most attractive performers around. George Roy Hill directed, from William Goldman's screenplay. (U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th, 249-5100.)

Cactus Flower—Every wisecrack has that Broadway thud. With Walter Matthau, Ingrid Bergman, and Goldie Hawn who, God willing, will make many better movies. (Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th, 759-4630.)

The Circus (1928)—Chaplin at his most clown-with-a-breaking-heart masochistic. Not top-drawer Chaplin, but still pleasant. With Merna Kennedy. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700; through May 5.)

Daybreak ("Le Jour Se Lève;" 1939)—The director, Marcel Carné, and the writer, Jacques Prévert, collaborated on this justly famous film about a decent sort of man (Jean Gabin) who is forced to become a murderer by the trickery of the man he kills (Jules Berry). Perhaps the finest of the French poetic melodramas. With Arletty and a good score by Maurice Jaubert. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; April 29.)

Fellini Satyricon—For Fellini, pre-Christian Rome resembles a stoned circus. In Italian. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123. Nightly at 7:15 and 9:45. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 4:45.)

La Femme Infidèle—Claude Chabrol demonstrates how to make a civilized thriller; he serves up the sensuality and adultery with the elegance of a master. With Michel Bouquet as the husband, Stéphane Audran as the wife, Maurice Ronet as her lover. In French. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700; starting May 6.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—François Truffaut's extraordinary first feature is a semi-autobiographical account of a twelve-year-old boy who—to the eyes of adults—becomes a delinquent. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; April 29.)

Funny Girl—The triumphant début of Barbra Streisand, directed by William Wyler. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Hello, Dolly!—The whole archaic big-musical circus surrounds a Happening—Barbra Streisand—and it's all worth seeing in order to see her. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, 247-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

In the Heat of the Night (1967)—A comedy-thriller with Sidney Poitier as a quick-witted police officer from the North and Rod Steiger as a blundering Southern chief of police. Fast and enjoyable, with lively, atmospheric cinematography by Haskell Wexler. Directed by Norman Jewison. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through May 5.)

Intimate Lighting—A charming and humane comedy about a young couple who visit an old friend of the man's and discover how the two men's paths—once so close—have diverged. The director, Ivan Passer, is witty in small, odd ways that are peculiarly satisfying. A Czechoslovakian film. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through May 7.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—One of the few French masterpieces of the sixties. François Truffaut's lyrical celebration of the lives of three bohemians (Henri Serre, Jeanne Moreau, and Oskar Werner) from the First World War to the Second. In French. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; April 30-May 2.)

The Liberation of L. B. Jones—Roscoe Lee Browne is the black businessman who wants a divorce because his young wife (Lola Falana) is adulterous; he can't get the divorce because his wife's lover (Anthony Zerbe) is white and a cop. With Yaphet Kotto; a quiet, fine performer named Lauren Jones; and Brenda Sykes, who has the kind of beauty you read about in mythology and just don't believe. William Wyler directed. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting May 6.)

Loving—An unusually intelligent film, with George Segal as an amiable failed artist who wriggles this way and that, because he doesn't like his life. Irvin Kershner directed, and it's beautifully detailed and sustained. (Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

M*A*S*H—Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, and Tom Skerritt as hip Galahads—combat surgeons patching up casualties a few miles from the front during the Korean war. Robert Altman directed this loose, cheery, and scabrous comedy about how adolescent humor and games help to keep men sane in insane situations. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Midnight Cowboy—Excellent performances by Jon Voight as the cowboy and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, 877-4040; through May 5.)

Mississippi Mermaid—Working from a fairly arthritic thriller, François Truffaut adapts and directs a small film that makes it rather sweetly as a romantic love story, with keynotes that are very typical of him. Belmondo plays a rich colonialist in a mildly ludicrous plot situation with a ravishing girl who has been ordered as a bride by post (Catherine Deneuve). In French. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

My Night at Maud's—A fine film by Eric Rohmer, terrifically intelligent, quizzically sexy, with three droll grownups talking about—for once, in films—things that grownups do actually talk about. Rohmer has a better eye than anyone in sight for the way people listen. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

Patton—This huge epic was made in a style that might be called imperial; it's very impressive, despite the indications that it was designed to satisfy both war lovers and pacifists. It begs every question that it raises. George C. Scott is Patton; Franklin J. Schaffner directed. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Power and the Glory (1933)—Preston Sturges wrote the script (which is sentimental and heavy-handed but is nevertheless almost a warmup for "Citizen Kane"), and the producer, Jesse Lasky, who considered it "the most prefect script" he'd ever seen, insisted that the director, William K. Howard, shoot it word for word. Spencer Tracy is the railroad tycoon who has killed himself, and the story is told from his funeral by Ralph Morgan. With Colleen Moore and slinky Helen Vinson. Photographed by James Wong Howe. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 29.)

The Road to Glory (1936)—William Faulkner and Joel Sayre wrote the screenplay for Howard Hawks. The setting is the First World War, and the movie demonstrated how gallantly actors can fight and die. With Fredric March and Warner Baxter. Photographed by Gregg Toland. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 29.)

La Ronde—Love makes the world go around in Max Ophuls' romantic, intricate, and rather tired version of the Schnitzler play, and the actors who move from one affair to the next include Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Signoret, Jean-Louis Barrault, Daniel Gélin, and Simone Simon. This 1950 film had censorship trouble and was cut in the hey-day of its art-house fame; this version includes the cut footage. In French. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; May 6-7.)

Room Service (1938)—The Broadway play, tailored to fit the Marx Brothers. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; May 3-4.)

The Sicilian Clan—Henri Verneuil's thriller, with Jean Gabin as the head of a Mafia-family squirearchy, and Alain Delon as a murderer punk. Very efficient, with a rather evil-minded sense of humor and a strong conviction about the morality of private enterprise in crime. In French. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Sympathy for the Devil—Godard's film about revolution's coming to the crux. The Rolling Stones rehearsing a song, changing it, making something rise to a boil are reported as a metaphor that is deliberately jarred by Godard's own sort of interruptions—interviews with Black Panthers, readings of cant in a bookshop, shots of casual modern carnage. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, 685-7652.)

They Shoot Horses, Don't They?—Horace McCoy's nineteen-thirties novel about the Hollywood extras who enter a marathon dance, here turned into another savage nightmare of American life. Jane Fonda gives a good, strong performance, and Sydney Pollack's direction keeps the nightmare lively. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131; through May 5.)

A Thousand Clowns (1965)—An adaptation of the Broadway comedy, with Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, and Martin Balsam. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700; through May 5.)

Two or Three Things I Know About Her—Godard's picture, with Marina Vlady as a lower-middle-class wife in the outskirts of Paris who becomes a prostitute—respectably parking her children first—to buy bourgeois clothes and American cigarettes. The social irony is simply and swiftly confirmed. The "her" of the title probably refers as much to Paris as to the heroine. The film is a sardonic epiphany for a system. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting April 30.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth. (Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th, 765-7600; through April 30.)

Ulysses (1967)—A sortie into the Joyce country. Directed by Joseph Strick. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through May 4.)

La Vérité (1960)—Brigitte Bardot as a messy hippie in Henri-Georges Clouzot's messy, self-serious courtroom drama. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting April 30.)

The Wages of Fear (1953)—The most exciting French melodrama of the fifties. Henri-Georges Clouzot's Existential thriller about the responses of four men to a situation in which character no longer determines fate: they are driving trucks loaded with nitroglycerine over rough roads. With Yves Montand. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting April 30.)

War and Peace (1968)—Sergei Bondarchuk's seventy-millimetre, six-hour film of Tolstoy's novel, in two parts. (Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th, 765-7600. Part I: May 1-7. Part II: starting May 8.)

West Side Story (1961)—The Ben-Hur of musicals, distinguished by the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through May 5.)

Women in Love—Ken Russell's purple pastiche—a Gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence. It's frequently impressive, but if you want to know what the characters are about, you'd do well to read the book first. With Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

Wonder Bar (1934)—A huge Warner Brothers musical with Al Jolson, Dick Powell, Dolores Del Rio, Kay Francis, Ricardo Cortez, and everybody else on the lot. Busby Berkeley did the choreography, and Harry Warren and Al Dubin wrote the songs, which include "Why Do I Dream Those Dreams?" and "Going to Heaven on a Mule." (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 5-7.)

Woodstock—Michael Wadleigh's affable film of the festival last year. Though it has the look of a documentary, it makes a powerful invisible choice—no squalor shown, no trouble. Jimi Hendrix has a fine set in which he makes "The Star-Spangled Banner" sound like an air raid. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Yankee Doodle Dandy (1942)—The astonishingly versatile James Cagney as George M. Cohan in a big, enjoyable musical well directed by Michael Curtiz. With Walter Huston. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 5-7.)

Z—How a political murder is made to look like an accident. Costa-Gavras' extraordinary thriller is based on recent Greek history. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas. In French. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Zabriskie Point—Antonioni's enervated view of American youth. A lifeless movie with a zombie romance, but with a very pretty apocalyptic finish. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

Note—At **TOWN HALL**, 113 W. 43rd (JU 2-4536): A series of Laurel-and-Hardy films. April 29 and May 1, at 5:30: "Our Relations" (1936), "Going Bye Bye" (1931), and "Our Wife" (1931). . . . ¶ May 4-6 and 8, all at 5:30: "The Bohemian Girl" (1936), "Hog Wild" (1930), and "Their First Mistake" (1932). . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL**, Lincoln Center (362-1911): April 30 at 6:30: "The Unknown" (United States, 1927) and "Saturnino Farandolo" (Italy, 1913). . . . ¶ April 30 at 9:30: "Partner" (Italy, 1968). . . . ¶ May 1 at 5: "Les Vampires" (France, 1915), a seven-hour film, with a dinner intermission. . . . ¶ May 5 at 6:30: "Charulata" (India, 1964). . . . ¶ May 5 at 9:30: "The Sign of Leo" (France, 1959). . . . ¶ May 7 at 6:30: "Signs of Life" (West Germany, 1968). . . . ¶ May 7 at 9:30: "Funnyman" (United States, 1967).

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ABOVE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
ZABRISKIE POINT.

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
Through May 7 (tentative): "End of a Priest," a Czechoslovakian film.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through May 7 (tentative): "The Joke," a Czechoslovakian film.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through May 5: **WEST SIDE STORY**; and **IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT.**
From May 6: **BELLE DE JOUR** (in French); and "Last Summer" (1969), Barbara Hershey.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
MIDNIGHT COWBOY.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Diary of a Schizophrenic Girl" (in Italian).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through May 2: **THE ADVENTURERS.**
From May 3: "Serafino" (in Italian).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THE SICILIAN CLAN (in French).

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
WOODSTOCK.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
WOMEN IN LOVE.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
M*A*S*H.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, (355-1663)
"Zigzag," George Kennedy, Anne Jackson.

Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"How to Succeed with Sex."

Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
Through May 5: "Monique," Sibylla Kay.
From May 6: To be announced.

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
CACTUS FLOWER.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"riverrun," Louise Ober. (On Monday, May 4, the theatre will close at 6.)

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Z (in French).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
MY NIGHT AT MAUD'S (in French).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
THE BOYS IN THE BAND.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
MISSISSIPPI MERMAID (in French).

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Ben-Hur" (1959), Charlton Heston, Jack Hawkins.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"A Man Called Horse," Richard Harris, Judith Anderson.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Hi, Mom!," Robert De Niro.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Halls of Anger," Calvin Lockhart.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through May 7 (tentative): "Early Works," a Yugoslav film.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
April 29: "Wild Horses of Fire" (1964; in Ukrainian); and "A Ballad of Love" (1966; in Russian).
April 30-May 2: **JULES AND JIM** (in French); and "Black Orpheus" (1959; in Portuguese), Marpessa Dawn.
May 3-4: **ROOM SERVICE.**
May 5: "The Troublemaker" (1964), Thomas Aldredge.
May 6-7: **LA RONDE** (in French); and **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through May 5: **AU HASARD, BALTHAZAR** (in French).
From May 6: **THE LIBERATION OF L. B. JONES.**

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through May 7: **INTIMATE LIGHTING**, a Czechoslovakian film; and "Me" (in French).

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through May 5: "End of the Road," Stacy Keach.
From May 6: "Love Is a Funny Thing" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo, Annie Girardot.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
April 29: **DAYBREAK** and **THE 400 BLOWS** (both in French).
From April 30: **THE WAGES OF FEAR** and **LA VÉRITÉ** (both in French).

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
"Without a Stitch" (in Danish).

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
PATTON.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
HELLO, DOLLY!

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
FUNNY GIRL.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Airport," Burt Lancaster, Dean Martin.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through April 30: **2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.**
From May 1: **WAR AND PEACE.**
Saturday and Sunday, May 2-3, at noon: Kenneth Clark's series of films, "Civilisation." This week, "The Fallacies of Hope" and "Heroic Materialism." This ends the series.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Halls of Anger," Calvin Lockhart.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
LOVING.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (245-5123)
FELLINI SATYRICON (in Italian).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through May 5: **THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?**
From May 6: To be announced.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Monique," Sibylla Kay.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Brotherly Love," Peter O'Toole, Susannah York.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through May 5: **MIDNIGHT COWBOY.**
From May 6: "What Do You Say to a Naked Lady?," an Allen Funt film.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through May 5: **THE CIRCUS** (silent); and **A THOUSAND CLOWNS.**
From May 6: **LA FEMME INFIDÈLE** (in French); and "Trilogy," a film of three Truman Capote short stories, among them "A Christmas Memory."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
April 29: **THE ROAD TO GLORY**; and **THE POWER AND THE GLORY.**
From April 30: **TWO OR THREE THINGS I KNOW ABOUT HER** (in French).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
MIDNIGHT COWBOY.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through May 4: **ULYSSES**; and **BEDAZZLED.**
May 5-7: **YANKEE DOODLE DANDY**; and **WONDER BAR.**

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through May 5: "End of the Road," Stacy Keach.
From May 6: "Love Is a Funny Thing" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo, Annie Girardot.

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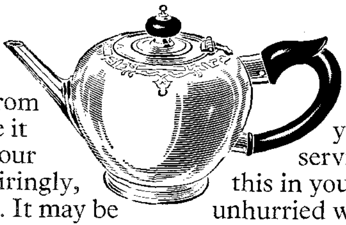

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AS a rule, a nonentity can be defined as someone who never reads about himself in the *Times*, and the hierarchic assumptions that underlie the choice of news fit to print rose to the surface a couple of weeks ago in a *Times* roundup of local political items, in which it was apparently deemed necessary to mention two people who were felt, at the same time, to be not worth mentioning. The dilemma was solved this way: "Two obscure New York City Democrats filed objections at Albany with Secretary of State John P. Lomenzo to the residency qualification of Mr. Goldberg to run for Governor." We checked with the *News*, whose coverage of local politics is not so snooty. "The objections were filed," according to the *News*, "by Dorothy Dwire of Manhattan, a former Westchester district leader, and Nicholas J. Miglino, a member of the North Shore Democratic Club in Queens."

"OMBUDSMAN" is a Swedish word meaning, roughly, a champion of the people against the machinations of bureaucrats. It is a concept that has drifted around in United States politics for several years now without catching on, except in Hawaii, which adopted an Ombudsman Act in 1967, and among certain lowly insurgent Democrats in New York City, who use the term to distinguish their intentions from those of regular Democrats, also known as "bosses" or "tools of the bosses." Earlier this month, perhaps in an effort to blur that distinction, the possibilities of the word were tested at a higher level. "Goldberg Envisions Role of Governor as That of an Ombudsman" was the catchy headline in the *Times*. There is no evidence so far of the power of the word to enchant New York voters at any level, and it is doubtful whether it ought to be applied to the governorship, an office with a royalist patina that is fundamental to the adversary system New York voters have come to depend on. Brooklyn and Queens versus Manhattan, regulars versus reformers, the mayor of New York City versus the autocrat of Albany (except maybe in an election year).

TWO other recent stories in the *Times* incidentally illustrate the diversity of euphemism. The first was a report, on April 14th, of the transfer of a prisoner to the Tombs from the Federal House of Detention, where, it was said, he had been caught sawing at the bars of his cell. It was a minor story, in which the reluctance of officials to comment on the episode was supplemented with random facts, but it was redeemed by the single direct quote: " 'We felt he was an escape-conscious individual,' said an official of the federal jail, which is at West Street and West Eleventh Street, under the West Side Highway." A splendid sample of constabulary discretion, which, deliberately or not, enhances the dignity of the prisoner.

A series of headlines and subheads on a dispatch from Saigon a week later shows how a similar instinct for blandness can work the opposite way:

Page 1: "Cambodian Events Worry Key U.S. Aides in Saigon."

Page 5: "Cambodia Events Worry U.S. Aides."

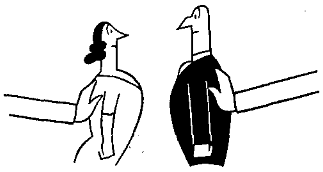
"Reports Add Pessimism."

"Slayings Pose Difficulties."

"Worry," "pessimism," "difficulties;" "events," "reports," "slayings"—the slaughter of hundreds of obscure Vietnamese men, women, and children by Cambodian soldiers, that is to say.

Esalen

IN the Grand Ballroom of the Hotel Diplomat the other afternoon, five hundred couples, nearly all of them white, nearly all of them in early middle age, sat cross-legged on a dirty red rug listening to the amplified words of a large gray-haired woman in a large green dress. "Let the awareness of the last few minutes settle out," she said. "Moment by moment, our contact is rich and full and all. Think about right now, right now, now—what you feel at this moment. Play with the *energy* between you. Play with the *space* between you. Sometimes hugging is a cop-out." That day, the function rooms of the Hotel Diplomat, on West Forty-third Street, which are usually given over to business and political meetings of the less opulent sort, were given over to discussions, demonstrations, and "experimental sessions" of the Esalen Institute, the West Coast organization that seeks to connect people who feel disconnected from themselves and other people. The woman in the green dress who conducted the first session we attended—Increasing Communication for Couples—was Miss Betty Fuller, and she seemed to know well how to work with her audience. "Find another couple," she said. "Don't use words. Simply get to know each other. There is room for some couples on the stage." Four couples went up on the stage. One young man in a striped shirt went up on the stage and kissed Miss Fuller.



We visited the Executive Room, where Dr. Ralph Metzner, Ph.D., and Dr. John Lilly, M.D., were conducting a lecture-demonstration session entitled Voyaging in Inner Space and Maps of Consciousness. When we arrived, the Executive Room was crowded, and we stood in the back, near a sign that announced the availability of box lunches in the Crystal Room. A tape was being played very loud, repeating some overlapping messages again and again. "The body and the mind, there are no limits" was one message. "The body imposes definite limits" was another. "In the mind there are no limits" was a third. After a while that seemed a very long while, the tape stopped. "That was five minutes," Dr. Lilly said. "Would anyone like to volunteer what that did to them?"

There was silence for a moment.

"I found it hard to breathe," said one young man.

"I found the possibility of solution," said another.

We went back to the Grand Ballroom, where Miss Fuller's session was ending and a No Host Cocktail Party was beginning. Miss Fuller was sitting on the edge of the stage next to some gladiolas, swinging her legs easily. Groups of people sat on the floor without awkwardness and drank expensive drinks from plastic cups. (At a No Host Cocktail Party, the liquor is not free.) We talked with one man who said that he thought the Esalen approach was "very suspect." The other people we talked with were lighthearted and unembarrassed and pleasantly aware that they were lighthearted and unembarrassed. These people all seemed to be well educated. They talked about how crowded the sessions were and how hard it was to get a drink, and they tried to estimate how much money the people running the three-day Esalen session were making. They decided that since the sessions were crowded and since a three-day ticket cost seventy-five dollars, it must be a lot. This did not seem to bother them, and they made their profit estimates in a casual, unconcerned way. In the same easy tone, they discussed more personal things.

"I'm coming to grips with my need for love and support," said a middle-aged woman in a tailored suit.

"I think that I'm threatened by too *much* support," said a younger woman. "I mean, it *tires* me."

We talked for a while with a young man who was lying on his back on the floor with his head resting on his hands. "I'm into mind things right now," he said at one point. "I'll probably talk a lot less from now on."

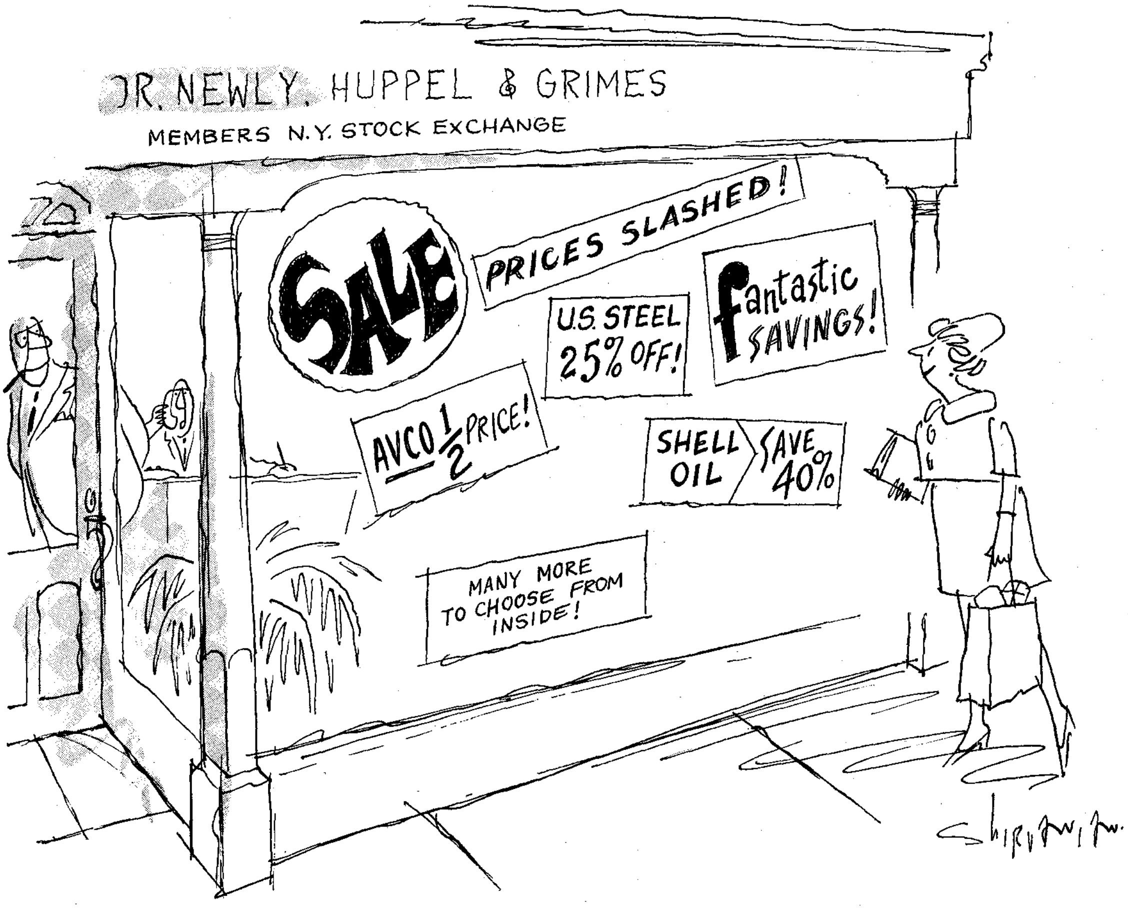
One Hundred and One

THE day of the recent "Salud Casals" concert, Pablo Casals spent much of the morning conducting one hundred other cellists in a rehearsal of his Sardana for Cello Orchestra. Last week, we praised the concert, and the Sardana as well, and this week we would like to praise the rehearsal and the cellists. One hundred cellos playing together produce a sound that is altogether wonderful. It is reflective, purposeful, and beneficent, and listening to it is a little like listening to a swarm of giant bumblebees.

The rehearsal was held in Carnegie Hall, and we arrived at the stage door a few minutes before the Maestro, joining a small group of people who were awaiting his arrival and marvelling at his powers. "He's ninety-three," said one man, "and his hand shakes until his bow hits the strings. But then he is masterly. And he has the eyes of a man of thirty-five." "He's ninety-three," said another, "and a few months ago he had a kidney stone removed. But this year he will play fifty-one concerts in Puerto Rico, Israel, Vienna, and Marlboro, Vermont, and still more bookings are possible." A newsman from Madrid said, "We all wish we had his ears, his physique, and his acuity," and Harold Schonberg, the music critic of the *Times*, said, "He's ninety-bloody-three!"

The Maestro arrived, and Mr. Schonberg, who wears a combination watch and stopwatch on his wrist, so that he can time performances accurately, announced that it was five to eleven. The Maestro entered the hall, and the hundred other cellists, who were already at work, rose and tapped their stands with their bows. A small audience, which consisted of a hundred cello cases and about a hundred people, among them Princess Irene of Greece, also applauded. Casals said, "I am very, very thankful, thankful, thankful."

Casals was handed a small, collapsible metal baton, which looked like the aerial of a transistor radio, and the rehearsal began. We sat in a front-row seat, right behind the Maestro and right next to Mr. Schonberg. Mr. Schonberg had a score of the Sardana, and he kindly offered to share it with us. Casals began the rehearsal by singing the first few bars of the Sardana to the cellists, who listened alertly. The cellists were a fine, varied assortment of men and women, kids and old-timers, from all parts of the world. Directly in front of Casals was a young man with a peace decal on the tailpiece of his cello. The cellists began to play, but Casals stopped them almost immediately and scolded them. "Don't be lazy," he said. "Give it character. It has no energy." He sang it the way he wanted to hear it, and they played it again, and this time you could see the rosin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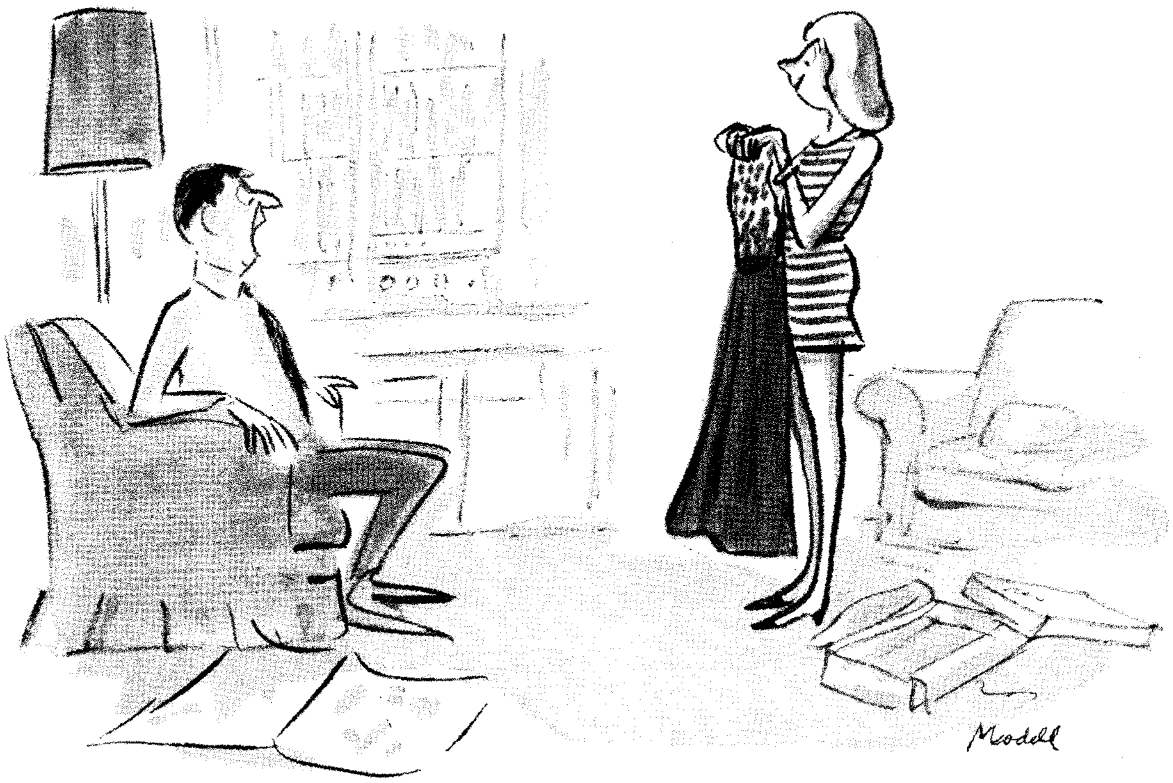
dust fly as their bows hit the strings. The rehearsal was really a master class, even though the cellists were just about as good as they come, and whenever Casals stopped them to make a point, he ended his lecture with an invocation. "Beautiful sound, beautiful music," he would say as he gave an upbeat.

Mr. Schonberg smiled, and leaned over to whisper to us. "He's going to unblock 'em if it kills 'em," he said. "Fifty years ago, there was no problem, but playing today is so repressed. That's why he has to keep telling them, 'Don't play notes. Play *music*.' "

The cellists began to make beautiful sounds and play beautiful music, and for a while it sounded as though Casals were playing a hundred cellos himself. Eventually, he called a halt. "Do you need a little rest?" he asked. The cellist with the peace decal grinned, and Casals looked at him and made a growly noise like an arpeggio on a cello. The cellist looked at Casals and played a growly arpeggio on his cello, and they both laughed. The rehearsal was over.



"Oh, no! You've got to be kidding!"

• •

Earth Day

As Earth Day began, the weather was warm and sunny. The sky was a smoky blue. Between noon and 2 P.M., Fifth Avenue was closed to cars from Fifty-ninth Street to Fourteenth Street. And precisely at noon a great many people, including Mayor Lindsay, Mrs. Lindsay, and a large group of young singers and instrumentalists called The Voices of East Harlem, started a walk down the Avenue from Fifty-ninth to Fourteenth. The Lindsays were surrounded by men with cameras and microphones. The Avenue became very crowded. Hundreds of people, and finally thousands, followed the Mayor as he made his way downtown. A few people walked uptown. It was a well-dressed, middle-class, almost completely white crowd. The Mayor set a fast pace. He was tanned, and he and Mrs. Lindsay appeared to be in high spirits. They smiled and waved and answered questions. A Girl Scout handed him a daisy. A hippie gave him the V sign, and he returned it. One reporter asked the Mayor if all this could happen again. "I don't know," the Mayor said. Mrs. Lindsay quickly added, "Every three weeks."

By noon, several thousand people were standing, tightly packed together, in front of the Public Library, at Forty-second Street. There were lots of flowers—real and manufactured. Most of the real ones belonged to the younger people—in their hands, in their pocketbooks, in their hair, in their pockets. Many of the older people had paper flowers in their lapels. Other paper flowers were tied to police barricades. In an enclosure where some speakers were going to sit, paper flowers were hanging from a row of four empty chairs. In the enclosure, too, a lectern had an enormous paper sunflower hanging over the front. The Manhattan School of Music Brass Ensemble—five trumpets, four horns, four trombones, and a tuba, conducted by Cecil Collins—appeared on the Library steps and played Gordon Jacob's Interludes for Trumpets and Trombones from "Music for a Festival."

At about twelve-twenty, four speakers arrived and sat down in their chairs in the enclosure. One of them, a writer named Roger Caras, stood right up again and walked to the lectern. He said that people should all be concerned "that the oceans may have no more than ten years to live before they die, that Americans despoil the ocean more than all the people of all the other lands combined, that we are the most wasteful people on earth, and that if an air inversion should hit New York City more than ten thousand people could drop dead in a day."

Mr. Caras then introduced the second speaker, the critic Alfred Kazin, as an admirer of Walt Whitman and the author of "Walker in the City." "If this is possible in New York," Mr. Kazin said, looking around at the crowd, "then many other things are possible. New York has more of everything—not only more dirt and more garbage but also more brilliance and more resourcefulness. We are the most American of cities and the most exciting of American cities. This is our city, our air, and our streets, and therefore it is worthwhile and fitting that we should come together like this and celebrate the city." There was loud applause.

The next speaker was the novelist Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. "It is not often that a total pessimist is asked to speak in the spring," he said. "Here we are again, the peaceful demonstrators—mostly young and mostly white. Good luck to us, for I don't know what sporting event the President may be watching at the moment. He said the other day that the United States has never lost a war and he did not want to be the first President to lose a war. Well, he may be the first President to lose a whole planet." He sat down, to loud applause.

Next came the novelist and critic Marya Mannes, who spoke in a low-keyed, ironic tone and concluded by saying, "Lords of Affluence and Avarice, Holy Creators of the Gross National Product . . . we repay this infinite generosity of the Gross National Product with Gross National Pollution. . . . May we now expiate these massive crimes by repudiating you—and by restoring the beauty of life on earth before its death claims us all. Amen and hallelujah." She sat down, and again the applause was loud.

At that point, Mayor Lindsay, making a brief stop on his way downtown, squeezed through the crowd and walked to the lectern. He observed that he didn't feel he could add to what the writers had just said, and continued, "I simply want to thank New Yorkers for the love of the city which they have displayed. And I hope a little of today will stay with us for the rest of our lives." Then the Mayor, his arms folded, leaned against a police barricade inside the enclosure and listened as The Voices of East Harlem sang "Shake a Life."

IN the middle and upper Forties, despite the liberation of the whole width of Fifth Avenue, many people were still walking on its sidewalks. Wondering if they had a different attitude toward Earth Day from those out in the street, a reporter asked a number of men in business suits why they were still walking on the sidewalks. Most of them answered by saying something like "Habit, I guess," but several said it was because they were *going* somewhere. One man said, "I'm walking on the sidewalk because I'm going to a lunch date. I've got a destination."

IN the close of the Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine, the Right Reverend Paul Moore, Jr., who has just been elected Bishop Coadjutor of New York, addressed two hundred schoolboys from an outdoor pulpit. The pulpit had balloons tied to it, and Bishop Moore asked everyone to join him in a song. The song was:

Happy Earth Day to you!
Happy Earth Day to you!
Happy Earth Day, dear Cathedral!
Happy Earth Day to you!

Bishop Moore was wearing a crimson cassock, with a red-and-white enamelled pectoral cross designed for him by the Sub-Dean of the Cathedral Church, the Reverend Canon Edward N. West. Bishop Moore told the boys a parable, which went like this:

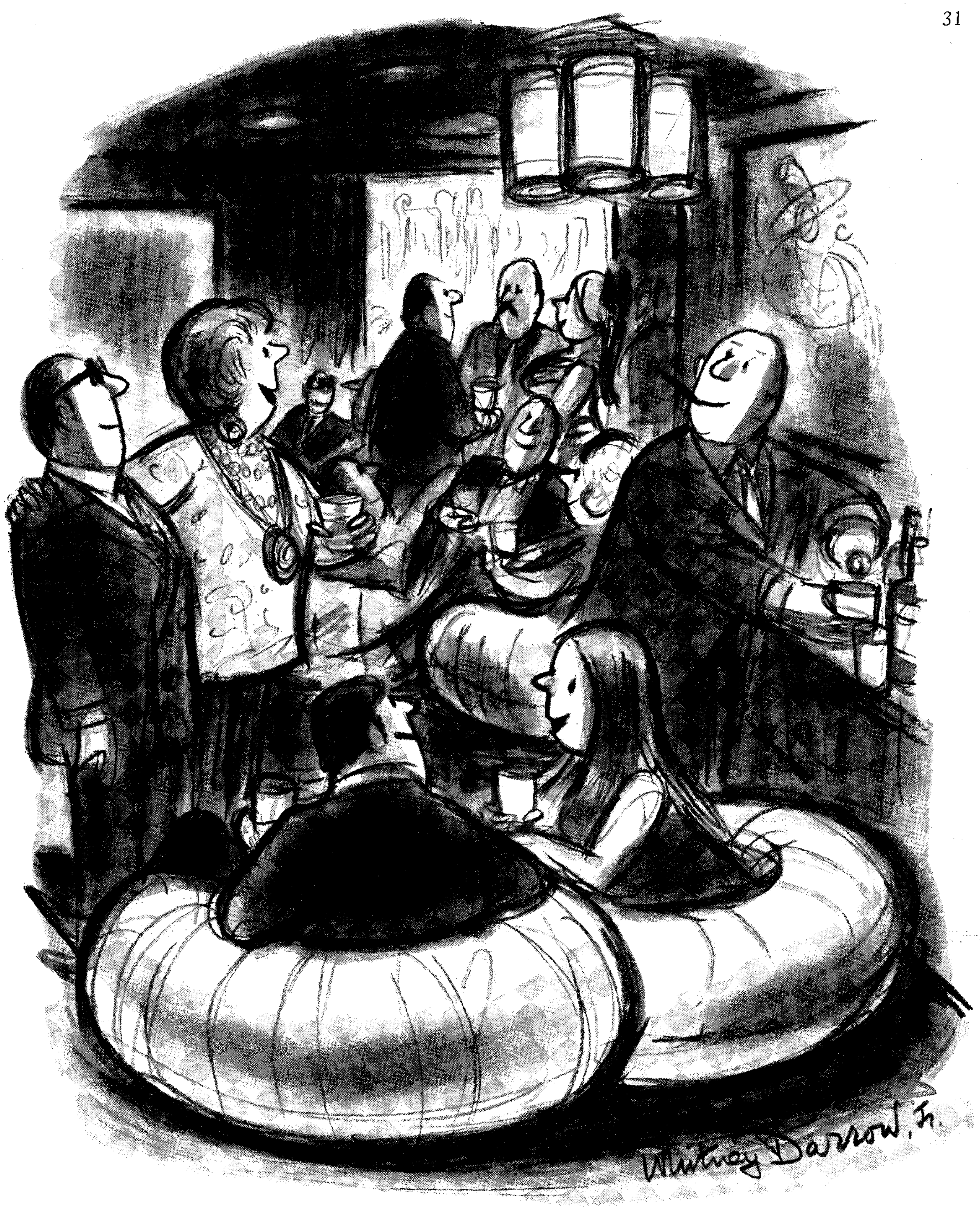
"This is a fish story, a bigger fish story than any you have heard. No, not Jonah and the whale. *Paul* and the whale. When I was twelve, I went fishing for tuna off Ipswich, Massachusetts. We didn't have much luck, and I was feeling lazy and queasy when suddenly the captain cried, 'Thar she blows!' Half a mile away, a school of whales had appeared. The captain was very excited. 'We gotta harpoon one of those whales,' he said, and he insisted I stand at the front of the boat with a rusty harpoon. We approached the whales, and down they went, silent as could be, into a silent sea. I was shaking like a leaf. Suddenly, they emerged, and glided by. 'Throw it! Throw the harpoon!' yelled the captain, but I couldn't. Then one of the whales spouted, drenching us all, and they all disappeared again, and there I was, still standing there with the harpoon. I'm just very glad that I was more sensible than the captain, because if I *had* thrown that harpoon, the whale might have given the boat a flip, and then I wouldn't be here today. This story has to do with Earth Day, if we think of nature as the whale and man as the whaler. We have been fighting nature, and when you fight someone he fights back, and he can often do more damage than you can. Unless we stop stealing, exploiting, and ruining nature for our own gain, we will lose everything. The Church must begin talking a theology of ecology. The Garden of Eden has been misinterpreted. When God gave man dominion over the earth, He meant man and earth to live in harmony, as partners in a happy marriage. We must fit in with the rhythm, the silence, the music, and the beauty of nature. That's about all I have to say today. So let's all just have a very good time—until you have to go back to class."

AT the Parsons School of Design, Stewart Brand, the originator of the Whole Earth Catalog, addressed an Earth Day audience of students and faculty members in a room full of balloons. The Whole Earth Catalog is published six times a year, in larger and larger press runs, and its purpose, stated on page 2 of each issue, is as follows:

> We *are* as gods and might as well get good at it. So far remotely done power and glory—as via government, big business, formal education, church—has succeeded to the point where gross defects obscure actual gains. In response to this dilemma and to these gains a realm of intimate, personal power is developing—power of the individual to conduct his own education, find his own inspiration, shape his own environment, and share his adventure with whoever is interested. Tools that aid this process are sought and promoted by the WHOLE EARTH CATALOG.

Mr. Brand was wearing a buckskin shirt and a sort of felt top hat, and he was sitting backward on a folding chair. He has a lean face, white teeth, and blond hair. Someone asked him how to go about taking effective action in ecological matters. Mr. Brand said, "Would you please rephrase that question as a statement? Silence is a good beginning for effective action. I've always wondered what two years of silence did for Buckminster Fuller. The greatest accomplishments come from doing nothing. I once got good advice from Ken Kesey on how to make money, and I never expected to get good advice from Kesey on how to make money. He said when he and his brother started a creamery he decided he wanted to make money. He set this as a goal, as part of his metaprogram. Then he forgot about it completely and concentrated on running a good creamery. When he ran a good creamery, he started making money. When you take hold of ecology, it will help if you have a firm understanding of the order of nature and if you have a good metaprogram. Do nothing first, and then do something. And making mistakes is all right, because making mistakes is synonymous with education. When we realize that we are as gods, then we will know that we have to assume a god's responsibilities, and that we are able to. Most good things are very simple."

FOURTEENTH STREET was also closed to traffic, but from noon to midnight. Green, blue, red, and orange banners flapped from the tops of lampposts. Various booths had been set up on the sidewalks—the Environmental Action Coalition, the American Movement for World Government, the New York City Department of Consumer Affairs, the Socialist Workers Party, the Mayor's Task Force on Noise Abatement, the Citizens' League for Education About Atomic Energy,

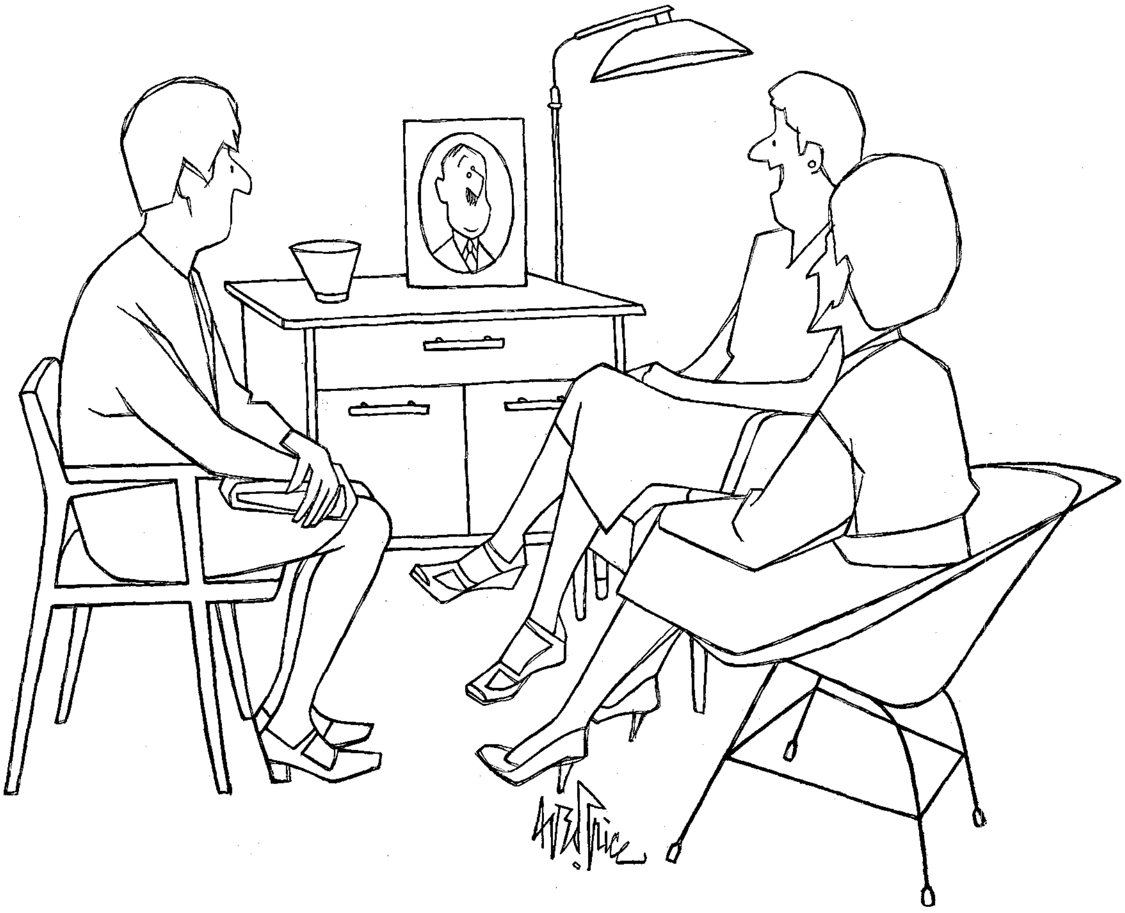

Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Fred, dear, will you blow up a chair for Mr. Griswold?"

• •

and so on. At Fourteenth Street and Seventh Avenue, at noon, a group of hippies sat down on the asphalt and began writing out slogans in chalk: "If You're Not Part of the Solution, You're Part of the Problem." "50% Off on Vietnam." "We Treat This World of Ours as if We Had a Spare One in Our Back Pocket." "Walk a Bicycle, Take a Bus, Your Car Fumes Are Killing Us." A block or so east, the Salvation Army Headquarters was decorated with a fan of American flags and a sign that said "Clean Air Great, Clean Hearts Better." Nearby, a round-faced, brown-haired woman was selling multicolored balloons bearing the words "Stop at Two." "Two what?" someone asked her. "Children," she replied crisply, and pointed to a poster that said "The Population Bomb Threatens Your Future."

In Union Square, there was a tank truck filled with what a sign identified as "Pure Water from the Catskill Watershed." People waited in line to get a drink. Nearby, a group of young



"He didn't really die of anything. He was a hypochondriac."

• •

black kids playing drums and bottles attracted a lot of listeners. A young white kid, off to one side, played a flute.

"Hey, man," said one of the black kids, "why don't you come over *here* and play?"

"I don't like to play in front of people," said the white kid.

"Then play louder, man. Play *louder*," said the black kid.

People climbed up and sat on the pedestal of the flagpole in the middle of Union Square Park, hanging their feet down over the patriotic bas-relief on the base. A group of five teen-age girls from Queens dragged trash baskets to a Department of Sanitation truck.

The Earth People, who come from the California commune known as Earth People's Park, had put up a two-hundred-foot inflatable environment at the north end of the park. It was a huge air-filled bubble secured by lengths of nylon rope attached to parking meters, and it had "Earth People's Park" written all over it. We talked with Harry, who is an Earth Person, and who, like Sky, Flash, and other Earth People, doesn't bother much about his last name. The lengths of rope, Harry said, kept the inflatable environment from leaving the ground. There were other problems to deal with. Every so often, the environment had to be cleared, so that the Earth People could repair holes made in the polyethylene skin of the bubble.

People went into the bubble through two small slits in the skin. "Come in one by one," said the people guarding the slits. *"One by one."*

"We've got to come in together!" shouted one kid waiting outside, "We're a commune!"

Once inside, people did a lot of friendly milling around. Sometimes there was music, and sometimes there was some talk, but for a long time the environment's microphone was broken, so people just sat and looked and walked around, regarding with pleasure the strange inflated skin of the environment. "We've got five architects in Earth People's Park now, and they're really into inflatables," Harry told us. "Whenever we think of doing something, we think of inflatables. You know, a really beautiful thing happened to us the other night. We were on the radio, and people phoned in and gave us twelve acres of land. Ten acres were in Texas and two were in New England somewhere."

By half past eleven that night, the booths and displays were gone from Fourteenth Street, and the big crowds had melted away. But the huge green, blue, red, and orange banners still hung dramatically from the lampposts, and hundreds of people were still on the street, strolling in groups of two and three. People walked slowly and quietly, not just straight along the street or at right angles to it, as they usually do, but in all sorts of random directions. Frequently, people stopped to admire chalked drawings of birds and animals on the pavement, and to read ecological graffiti aloud to each other. "We Are Coughing for a Pollution-Free New York," said one graffito. "Toujours Verdant," said another. "Wouldn't It Be Nice If You Could Read This a Week from Now?" said a third. The street was absolutely free of litter.

At the Sixth Avenue crossing, a hippie approached three policemen. "Excuse me, Sergeant," he said to one of them. "Do you know how much longer we have?"

"Until midnight, I think," the sergeant said.

"Thank you," the hippie said.

"Hey, I like your button," said one of the other policemen, who was wearing yellow-tinted spectacles and was about the same age as the hippie. "Where can I get one of those?"

"Why don't you take this one? I have another at home," the hippie said, and he handed the policeman his button. It showed a yellow submarine with a peace symbol on it and flowers coming out of the snorkel. The policeman pinned it on his uniform.

"Have you heard the new McCartney album?" asked the third policeman. "I've heard a couple of cuts on the radio, but I don't know whether to buy the whole album."

"There's a new Beatles album coming out pretty soon," the hippie said. "I'm waiting for that."

"Beautiful," the policeman said.

The hippie wandered off. His brow was knitted, but he was smiling.

At midnight, a police sound truck drove down the middle of the street, announcing, "Please return to the sidewalk. Fourteenth Street is now being reopened." A few moments later, a noisy phalanx of headlights appeared at Union Square, and a few moments after that it started to rain.

PROPERTY

Characters: *Max, Peg, Abberley.*

Scene: *An arc of pale sand-colored hessian reaches from floor to beyond eye-view. Three single beds, pinned to floor, equidistant. Peg's bed in the middle of the fan-shaped positioning. Iron bedsteads, beautiful; beige-and-dark-brown blankets; white linen. Small antique tables in polished dark woods beside each bed, stacked with belongings. Abberley's with piles of cigarettes, note pads, lawyer's folders, photographs, a torch, pencils, jar of caramels. Max's with a pipe, tobacco, scientific journals. Peg's with a few books, playing cards, solitaire board, jar of caramels. All have bottles of pills, booze, glasses, thermoses, radios, and earphones. At the foot of each bed what appears to be a miniature TV set faces the person lying on the bed. The machines are electrocardiographs. The wires recording from forearms and calves are not particularly visible for the time being. The three people not in nightclothes. Dressed to be ready at any time for expeditions and undertakings that will not actually occur. Peg in a gray-and-white print and some soft turban or scarf that hides her hair. Abberley in white shirt, city tie, black trousers. Max in gray flannel trousers and gray brawny pullover. All with bare feet. Shoes and socks by beds, neat. No other furniture. All are youngish and healthy. A separate spotlight is trained on each bed. When a character goes to sleep or withdraws from contact, his spotlight snaps off. There is also a perpetual faint natural light in this space where the three of them live immovably together.*

Four-forty-five in the morning. The three are singing the last bars of a song. Exuberant mood. Sound rather soft. Pom-pom-pom. Peg carries the tune. "When you are in love, it's the loveliest night of the year . . ." The waltz that grinds out of carrousels. The men do a unison dum-di-di bass. Slight shambles. Also triumph.

Peg: Now I want to do the—dum-di-di—bass. Abberley, do the tune.

Max: It won't be any good that way. The two people doing the bass have got to be the same pitch.

Peg: Well, let's try. Abberley. (*Gives him a note.*) Max. (*Their note.*)

(*Abberley sings with his head down. Concentrated. Peg has her neck craned, like a dog baying at the moon. Max efficient and stolid. Born pipe smoker. Peg is married to Abberley.*)

Abberley (*fast*): Now me with her. It worked fine. We were beautiful.

Max: You mean I can have a go at the tune?

(*They sing. Subdued rowdiness. Hot drinks out of thermoses.*)

Max: What time is it?

Abberley: Getting on for five in the morning.

Peg: Oh good, it's Friday. Is it Friday?

Abberley: No, my duck, we've barely embarked on Thursday yet.

(*Peg lies on elbow with her back to him, watching Max.*)

Max: I think I'll relax for a while. We had a short night.

(*Max puts on radio earphones and leans back with eyes closed. The light trained on his bed snaps off. He remains faintly visible.*)

Peg: Don't go to sleep. Notnotnot. We were having fun.

(*Abberley looks at her back.*)

Peg: He's left us. He's quit. God damn him. Are we done with?

Abberley: No. I won't have it. (*Pause.*) Are we?

Peg: Shall we both take a small pill and sleep it out until later?

(*Silence. She takes a pill anyway.*)

Peg (*without looking at Abberley*): What could I do to cheer you up?

Abberley: You're going to leave me, aren't you?

(*Silence.*)

Abberley: I know you want to now.

(*Silence.*)

Abberley: Why?

Peg: It's not as good as it was. I remember when it was wonderful.

(*Silence.*)

Peg: No, wrong. . . . I put that wrong. I don't mean that anything about us, about yourself and me, has fallen off. I mean longer ago than that. Much longer.

Abberley: My dear love, you make yourself sound so old. I can't bear to hear you speak of yourself like that. You're very young.

Peg: I meant very long ago.

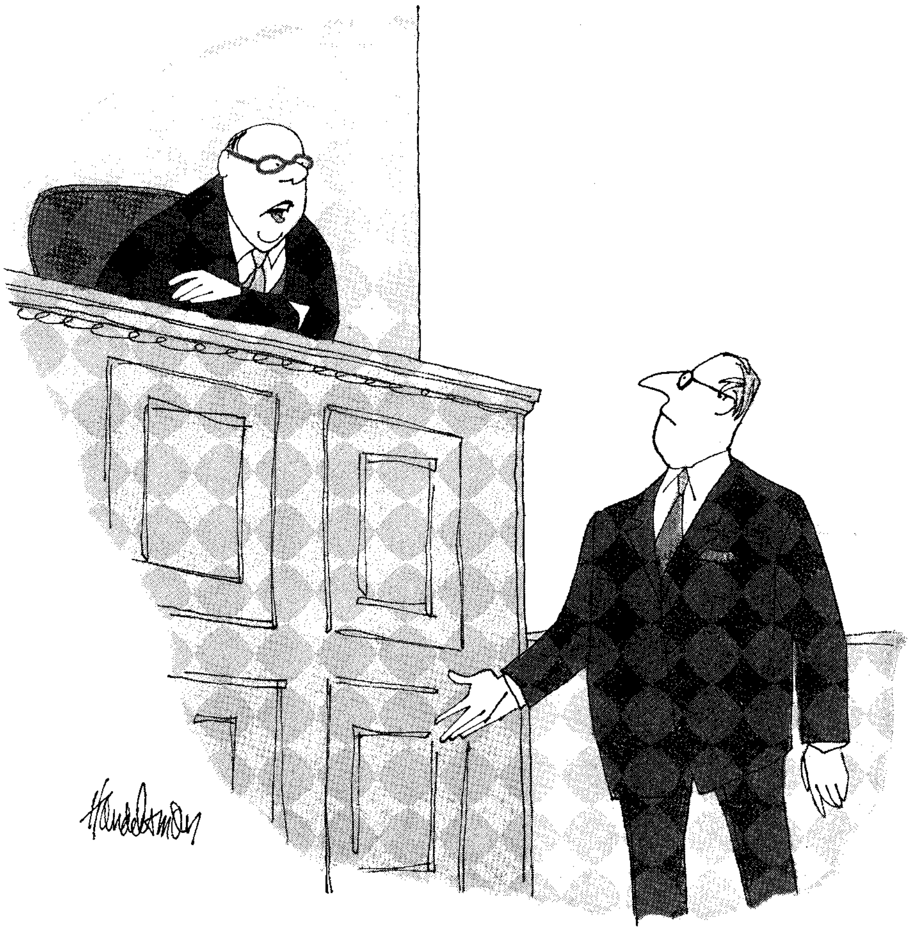
Abberley: When you were with your *mother*? Good Christ. We must be better off together than that.

Peg: Don't be Freudian.

Abberley: You're beautiful. Brush your hair.

Peg: Why?

Abberley: I like watching it. Hell, why can't you do as you're told for



"Learned counsel should use shorter words. Learned counsel is forgetting that this Court was not an 'A' student."

"Don't try to call me. I'll try to call you."

me? You know that's what you're supposed to do. (*Continues to sit up and watch her, rapt. But voice angry.*) Let me go to sleep.

(*Pause.*)

Abberley: You're still lying there keeping me awake. Are you going to drop off or not? There are some manners left, not to speak of anxiety. I've got to see you out, haven't I? (*Pause.*) Apart from that, who'd pass up the chance of an idle moment together? Without him? (*Pause.*) All the same, if you're just going to lie there keeping me awake, I've got to go to sleep. It may not impress you, but there's a man I should be defending in court all day, and it's nearly dawn. (*Lies back.*) It's going to be dawn. You don't know what it's like, trying to go to sleep. (*Pause.*) Are you awake?

Peg: No.

Abberley: Leave now, my darling, if you're going to, I beg of you. (*Pause.*) What's been the matter? I don't understand.

Peg: We've got too many things.

Abberley: What the hell does that mean?

Peg: I'm probably wrong. (*Pause. Soft voice*) Somehow we landed up with too many things.

Abberley (*shouts*): I've got to go to sleep! (*Pause.*) How do you expect me to go to sleep after you've told me something like that? What am I to do? Something terrible's going to happen.

Peg: Thursdays are never easy. In fact they're bloody awful. Shall we have some sardines? A headline yesterday said, "SATURDAY CANCELLED FOR LACK OF SUPPORT." (*Pause.*) I suppose it was a sporting event. A social event? Badminton? (*Fast*) Gliding? Jam-bottling? (*Pause.*) What a shame. *Saturday* unsupported. That's the best of them.

Abberley: Shut up. I can't hear what you're thinking. (*Pause.*) I can hear you thinking something awful.

Peg: What could I do to stop you troubling?

Abberley: Promise me not to— I could kill you for making me ask you that. One has no right.

Peg: Shall I come into your bed?

Abberley: No room.

Peg: Are you O.K.?

Abberley: That's my business.

(*He is gazing at his machine. So is she.*)

Abberley: Get the sardines. Sardines would be nice. (*Pause.*) They wouldn't be forlorn, would they?

Peg: Eating in the night is never forlorn.

Abberley: True. Then let's have caramels and you won't have to go away.

(*Peg starts to kick her sheet off.*)

Abberley: Don't!

Peg: You can't stop me.

(*Abberley sighs, lies back, pulls the sheet up to his chin and pretends to sleep. Peg opens a drawer and gets out a nail file from a manicure set. The noise alerts Max. He watches. Anxious. She gets up and works on the screws pinning the legs of the bed to the floor. Her wires show. On all fours, she turns her electrocardiograph around in Max's direction, and ours. Max watches intently. Green track of pulsebeat bounces like a ping-pong ball. Abberley talks over her as soon as she leaves bed.*)

Abberley: You can't do that, you'll come unplugged, we can't do it, in our condition, not fair, we can't be expected. Now I can't see your set. Damn you, what if you've stopped, how'm I supposed.

(*Abberley gets out of bed himself. Stands with his back to her, hands in pockets, looking at wall.*)

Peg (*still on all fours*): Stop pretending there's a window.

Abberley: I'm thinking.

Peg: No you're not, you're feeling, I can tell.

(*Peg tries to go over to Abberley. Wires won't reach. Stands at nearest point to him. Arms slightly forward.*)

Peg: I thought if I could push them together.

Abberley: You're supposed to be someone I look after.

(*Silence.*)

Abberley: Blast your energy. O.K., I know it's a miracle, yes, I'd be grateful for it if I were dead. I know it's the best thing that ever happened to me.

Peg: Well?

Abberley: But I can't deal with it. Dear God. (*Pause.*) Rest His soul. (*Turns round, sees her machine now facing her bed again and in his view. Watches. Relief, then boredom. Max looks at it fixedly. Abberley leans against his bedhead. Tries radio earphones.*) They're talking about *food* on the *music* program. "Non-caloric . . ." My God. "Flaming kebab tonight on our own Excalibur." (*Takes off earphones.*) Putting out announcements like that before *breakfast*. What's going on out there? (*Gets back into* *bed.*) “Excalibur.” Showoff. I can’t stand pushy food. I like your food.

(*Pause. Abberley watches her. She is again on hands and knees.*)

Abberley (*urgent*): I’m hungry. (*Pause.*) Girls shouldn’t do things like that.

Peg: Well, you help, then.

Abberley: I’ll get a carpenter tomorrow.

Peg: Tomorrow!

Abberley: What’s tomorrow done?

Peg: What guarantee?

Abberley: Darling, tomorrow comes over the hill in hordes, like the Chinese.

Peg: *You* believe that? Old blackheart? (*Sits back on heels.*) What a good day.

Abberley: I was only trying out the idea. (*Pause.*) I seem to believe it as long as you’re still ticking over nicely.

(*Peg goes back to work. Both men gaze at her machine.*)

Abberley: Why won’t you ever do what I say? That bed is pinned to the floor for a purpose.

Peg: Don’t be religious.

(*Pause. Abberley looks for something by his bed.*)

Peg: What are you doing now?

Abberley: My pen’s gone.

(*Abberley shines his torch at her bedside table.*)

Abberley: You’ve got my ballpoint pen.

Peg: I didn’t know it was yours. No ballpoint can be *your* ballpoint. Ballpoints are *people’s*. (*She sits on the edge of her bed.*)

Abberley: Now what is it?

Peg: Darling, go to sleep.

Abberley: How can I when you’re wanting to move the bed and I don’t want you to? (*A rush*) I’ve given you all this. We’ve got all this. It isn’t enough for you, and I hate you for it, and I want you to go before you decide to leave me, and I love you, and how am I expected to stand being cooped up with him.

Peg: Yes.

Abberley: Yes what?

Peg: That’s what it’s like.

Abberley: Shut up. You’re too young to decide that. You’re mine. (*Shouts*) Where am I to live?

Peg: We’ve no choice.

Abberley: You’re where I live.

Peg: I’m here.

Abberley: You’re mine.

Peg: Things have changed.

(*Silence.*)

Abberley: You’ve no business. You’re too young.

Peg: I feel as old as the hills.

Abberley (*weeps*): I decide.

(*Silence.*)

Abberley: Could we have your lamp off? It’s too bright. You will insist on these hundred-and-fifty-watt bulbs. It’s like living in a bleeding watch factory. (*Looks at Max.*) Of course, there are times when he’s company. As technologists go.

Peg: Do you think your eyes need seeing to?

Abberley: You can’t do this.

Peg: I’m in love with him.

(*Abberley whips head away. Pause.*)

Abberley: I’ll kill you.

Peg: I could go to a hotel for a bit.

Abberley: Perhaps you won’t have to go far.

(*Lights snap off.*)

•

(*Lights snap on. Nothing displaced. Much time has passed. The three people look the same. Abberley talking cheerfully to Max. Peg dozing, her light off.*)

Abberley: A lot to be said for it. No more upset nights. A man needs time to hide himself. Where is she?

Peg: I’m here.

Abberley (*to Max*): How is she?

Max: Fine.

Abberley: I wanted to remind her about her driving license. It’s expired and she never remembers.

Max: You can always find us, God knows.

Abberley (*chatty*): She came back for her books. She took a painting someone gave us as a wedding present. I’ll have to get the wall repainted. The place is a wreck. (*Gestures at serene emptiness. No change, ever.*)

Max: But she told me she didn’t take a thing?

Abberley: The paint’s a completely different color underneath. Nasty patch. I’ll never find anything the same shape. I’m supposed to be a lawyer. I haven’t the time to go traipsing around art galleries. Where is she?

Max: She should be at the dentist’s all day tomorrow.

Abberley: Her teeth are perfect.

Max: She has four impacted wisdom teeth.

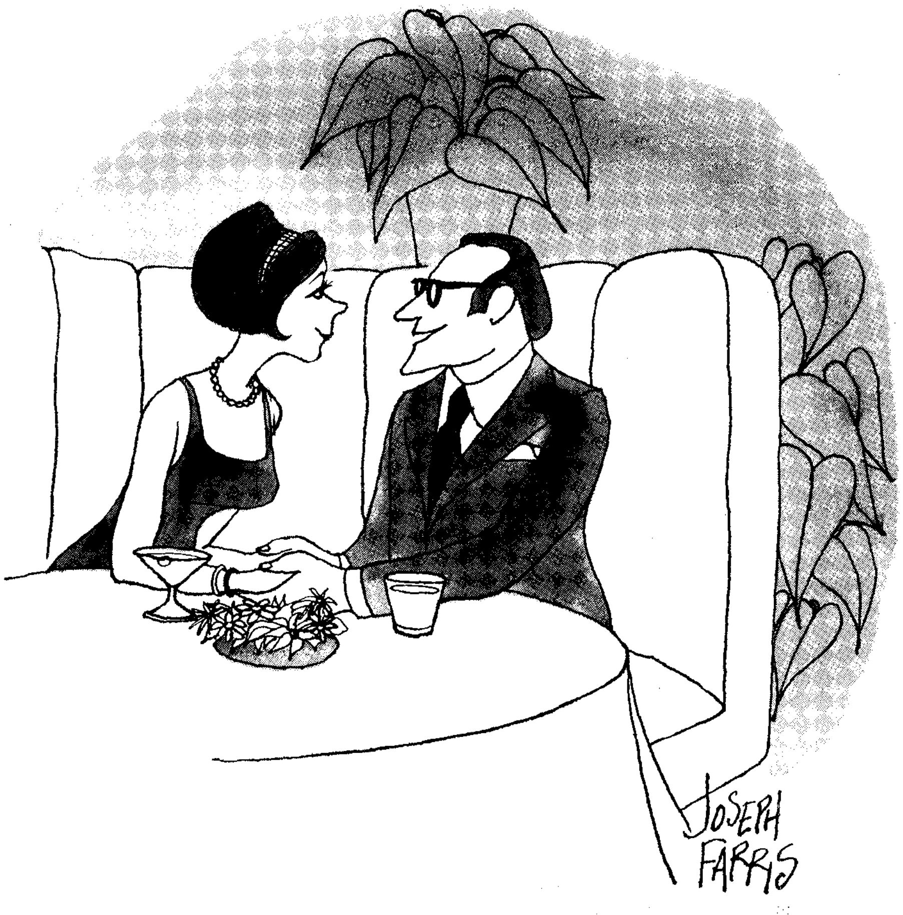
Abberley: But no decay?

Max: I’ll ask her, if you like. It’s not the usual thing we spend time discussing.

Abberley (*addressing himself to his electrocardiograph*): Scientists are pompous asses. (*Turns to Max and shouts.*) As if you hadn’t both got all the time in the world! (*Polite*) Could we all meet and talk someday?

Max: What the hell else do we do?

Abberley: I meant meet formally. It might make the difference? (*Pause.*)



“Don’t worry. My wife thinks I’m stacked over Kennedy.”

I want to give her a Christmas present. I thought it would go with her hair. As long as you don't mind. A cowhide rug. For you both, really.

Max: Then what color is cow?

Abberley: Have you forgotten? *All* cows are *brown.*

Max: *Some* are black and white. Brown—scarcely—can scarcely be said to match fair hair.

Abberley: *Fair*? Her hair was always brown. Quite a dark brown.

Max: It's touched up. Tinted. What we used to call "dyed." Longer ago, what we used to call "helped."

Abberley: She never dyed her hair when she was living with me.

Max: It's gone gray. You haven't noticed. Peroxiding it seemed a hopeful idea. She did it after she'd been ill.

Abberley: Nothing—is—ever—wrong—with—her. She's as strong as a horse. Nothing was ever wrong with her in our day. She was going to outlive everyone.

(*Pause.*)

Max: Fine woman.

Abberley: Girl.

(*Max humors him and reads a book.*)

Abberley: I suppose I should get somewhere to live. I really do need a place. This—this well-bred—nothing.

Max: It isn't bad, though.

Abberley: No. (*Pause.*) Nice of you.

Max: Excuse me for asking, but what did you chat about when you were alone? I don't find chatting very easy. (*Pause.*) You've noticed.

Abberley: You're necessary. It seems. (*Gracious*) No reflection on you. (*He gets out his torch.*) Do you mind?

Max: Please.

(*Abberley goes over toward Peg's bed, trailing his wires. Studies her face in torchlight. Returns to his own bed.*)

Max: O.K.?

Abberley: Exactly the same.

(*Pause.*)

Max: Do we really have to go through this nightly ritual?

Abberley: It's not the easiest hour.

Max: Do you find science fiction helpful?

Abberley: Sodium Amytal.

Max: Could I have some?

(*Abberley throws the bottle. They take a pill each.*)

Max: Cheers. Down the hatch.

Abberley: Life has its rewards.

Max: What did you talk about? In the old days?

Abberley: Hard to say. (*Pause.*) We just *talked.* Sometimes we spoke our minds, sometimes not. What are you asking? You could have heard it all, if you'd had the ears. We had quite a lot of laughs. She played the mouth organ. She liked that. I gave her a ridiculously expensive mouth organ one Christmas, much like a cocktail cabinet. Et cetera, et cetera. I know her very well. We never ran out of things to say. Is that what you mean? (*Chuckles.*) Are you in a blue funk about running out of things to say?

LIFE, THE INTERESTING CHARACTER

Life, the interesting character,
tugging at my mind, "Hey Mister!"

is weird: El Fusilado,
who "received 8 bullets

through the body and head,
and the coup de grâce, yet LIVED!;"

deep: a subway-grating fisher,
letting his line down through the sidewalk

in the shadows of the rocks
and the tall pines leaning over;

romantic: an old red-headed woman,
sixty if she's a day,

taking her stand outside the theatre
that features "Naked Sin."

—Louis Simpson

• •

Max: What *sort* of things did you talk about?

Abberley: Well. (*Pause.*) Heavens, man. (*Pause.*) There was food, for instance. (*Pause.*) And her childhood, for another thing. She had a foul father. We had many a cheerful chat about that. He used to swing her by the leg to fortify her character.

Max (*shaking his head*): Those methods never work.

Abberley: And I suppose you could say it was.

Max: Was what?

Abberley: Fortified.

Max: *What*? She's as weak as a kitten. I've never heard her argue back in her life. Can't you hear her teeth chattering in the night?

Abberley (*not listening, smoking*): Yes, she's a salty fighter. *There's* one who knows how to whip up trouble and find out where you stand. That's the thing. Spine. You can rely on her for that.

Max: Stop using the present tense.

Abberley: Look, we still live together, don't we? We're still stuck in this place. (*Cordial*) Couldn't you murder it? If you weren't here, Peg and I could have beaten it.

Max: My dear Abberley.

Abberley: Don't you my-dear-Abberley me. You're a technological grease-swabber.

Max: You don't know a thing about her any longer. I don't believe you ever did. She's a mouse. She's also getting long in the tooth and she's subject to migraine.

(*Abberley puts his hand to his head for a second.*)

Abberley: I'm the better judge. We were married for the formative period.

Max: She always told me you didn't believe in Freud.

Abberley: No, it was *her* that didn't. (*Pause.*) Is that right? It's all screwed up.

Max: She forgets, too.

Abberley: Oh, no. Her memory is impeccable. Except for dates.

Max: Not now. (*Kind*) She's changed, you see. It only proves my point.

(*Lights snap off.*)

•

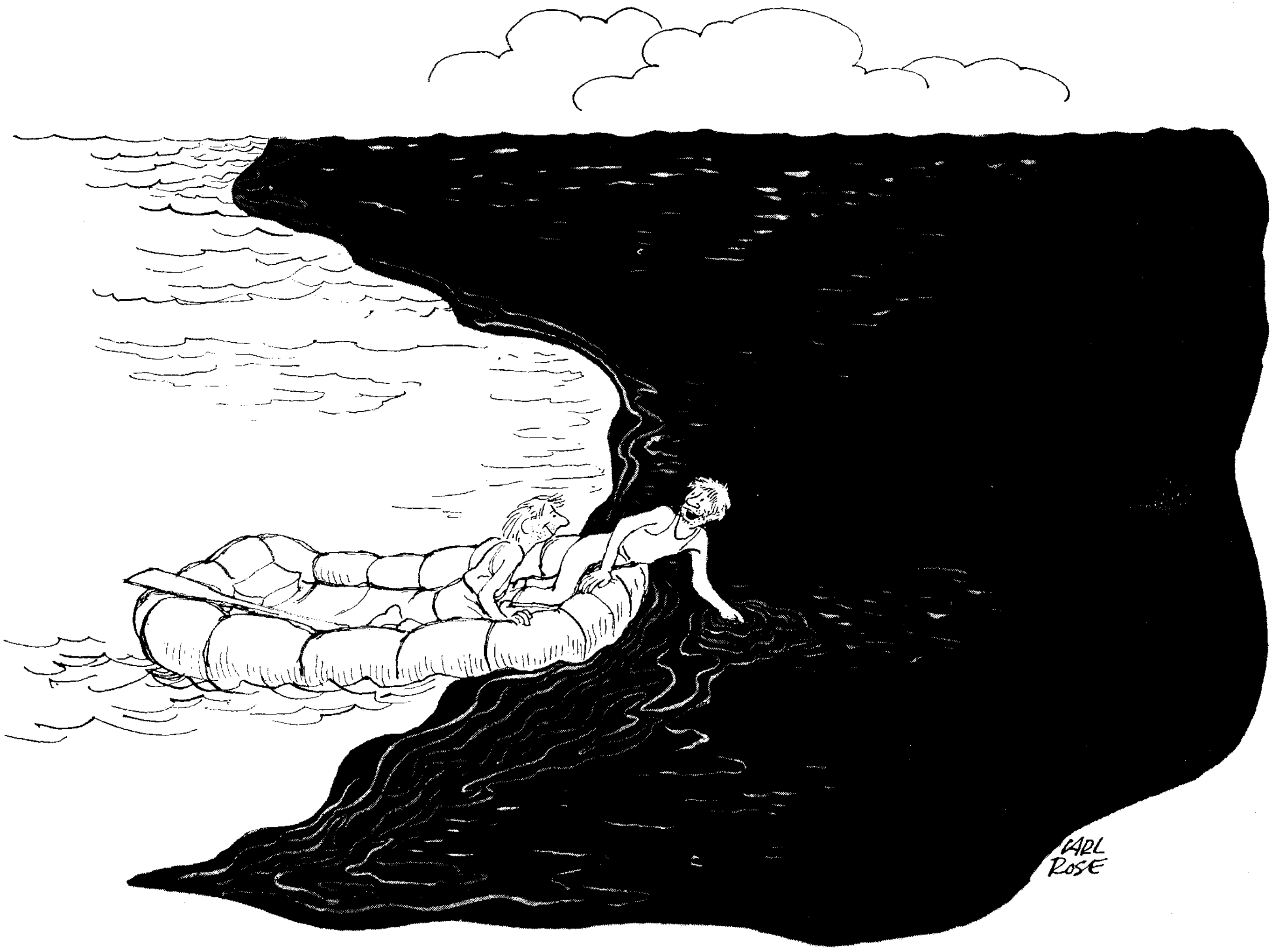
(*Lights snap on. Peg still in semi-dark. Some other dawn.*)

Abberley: Where is she now? Max? Where now?

Max: She's supposed to go into hospital.

Abberley: Save us, what for?

Max: Just a checkup.



"Say, we must be nearer civilization than we thought. This is oil!"

* *

ABBERLEY: When I left her— No, say, say, to put it another way, why not be kind, second husband, after all, when she left me for you, when she quit, she left in perfect repair.

MAX: Well, she's fallen into rack and ruin now.

ABBERLEY: You can't have looked after her. (*Fast*) You'll be telling me she's got arthritis next.

MAX: Rheumatism, a bit.

ABBERLEY: Oh, no. No. (*Pause.*) It's not right.

MAX: I never understand what you liked about her. She always says she irritated you. She says she behaved like hell to you.

ABBERLEY: It isn't like that at all.

MAX: Wasn't.

ABBERLEY: All right. I probably didn't pay enough heed. At the time. That's crossed my mind.

(*Abberley gets out of bed, trailing wires, and looks at Peg's cardiograph. Sits on the floor, watching it. Tries to get near her, but the wires won't let him closer than the bedside table. He looks at her pills.*)

ABBERLEY: She's got plenty of phenobarbital. We won't run out. (*Pause. Rage as he tries again to reach her.*) Rheumatism!

MAX: It's to be expected.

ABBERLEY: The hell it is. You can't be looking after her. Everything about her has always worked.

MAX: You talk about her like a landlord.

(*Abberley turns his back and goes to his bed.*)

MAX: Temper about the roof falling in. Woodworm. Dry rot. Maintenance. Power failure. Fuses. Normal wear and tear. To be expected, to be expected.

ABBERLEY: *You've let it happen.* You've let her wear out.

(*Pause.*)

ABBERLEY: She's beautiful. You should look at her. Young.

MAX: I *live* with her. She's showing the normal signs of middle age. You don't grasp. People deteriorate.

ABBERLEY (*snorting*): Peg?

MAX: I call her Margaret.

ABBERLEY: Good God. (*Pause.*) Does she answer to it?

(*Max gets up and sits on the edge of his bed and smokes a pipe. Pause.*)

MAX: Do you think we should be making more of an effort, or is this as good as one can manage? Considering what's against us?

ABBERLEY: We might listen to the radio for a time. Both of us.

(*Silence for a short while. Abberley alone listens to his radio earphones. Max sits thinking. Abberley takes off earphones.*)

ABBERLEY: It's nice to be able to talk, isn't it?

(*Max walks over toward Peg and looks at her. It means unplugging his wires from his body. Done casually. That sort of man. He kisses her. Abberley watches, solicitous. He nods. Gets anxious about Max.*)

ABBERLEY: Would you mind turning your cardiograph around a little so that I can see it?

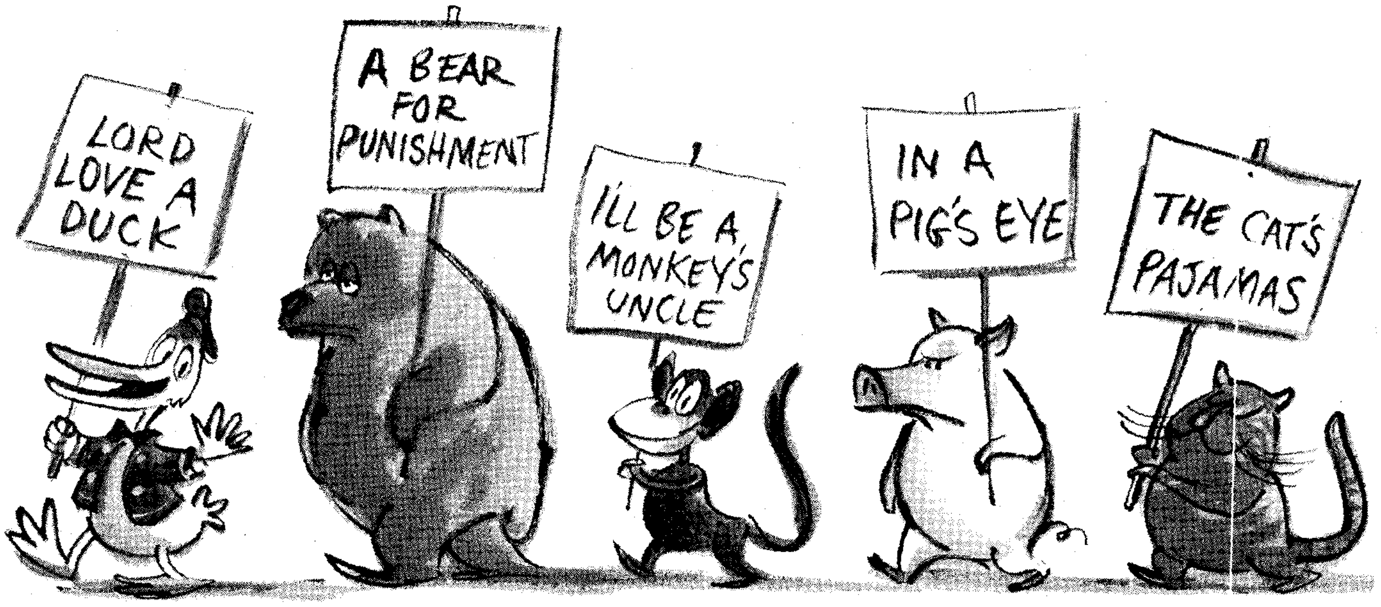
(*Max swivels set. Dead screen visible to us. Abberley watches. Max plugs himself in again. Normal graph. Abberley is relieved.*)

ABBERLEY: How's sex, if I may ask?

MAX: Fine.

ABBERLEY: Good. (*Pause.*) I— She must have said this to you.

MAX: She doesn't talk unpleasantly



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about you. Or give anything away. Is *that* what you thought? (*Pause.*) If so, I'll wake her up. I won't be party to your bitching yourself on the sly. You can do it with her as a witness.

ABBERLEY: Hush. (*Max holds still.*) I'm a difficult man. Naggy. I could never stand the worry of her taking her wires off. (*Pause.*) So you might say sex was a bit thin in this two-thirds of the room.

MAX: That's anxiety.

ABBERLEY: I'm furious with you about her teeth. What have you been doing to her? Any operations you haven't told me about?

(*Peg wakes up. Her light snaps on. Cheery mood.*)

PEG: Hello, my loves. Oh, Christ, it's Sunday. Shall we have an aspirin at once? We'll need a bit of perking up.

ABBERLEY (*serious, to Max, after scrutiny of Peg*): She's exactly the same.

PEG: No.

ABBERLEY (*hiding face*): You mean there's sign of toll.

MAX: Of what?

ABBERLEY: Toll. (*Pause.*) How dare she suffer? You're lying again. I remember her. There wasn't a cloud. She was the sunniest girl I ever knew. Even in the mornings, heaven help me, when burbling isn't exactly welcome. (*Pause.*) Primarily, she belonged to me. Therefore, ultimately. (*Pause.*) She *cannot* have changed.

PEG: I'm long in the tooth and short in the breath. How about a drink before dawn breaks? (*Serious*) Nice to be together, isn't it? (*To Abberley*) Darling, I have changed. You won't like my hair, for a start. I've got thin. I'm not what I was.

ABBERLEY: You're *exactly* the same. You *haven't* changed. *He's* let you go, if there's any question of it.

PEG: What month is it? October?

ABBERLEY (*to Max*): There, see what I mean? I know her backwards. See why I had to remind her about the driving license? Does she keep the insurance premiums up? On her jewelry? I didn't give her enough. Nothing much. But she wouldn't like it to be gone.

(*Peg is playing patience on her lap. Smiles at Abberley. We can see bits of jewelry heaped in her night-table drawer. She is wearing some beads now, hidden for the moment under her clothes.*)

MAX: It's November. It'll be her birthday before we can turn round. Feel free to give her anything you like. We don't go in for presents.

(*Peg smiles again at Abberley.*)

PEG (*looking from one to the other. Speaking brightly to close the gaps, as if at a party*): So it's getting near Christmas. Is Christmas worse because of the activity, do you think, or because of God? It *can't* be the activity, can it? (*Pause.*) What are the lucky creeps doing out there? (*Pause.*) The thing that makes me believe in God is that there's a special kind of weather on Sundays. Only on Sundays. Muggy. Gives you a headache. There must be a God.

MAX: That's mood, my love, not weather, and the mood's because the shops are closed. (*Sucks pipe.*)

PEG: That's a housewifish thing to say. (*Packs up the patience and goes toward Max's bed.*) Brrr. I expect I woke up at the wrong time. It'll be all right.

(*Max gets up and takes off her turban. Long blond hair falls out. She plaits it. Her beads show.*)

MAX: Who gave you those beads?

PEG: They're the ones I always wear.

(*Abberley has looked away from her hair. Sad. But pleased about the beads. She sits on the bed and watches him.*)

PEG: Are you all right?

ABBERLEY: Fine.

PEG: How's Ronnie?

ABBERLEY: Fine.

PEG: How's George?

ABBERLEY: Fine.

PEG: How're Joe and Lil?

ABBERLEY: Fine.

PEG: Is Bob fine?

ABBERLEY: Fine.

PEG: Who else is fine?

ABBERLEY: Most of us. (*Pause.*) What have they done to your teeth and your bones? What are these migraines?

PEG: Thy wife, goat, or mansion.

ABBERLEY: What?

PEG: Nothing.

ABBERLEY: You sound tired.

MAX: She isn't tired.

ABBERLEY: Stop translating for her. *We lived together.* We had a *life.*

PEG: You don't know me anymore. You won't look. You do too much remembering.

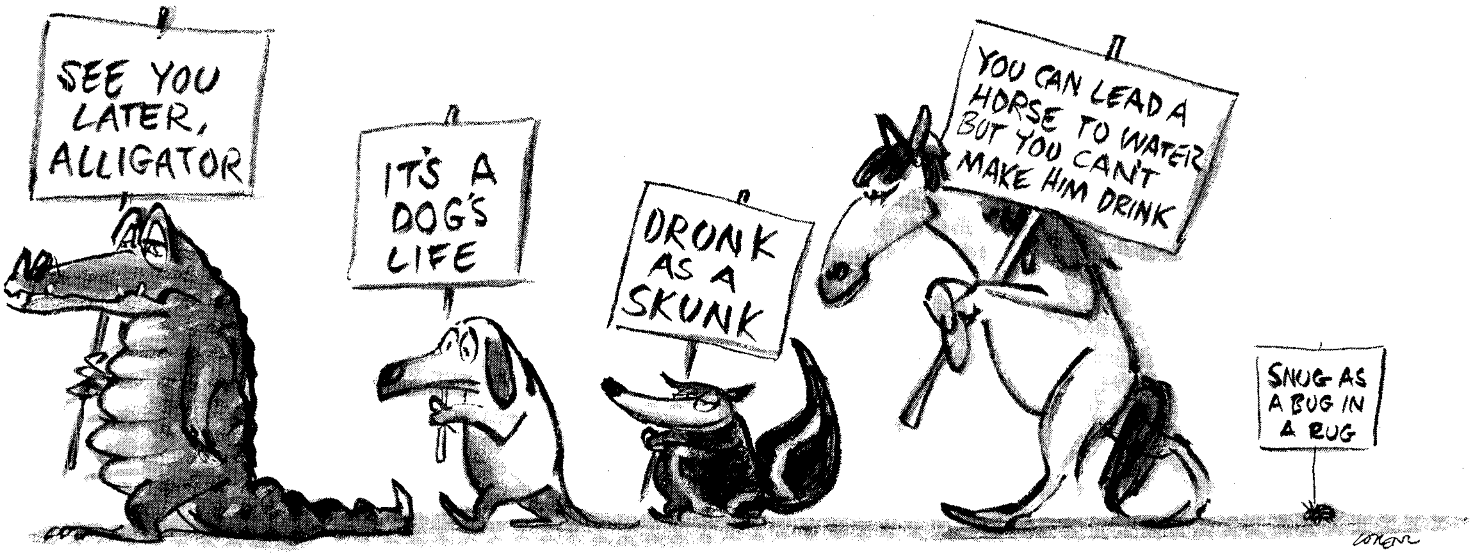
ABBERLEY: I don't remember a thing about you. I don't remember the clothes you wore, or your beautiful hair, or the sardines, or the mouth organ. I recall nothing. I haven't owned you for ten years. Sixteen?

PEG (*to Max*): Stop him.

ABBERLEY: I gave up the title to you.

PEG: Max, help.

ABBERLEY: Dyeing your hair.


SEE YOU LATER, ALLIGATOR
IT'S A DOG'S LIFE
DRUNK AS A SKUNK
YOU CAN LEAD A HORSE TO WATER BUT YOU CAN'T MAKE HIM DRINK
SNUG AS A BUG IN A RUG

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Which side of the bed do you sleep on now?

MAX: *I* sleep on the right-hand side of my particular bed. When we share it. The right, seen from the head end.

ABBERLEY: So she's on the left. You've tried to change everything about her. She was on the track, don't you see? I don't believe she's better off. I have an idea of her. You're trying to take it away with all these dentists and bone men and switching her side in bed. Does she still drink tea all the time?

MAX: Yes.

ABBERLEY (*to Peg*): I told you you should take the Georgian teapot.

PEG (*tender*): I told you I couldn't be cumbered. (*Pause.*) How is it?

ABBERLEY: What?

PEG: Our teapot.

(*Peg and Max now begin to speak to each other. Abberley takes off his watch and looks at it. Notes time carefully. Puts watch on table and records the time on a pad.*)

MAX (*to Peg*): If we weren't having a civilized drink together, I'd bash you for that "our teapot."

(*Peg hums.*)

PEG: These are the middle years.

ABBERLEY: In a part of Greece, a remote part, a man who kills another man takes over the dead man's wife. Immediately. The care of her. The property. The sexual rights.

MAX (*to Peg*): Make him shut up. What about all humming again?

ABBERLEY: It's an intelligent union of heroics and economics. From the point of view of the man left alive.

PEG (*to Max*): Dear, you can see he is making an effort. Should we have a game?

(*Max attends to the interminable pipe. Silence.*)

ABBERLEY (*to Peg, accusing, grieved*): You've got other aches by now, I suppose.

PEG: I'm falling apart. The whole fabric. I need a relief fund. (*To Max*) Why don't you draw something?

ABBERLEY: I'd better leave you together. Not that one can move. (*To Peg*) You're no further off than you were, I suppose.

(*Pause.*)

PEG: The way I might have cared for you. . . . The people I could have done things for. . . . The place used to be lousy with them. Shall we have a drink? I don't feel very well.

ABBERLEY: You've let her rot away.

PEG (*to Abberley*): Are you frightened of dying at the moment?

ABBERLEY: Of you being ill. (*Looks at Max, covertly.*) Sh-h-h. Not now.

PEG (*to Max*): I'm sorry.

(*Max shakes head. Smiles.*)

ABBERLEY: We're not doing badly. We're having a drink. (*Pause.*) My dear, the time we had—it wasn't what we meant. Some. Not enough of it.

PEG: No. (*Pause.*)

(*Abberley looks at his own cardiograph for a time. Then turns it to us, away from himself, Max, Peg. Gets back into bed and looks at Max's machine instead.*)

PEG (*speaking to air in outrage*): I can't see it. He must know I worry if I can't see it. How dare he not know that?

MAX: Oh dear, now you're going to get upset.

ABBERLEY: Don't get upset. Would you like one of my pills?

PEG: I'm *not* upset. Yes, I would. (*To Abberley*) Are you all right?

ABBERLEY: Fine. (*Throws pills to her.*) Would you like my solitaire board? I've got too many things. My eyes hurt. I've got earache. I wish it would buck up and be Monday. Lousy dump. (*Pause.*) Perhaps I could yet do better. Scrap the thing so far and begin another. Something I could bring to a decent conclusion. One gripes and holds off and bangs the pillows and thinks the real thing is to come, and then one starts to lose the thread. My dear friends, this is it, yes? This. I realized that at a particularly good moment, at five-forty-eight this morning. I took account of the time. Something pleasant happened. . . . Peg, I've grown immensely fat. You may not notice it under the sheet. Clean sheets a great comfort, eh? (*Laughs.*)

PEG: Getting old has its funny side, I grant you that.

ABBERLEY: Would you do me the goodness of turning your electrocardiograph around to me? In honor of our—past. Away from him. Until it's light.

(*Crawling to bottom of bed, Peg turns the machine round to him.*)

ABBERLEY: Can we switch the spotlights off?

(*Spotlights snap off. Pale light through scrim wall. Max reads by a torch under the sheets. Peg crawls back to do the same.*)

ABBERLEY: You still have a very nice rump. The rump is often the first to fail.

(*We see the three electrocardiographs recording. Abberley's faces us. The two other machines face him, diagonally visible to us; Abberley watches them.*)

ABBERLEY: Thank you.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

THE MAKING OF THE BEAR

Perhaps for fear of saying to oneself,
"Why you rather than another?" or asking
why it should be done at all,
it is not good to plan such things too long.

No question others had more craft than I.
I had waited for the Old One to give the sign
to one of us, half hoping still his choice
might fall on me. But lately he had turned
to graving stags and reindeer on bits of antler—
art that for all his pains my clumsy fingers
could never seem to master. In any case,
his choice for cavern walls ran to pregnant cows,
bison, and ponies. That, and more and more
he favored places not too hard to get at.
"What's the harm in having good work seen?"

Meanwhile the first full moon of spring was near.
I can't say why I chose the cave I did.
Passing that way one day, I'd seen it
and taken it for a badger's hole until
I saw an owl rise from it and, listening close,
caught the voices of the water.

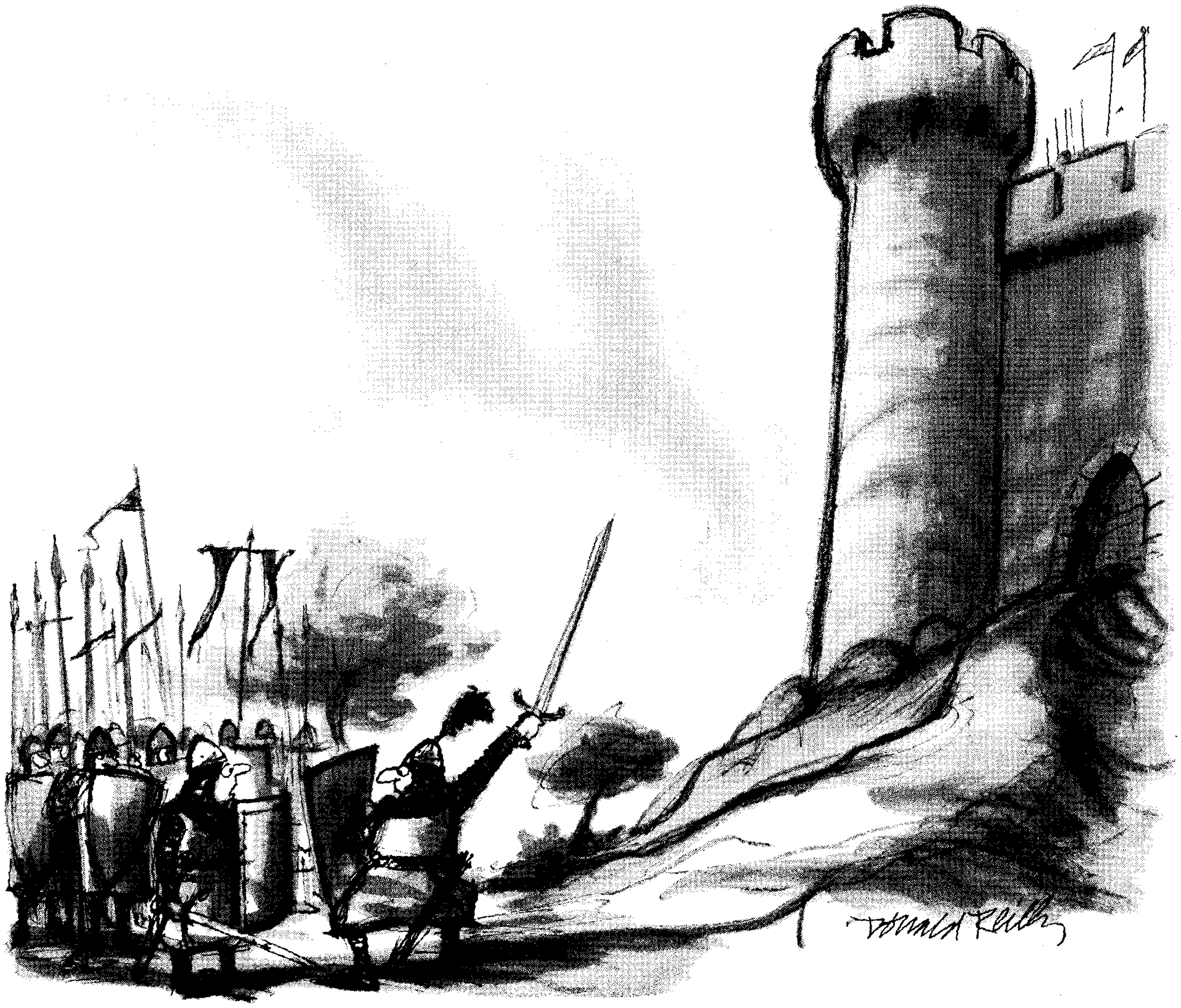
I set out before dawn and took along
well-scorched moss, and tallow, stone lamp, firestick
in a deer bladder lashed tight with pitched sinews.
The flint I carried in a pouch tied to my wrist.
I crawled with hips and belly till I came
into a place where I could squat. There I made
my first light. The water sounded fairly near,
though the first spur I took was full of twists
that led me farther from it. I turned back.
Now, inching on a ledge with steep-sloped roof,
I struck a fissure where the torrent spouted.
I whispered to the spirit, filled my lungs,
and plunged.
Swim? I doubt a salmon could
have swum it. I braced and fought for holds
in walls and ceiling to haul myself along,
still with no sign that anything but more
and wilder water lay ahead, a chance
a man must take. Half drowned, I reached a sweep
and lay there spewing out my lungs and caught between
terror of the dark and the solid feel
of rock beneath me. I could hope the bladder
still was staunch but dared not open it until
I knew my hands were dry. When at last I twirled
the firestick and coaxed the wick to flame,
I saw the place was far too open
to waste good work on.
I edged my way along a slit so barred
by stone icicles that I would have given up
when, almost now in reach, I saw the wall
that I have known since childhood
yet never seen before. I saw it now
even to the scratches other men,
knowing the place for what it was, had made
ages before me. Some of their animals were not
like ours—one hairy beast with two horns on his snout
was half glazed over by a layer of stone-ice.
Many of them were drawn overlapping others—
as mine would sprawl on theirs. None of them
was anything the size that I intended.

The stone was even-grained, would take flint clean,
and yet not soft enough to flake with time.
Pressing my back against the other wall
to have full arm-room, I sketched him in—
a bear as big as living. I worked fast,
paused only when the need was to renew
the wick and tallow. First I got the spine—
that line where limberness and strength
of any living beast is—cut firmly,
the head scaled in and forelegs placed
before the tallow failed.
Spilling down the torrent,
then guided most by slithering in my own tracks,
I found my way out—into moonlight. The sun,
it seemed, had set twice since I left.
Ate and slept but, lest
the bear-feel be dimmed in me, did not go in
to either of my women.
I told no one where I had been or why.

Next day I packed another bladder, taking
a good supply of moss and tallow, honey and nuts,
and other, heavier, newly bevelled flints.
As a last thought, I went to see old Kill-Bear.
"Look like?" he puffed. "A bear? Why, you've seen bears
since you were a baby." (And drawn them, too,
he might have said, since I could scratch earth
with a stick.) "Come now, you've seen those I killed.
Look like? Well, they've got hair all over them.
Stub tails, big paws and heads, and lots of teeth."
I left the old fool bawling after me,
"Hey, you ain't found one, have you? You're supposed
to tell me if you have. Don't you go trying
to get my job by killing it yourself!"

I found the cave was easier going this time,
but the torrent sucked and swirled up to the ceiling.
I moved half into it to test its tug.
It grabbed me, pulled me under. The bladder buoying me,
I found a shallow dome that let my nose just clear
the water. Strange, there with death so sure, I thought
not for my women or their young but for the bear
that I would leave unfinished. Him I commended
to the spirits of the dark.
Slowly the water
ebbed, below my chin and then my shoulders.
It rose again and then as sudden fell.
I was on a rock shelf.
I had slept. The bladder was still with me.
The roar was gone, the water gurgled like a brook.

The new flints bit well. To give him weight,
I undergouged the belly and hindquarters.
A natural bulge I fashioned into head.
I gave him teeth and claws. Then last of all
he took on eyes and nostrils. When he began to breathe,
I stopped and snuffed the wick, safe in his
protection, slept.
Waking and making light the last time,
I scratched a spear mark on his flank as we were taught—



"Before attacking, Sire, the men have a few non-negotiable demands, dealing with the allocation of plunder, that they wish to present to you."

• •

so shallow though that he would never feel it—
made him an offering of honey, nuts, and tallow,
ate some myself. The lamp and flints I left there.

Heft, strength, the saddle and the soles,
the rambling appetite, fur, the rolling amble,
the curious, investigating "Whoof!,"
the clatter of unretracting claws, the bear-play—
sliding on their rumps down clay banks into puddles,
standing erect and balancing vines across their noses—
patience to wait with poised paw
              on a rock among the rapids
to snatch the salmon as they leap,
the good
bear-smell of being bears
          are what I had tried to make the flint say
          on the cavern wall.

          Ferocity and gentleness . . .

Your bear is one great fool and so is man!
I have seen a naked child in pigtails,
squealing her delight,
chase a full-grown bear splashing across the meadow—
and a half-grown cub stand up and brave
a dozen hunters with javelins and torches.

  Bison are better eating
  and their hides tan easier
  but you can't laugh at a bison.

Beside the profound, absolute
dark of caves, our night seems noon.
Even beneath a starless sky
the eye makes out bulk and shapes,
but in winding scapes of underground,
where no sun's light has ever shone,
finger may touch the lash
of open eye unseen.

                    There
in that total lack of light
is where my bear is.
No one will ever see him
but he still
is there.

—RAMON GUTHRIE

THE OLD STORY ABOUT A PATH

THE ABYSS

ON *occasions whose return*—more and more frequent—obeys some law that I perceive only dimly, if at all, I open my eyes, and instead of the world where the days have names and belong to weeks I see that I am really still hanging by my breath, high in space, with night already advanced and no prospect of a morning.

Here I am, tilted far forward as though I were swimming, yet I dare *not risk a swimmer's gestures* to his element. I hardly dare move. I ease my breath out, I draw it back with diffidence. The slightest jar would dislodge me from here, where I am suspended. Then I would drop through the darkness as though a hand had let me go. For I am held up by nothing but a transparent film like the skin of a bubble, which stretches across the darkness from side to side. Above it, my head. Below it, everything else. It fits close around my breath, as long as I breathe in and out very slowly so as not to break the seal. And I am trying to move forward.

Below me, far below me, the light is a little clearer, but it is sealed away from my eyes and only in that condition can it shine. After all, it is the same with the filaments in bulbs. Below me a faint glow, made possible by the membrane in which I am hanging, cautiously looking down. There is a house I know, I am sure, there by the river like a line of paint, the vein of the valley. There's the little path behind it, climbing the ridge. I remember how it twists its way into the first high village, and arrives at the fountain. I must not follow it. I must not be drawn down from my breath. If the seal breaks, the bubble will vanish and the lights will go out below as I begin to fall.

The film in which I am trying to move forward may be stretched from the horizons, but I cannot see that far. I catch reflections, at moments, from its surface, but whether from the upper or the lower side I cannot tell. It seems to be waving up and down very slowly, like sea swells in a calm, or like another breath. I see my body just beneath the film, like the limbs of a doll twin in a toy bathtub, there under the transparent surface. What can I do? I long to move forward. But I dare not reach out or grasp—there is nothing to grasp. I dare not call. Who would I call? Silently, watching the shadowy valley rise and sink below me, I say to my breath once again, little breath come from in front of me, go away behind me, row me quietly now, as far as you can, for I am an abyss that I am trying to cross.

A LOST TRIBE

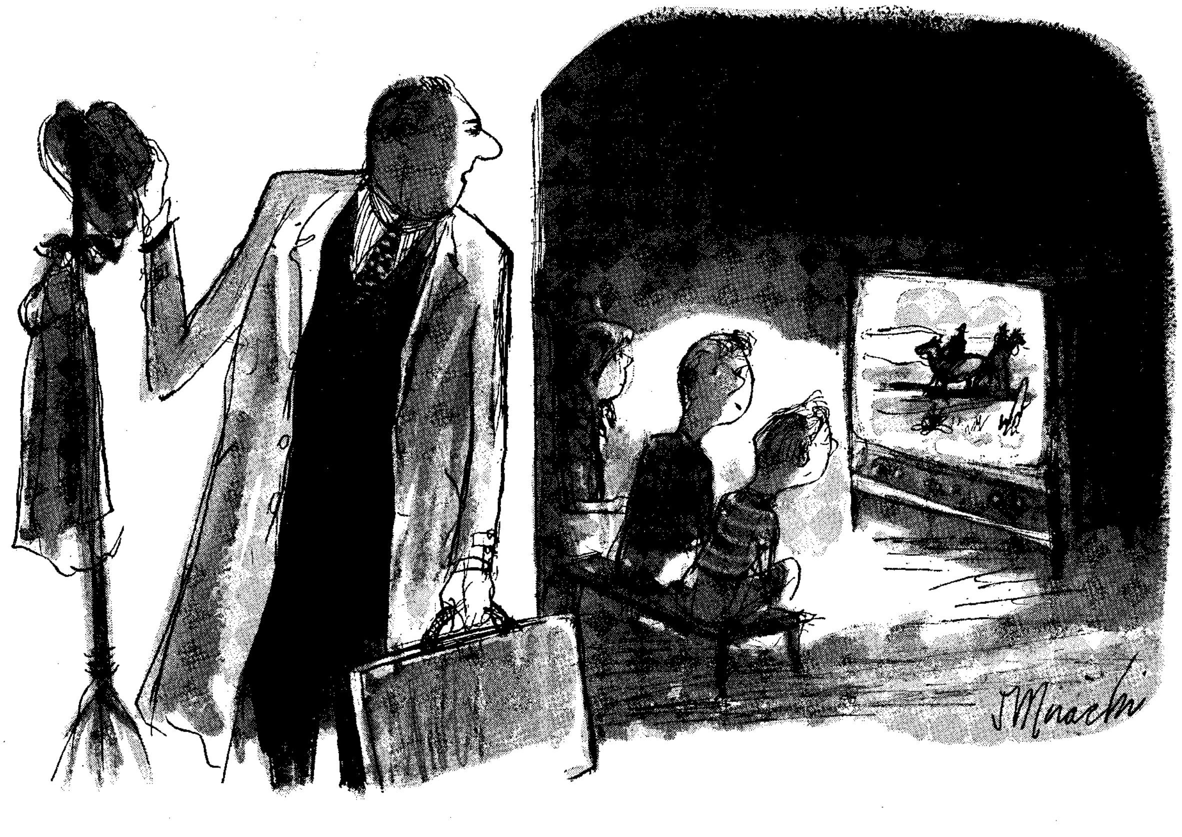
IT has no name. Too many tribes have been lost, and there are not enough names as it is. And in the days when names were lent to them the lost tribes never gave them back; the *names were never heard of again.* They have been lost as well. Somewhere the lost tribes unpack them when they halt to make camp in the evening, and later turn them over beside the fire, when they have eaten, and by the dying light ponder these now almost meaningless relics of an abandoned life. They put them away before they sleep. Worn smooth.

They have left us to die alone. They have left us the whole world to die in, alone. *They have left each one* of us. Some did not even wait until we were born. We did not even have a chance to watch them go. We did not even have a chance to say, "Go in peace" (for we would have said that) "and we will take care of your things until the day we die." What things? They left none. And what good would it have done to mention death? It does not affect them. It is a place they will not know.

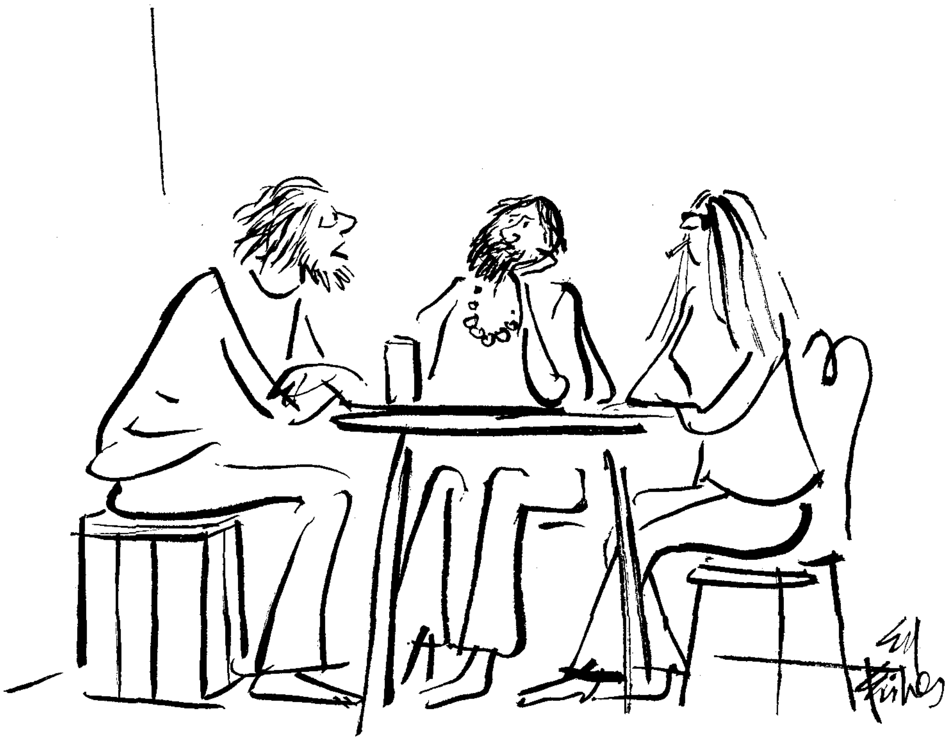
From each of us they have set out. Each of us has lost and lost, and the tribes, when we looked, had gone. There is no tracing them. They would be harder to follow than those war parties of the Tewas who shod themselves with discs so that pursuers would not know whether they had been coming or going, or than their neighbors whose tracks were erased by friendly ants. These tribes have neither enemies nor friends. And still they leave us. Whenever we have chosen, they were the other. There is no way of calling to them.

We have clung to promises. They have marched through the Promised Land again and again and not recognized it.

This evening one of the nameless ones, one of mine, I think, has come down through a



"Yes, it's Daddy—live and in color."



"I honestly think we ought to work within the system to change the system. Reserving our right, of course, to blow it up later."

• •

pass in the ice somewhere. Oh their hymns of arrival, which I can never hear! Before them is an empty lake surrounded by snow. They eat in haste, then the fires are made to blaze up, and once more they start to tell the story, beginning with the ancestor, a shadow who came to a fork. At last they sleep.

Tomorrow the snow will be unmarked. Tomorrow night they will not tell of this place. They will repeat the old story about a path, a story which by now is their home, and which they believe.

THE FRAGMENTS

I AM beginning at last to have moments when something tells me of the miracle. I can be no more specific than that. Not yet.

I suppose I could be called grateful. Things were worse before—before there were any such intimations. I can't take credit for the difference. I don't think I can take credit for it.

Certainly it was worse when I first came into the high room and found in the middle of the table the hand. All by itself. Palm up. Clean. Empty. Apparently. Like one of my own but without the scars. As I noticed in due course. Motionless but otherwise with nothing to indicate death. Warm. As I learned. No sign of violence: no blood or bruise. Where it ended, where one would suppose that it had joined a wrist after the manner of its kind, there was no garish explosion of reds, blues, yellows, no jumble of bared bone, of tubing severed in mid-syllable, of sinews shrinking. None of that. An oval segment of some colorless background, as it were of a foggy winter day in which one cannot make out details but only the day itself. I did not touch it.

It offered no explanation. Well, a hand does not offer explanations. For being a hand. Even when one knows how much is at stake. Thinks one knows. What is all that is at stake from our point of view, to hands when they are on their own? But I had never thought of that. So I stood there convinced that I understood nothing, which was a help for a while. I watched it, sure that it knew something. Something, therefore, which I didn't know. Many things which I didn't know. My assumptions about the nature of knowledge, I realized, were being shaken.

What was it for? Yes, I realized after a time that this was the question I had been asking since the beginning. No, not asking—embodying. Once I recognized that, things became a little clearer. I saw that the hand was not still, as I had at first imagined. For I had thought at first in my self-centered way that the hand was motionless, whereas I, by contrast, was moving. Now I felt that I was standing as a single spot in a progression too vast for me to even imagine more than a section of it, a progression which represented the story of the hand, the destiny in whose service the hand had come to decision after decision, millions of years before I had been heard of, in order to lie, for however long, where it now lay, in its present form. Then I saw it as a path, on which I was allowed to take only one step. A path which knew its origins, its end, and its purpose between them—or at least more of all these than I could guess.

Night fell. I let it fall around the hand, and I left. The next day the place was empty and I embarked on the usual doubts, as I still do. There was no proof. Nothing else seemed to have changed.

So things went on in the old way until the day when I came in as before and in the same place found the ear. Empty. As far as I could tell. But I was careful to make no noise. Detached like the hand. Same reflections in my mind. Turning around how much it knew, apart from me, if such a thing were conceivable. What decisions of its own were leading it past me, even as I watched? I began to think of myself as an instance. And the ear—what was it on its way to hear?

Then the ankle, the hair, the tongue. What am I but a caravanserai whose very walls belong to the camel drivers?

Five thousand had come to hear him, and some had travelled a long way and were hungry. What was there for them to eat? One of those who were with him said, "There is a boy here with five loaves and two little fish, but what are they among so many?" But he said, "Let them be given to everyone who is hungry." And when everyone had eaten his fill the fragments were gathered up and they filled twelve baskets.

I mention this because when I found the tongue it came to me for the first time that the miracle was not the matter of quantity but the fact that the event had never left the present. Parts of it keep appearing. I have begun to have glimpses of what I am doing, crossing the place where all who assembled were satisfied, and still finding fragment after fragment.

—W. S. MERWIN

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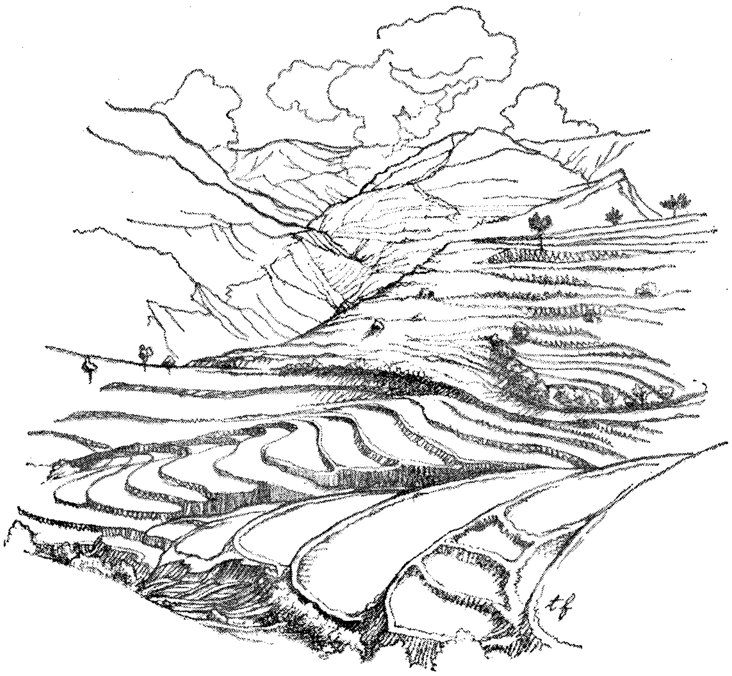
There are 68,000 funtime law students in the country.—*Henry J. Taylor in the Columbus Citizen-Journal.*

And the number is increasing.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

ALTITUDE: 150 TO 29,028

I—THE WILDEST DREAMS OF KEW



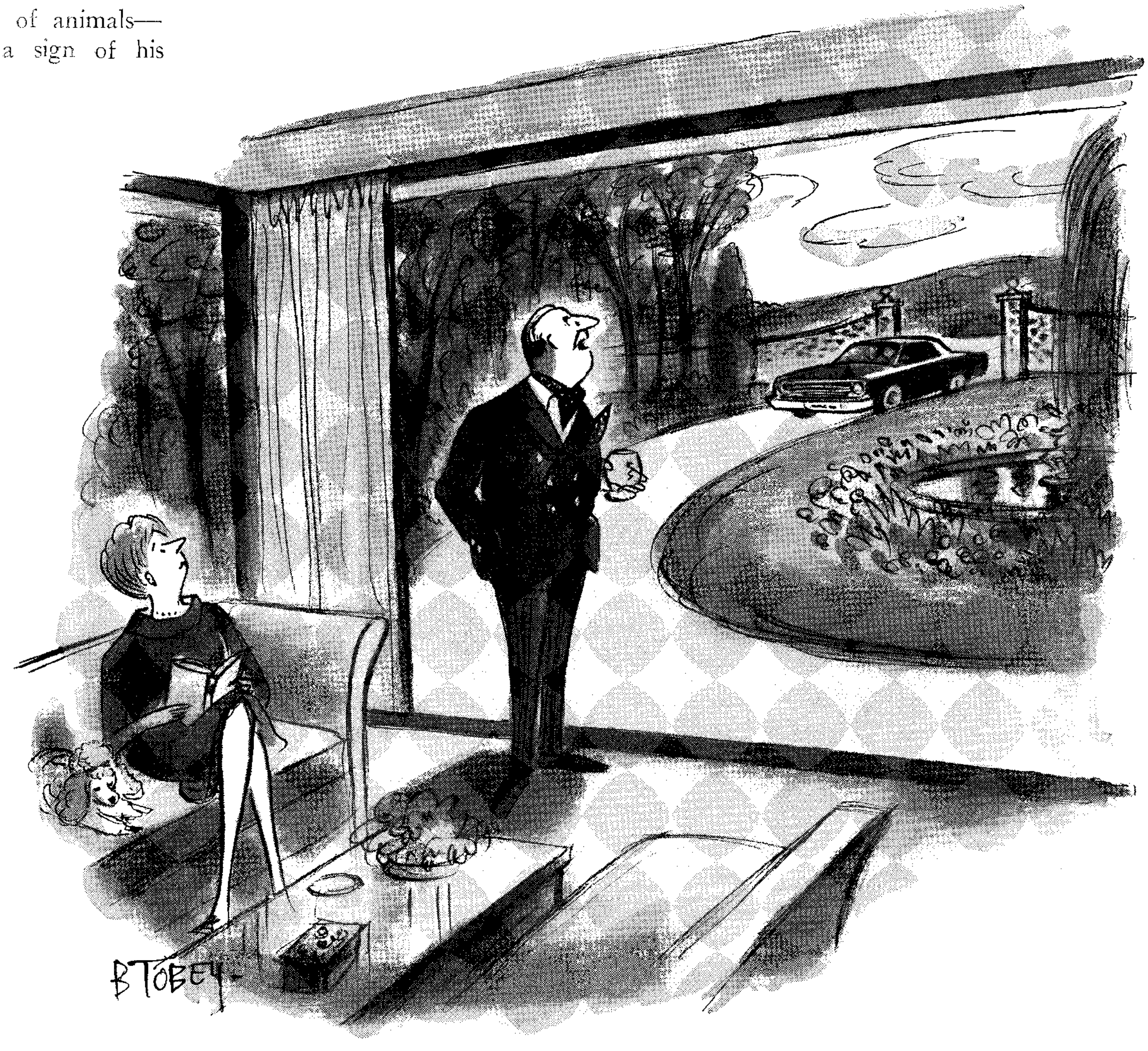
UNTIL about seventy million years ago, according to geologists, the Indian and Asian continents were separated by a sea. Then the Asian continent began drifting south, and when it collided with the Indian continent the alluvial sea bottom was squeezed up, leaving a fantastic land of high mountains, deep gorges, and lakes. A rectangular chunk of this precipitous topography, five hundred miles long and averaging a hundred miles wide, is the Kingdom of Nepal. In Nepal, the geographic altitude varies more than in any other country on earth—from 150 feet above sea level in the south, near India, to 29,028 feet, the summit of Mount Everest, which lies on the northern border with Tibet. Since the country is at about the latitude of Florida, it is tropical wherever the altitude is low. The south is a flat region known as the Terai. It varies between five and fifty-five miles in width and consists of paddy fields, forests, and jungles. (The Terai jungle was once one of the most famous big-game hunting grounds in the world, and it still contains its share of tigers, cobras, pythons, and crocodiles.) After the Terai, one enters the Himalayan foothills, which rise ten thousand feet or more and extend up to the main Himalayan chain in the north. This part of the country is scored by gigantic gorges, which were carved by the rivers running south out of the Himalayas. The geological forces that produced the mountains have twisted the rivers and the gorges, and have left an occasional large valley—a former lake. The Kathmandu Valley, which has a population of about half a million people (the total population of Nepal, which grows at a rate of somewhere between two and three per cent a year, is now about eleven million), is the largest valley, circular in shape, with an area of three hundred square miles. Throughout the history of the country, the Kathmandu Valley has been the cultural and political locus of Nepal. It is simply not known who the original settlers of the valley were, but it *is* known that in 563 B.C. the Gautama Buddha was born near a village in the Terai, and that the valley dwellers became Buddhists soon thereafter. By the third century B.C., some of the most famous Buddhist shrines in the valley—the *stupas* at Swayambhunath, a hill near Kathmandu, and at Bodhnath, a small town a few miles northeast of Kathmandu—had been built. The community of Bodhnath is built in a circle surrounding the central *stupa*. It has long been a place of pilgrimage for Buddhists, especially from Tibet. Since the Chinese takeover of Tibet in 1951, a certain number of Tibetan refugees have settled in Bodhnath, and they ply their traditional trades, such as farming and rug weaving. The Tibetans are extraordinarily persuasive salesmen, and any visitor to Nepal almost inevitably comes away with Tibetan statuary and religious wall scrolls, which, he is assured, were brought down from the monasteries in Lhasa. There is a thriving industry in the valley engaged in manufacturing imitation ancient Tibetan monastery art, and it may be just as well for the visitor that it is all but impossible to find the real thing, since it is against Nepalese law to export anything more than a hundred years old. The Dalai Lama, now in India, has a Nepalese *soi-disant* "representative" in Bodhnath—the so-called Chini Lama, or Chinese Lama. Having met a few lamas and been impressed by their spiritual and human qualities, I looked forward to meeting the Chini Lama on my first visit to Bodhnath. I was somewhat disturbed when the driver of the car that took me there allowed that the Chini Lama had a particularly fine collection of Tibetan rugs for sale. The Lama himself, an elderly gentleman, lives in a small but elegant stone dwelling near the *stupa*. One climbs a wooden staircase to his quarters and removes one's shoes before entering the great man's presence. His living room looked like a museum or the display room of an art gallery. When I walked in, there were several people with him, two of whom turned out to be art dealers from India. The Lama himself is a spherical figure, shaped something like the *stupa*, which one can contemplate from his window. He motioned for me to sit down on a rug, and while drinking his morning tea studied me with curiosity. After a few minutes of total silence, he held out a gold-plated statue with dozens of arms, each arm holding a perfectly formed tiny gilded bird. His first words, in English, were "I'll bet you've never seen one like this. It's worth fifteen hundred U.S. dollars." When it became clear that I was not going to buy his statue, the Lama lost interest in me and returned to bargaining with the art dealers. After inspecting a few rugs, I left.

Buddhism was the dominant religion of Nepal until about the fourth century A.D., when the valley fell under the influence of the Gupta kings of India, who were Hindus, and since that time the kings of Nepal have all been Hindu. Something like ninety per cent of Nepalese are now Hindu, or, at least, practice a religion that is a mixture of Hinduism, Buddhism, and animism—a mixture that is nearly pure Hinduism in the south and nearly pure Buddhism in the north. However, almost all the great religious shrines in the Kathmandu Valley—there are more than twenty-seven hundred temples there—

contain icons belonging to both faiths. In all the complex and often bloody history of Nepal, there has never been a war fought along religious lines, and religious tolerance is both the law of the land and the practice of the people. In the seventh century, Buddhism migrated north into Tibet and China as contacts increased with those countries. Along with it went the greatest architectural innovation that has ever been produced by the Nepalese—the pagoda. According to Nepalese scholars, the pagoda can be traced back four thousand years. It has its origin in the practice of animal sacrifice. (There is still a great deal of ritual animal sacrifice in Nepal. On Saturdays, one can drive to Dakshinkali, about ten miles south of Kathmandu, where there is a temple dedicated to Kali, the Hindu goddess of destruction. Here, hundreds of Nepalese come on foot and by truck with ducks, chickens, and goats to be sacrificed to Kali. The animals, which are led to the altar in a strangely silent procession, are killed with a single stroke of a *khukri*, the traditional Nepalese scimitar. Almost every Nepalese boy, if he is not a Buddhist—Buddhists abhor the killing of animals—acquires a *khukri* as a sign of his manhood. The knives, which are kept razor sharp, are worn in the belt and are used for everything from felling small trees to killing buffaloes. Nepal's celebrated Gurkha soldiers often use *khukris* with devastating effect in hand-to-hand combat.) In the ancient rites, the animals were often burned after being killed, and it was necessary to design an altar with enough shelter to keep the rain from extinguishing the fire. However, it was also necessary to cut a hole in the roof in order to let out the smoke. To keep the rain from entering the hole, a second roof was put on top of the first one—thus the pagoda.

In the thirteenth century, the real history of modern Nepal begins, with the advent of the Malla kings. The Mallas, assumed to be of Indian origin, acquired control over a part of what is now western Nepal, and over the numerous feudal principalities in the Kathmandu Valley. (In addition to the capital, Kathmandu, and the village of Bodhnath, where the Chini Lama lives, there are two major communities in the valley—Patan, the oldest city in the valley, whose population is now about fifty thousand and some of whose buildings date back at least to the third century B.C., and Bhadgaon, which has a population of about thirty-five thousand.) It appears that the Mallas were of Hindu origin but adopted the Buddhism of the race then inhabiting the valley—the Newars. (Again, the exact origins of the Newars are not known—or, indeed, just when they came into the valley; they themselves claim to be the original inhabitants. Many of them have Mongolian features, indicating that they might have come from the north.) The Malla kings were great patrons of the arts, and under their reign most of the pagoda temples and gilded statues that are now the glory of the valley were constructed by Newar craftsmen. The Newars excelled in both metalwork and woodwork. A typical Newar house—and many that are still occupied date back to the time of the Mallas—is made of red brick, but the windows and roofs are decorated with marvellously intricate wood carvings. It is one of the sadder aspects of modern Nepal that the Newar arts are disappearing. The brassworkers have become plumbers, and the woodworkers carpenters, and the wonderful old brick Newar houses are being plastered over with stucco whenever their occupants can afford it.

The Malla dynasty reached its political apex under the rule of Yaksha Malla, which began in 1427 and lasted for fifty-three years; upon his death, his kingdom broke up into principalities, and it was not until the eighteenth century that Nepal was again reunited. Meanwhile, another family dynasty was building its power in western Nepal. This was the Shah family, whose dynastic capital was Gurkha, now a fairly small town some forty miles west of Kathmandu. The hill tribesmen who became the subjects of the Shah kings of Gurkha were, and are, superb



"I say, who in the world would we know with a 'Give a Damn' bumper sticker?"

fighters. In 1775, Prithwi Narayan Shah, the tenth king of the house of Gurkha, succeeded in subjugating most of Nepal and establishing its borders pretty much as they are at present; he also made Kathmandu the national capital. (The present king, Mahendra Bir Bikram Shah Deva, is the ninth Shah king to rule the country as a whole.) It was with Prithwi Narayan that the systematic exclusion of Europeans began in Nepal—a policy that was followed, with rare exceptions, until 1950. Before the rise of the Shahs, Nepal had been visited more or less freely by Europeans, and especially by Christian missionaries. Prithwi Narayan summarized his attitude toward missionaries in the formula "First the Bible, then the trading stations, then the cannon." Even now, all religious missionary activity in Nepal is forbidden by law, although there are missionary hospitals and schools that are allowed to function as long as they do not make any attempt at conversion.

In 1786, Bahadur Shah, the youngest son of Prithwi Narayan, took over from the legitimate heir and became the *de-facto* ruler, with the title of *Mukhtiyar*, or Prime Minister. From that moment—and, indeed, until the advent of the present king, who reëstablished the absolute authority of the monarch—the Prime Minister became an important, and often the dominant, figure in Nepalese politics. Such were the rivalries between the king and his executive officer that none of the *Mukhtiyars* from Bahadur Shah until the rise of the Ranas—the family that ruled Nepal with an iron hand as *hereditary* Prime Ministers from 1846 until 1951—died a natural death. All were assassinated or committed suicide. A British hunter and sportsman, Laurence Oliphant, who made one of the rare visits to Nepal in the eighteen-fifties, observed that "the power of the prime minister is absolute till he is shot, when it becomes unnecessary to question the expediency of his measures," and he added that a man's chance of filling the office did not depend on his ability to form a ministry "so much as upon his accuracy in taking aim, and his skill in seizing any opportunity offered by his rival of showing his dexterity in a manner more personal than pleasant."

THE first British entry into Nepal came at the time of Prithwi Narayan. In 1767, the Mallas asked the Honourable East India Company to send troops to help lift a siege being laid by Prithwi Narayan upon Patan. A force under the command of a Captain Kinloch was sent north. However, before it even made contact with the Gurkhas it was stopped in the Terai by an impassable natural barrier interposed by the jungle and swamp country—malaria. Since the beginning of recorded history in Nepal, the Terai has been notorious as the breeding ground of an extremely deadly malarial mosquito. Even now, the government of Nepal spends over half its health budget on malaria control there, and in Captain Kinloch's day the mosquito was certainly more than a match for any European army. As a British historian of Nepal put it, "Throughout the hours of daylight, the Terai is safe enough. It is the evening that man may not spend in this most beautiful park. Sundown in the Terai has brought to an end more attempted raids into Nepal and has buried more political hopes than will ever be known."

Early in the nineteenth century, the Nepalese began raiding northern India from the Terai. The border situation deteriorated to such an extent that in November, 1814, Great Britain declared war on Nepal, and the next year, after several setbacks, the British Army, under General Ochterlony, defeated the Gurkhas in the Garhwal hills. The ensuing treaty conceded

CHILLIWACK
VARDÖ
OKHOTSK
RAGUNDA
CHITA
TCZEW
SAIRUSSU
CHATHAM ON MIRAMICHI BAY
WATERVLIET
QUABBIN RES.
CHAMDO
HÓDMEZÖVÁSÁRHELY
HEPPNER
WOKING
ONEONTA
BALA
CHITTAGONG
TUAM
KANTURK
OSHKOSH
DAX
SERPA
INYOKERN
PLOVDIV
PROME+DANUBYU
PENZA
JESSELTON
WAQQAS, AJLUN
CHINGLEPUT
GONDAR
SOUTH BOSTON, VA.
CAZOMBO ON ZAMBEZI, MOXICO, ANGOLA
KANDY
TAMATAVE
GREYMOUTH
OUAGADOUGOU
HOUMA
CUREPIPE, MAURITIUS
RAWSON, CHUBUT
W Miller

EVERY WOMAN ALIVE LOVES CHANEL N°5
N°5
CHANEL

portions of the Terai to the East India Company and established a permanent British Resident in Kathmandu. One of the most extraordinary provisions of the treaty—Article 7—gave the British a veto over the future employment of any Westerners in Nepal: "The Rajah of Nepal hereby engages never to take or retain in his service any British subject, nor the subject of any European or American State, without the consent of the British Government."

General Ochterlony, through his bitter struggles with the Gurkhas, had come to appreciate their exceptional qualities as soldiers, and he conceived the idea of recruiting them into the British Army—to keep them from making trouble in India, if for no other reason. In 1857, when the Sepoy Mutiny broke out in India, the Nepalese offered to send Gurkha troops to the aid of the British, and the offer was accepted. Four thousand men were dispatched. From that time on, the recruitment of Gurkha soldiers, which the British had been doing informally for some time, became officially accepted by both the British and the Nepalese governments. In 1908, the first Gurkha Brigade in the British Army was completed. It numbered about twelve thousand men, organized into ten regiments. In the First World War, the Nepalese government placed the whole of its military resources at the service of the British ("We have forty thousand soldiers ready in Nepal, and there is nothing to fight," the Nepalese Prime Minister complained to the British Resident), and more than two hundred thousand Gurkhas fought in the war, suffering twenty thousand casualties. After the war, Colonel Kennion, the British Resident, made a speech of appreciation to the Prime Minister. "Let it suffice to say that in this great war, if the expression may be allowed, Nepal pulled her weight, and more than pulled her weight," he proclaimed. The British historian and journalist Perceval Landon, in his book "Nepal," published in 1928, commented in a footnote to Colonel Kennion's speech, "It would be interesting to know what meaning this expression, so full of significance to any Englishman, actually conveyed to the minds of the Resident's hearers; for there is scarcely a country in the world in which there are so few pieces of water, and boat racing is entirely unknown." In the Second World War, the Gurkhas served with the British on every front, and most recently were responsible for eliminating the Communist guerrillas from Malaya and keeping order in Hong Kong. At present, the British annually recruit about three hundred Gurkhas—a number that has been steadily declining as the British have cut back their military establishment. Pensions and salaries paid to the Gurkhas, plus the funds spent to maintain the recruiting depots, come to about a million pounds a year, and are the largest source of foreign exchange in Nepal, exclusive of the Indian rupees that the Nepalese earn by exporting surplus rice to India. Tourism is growing so rapidly, however, that it may replace mercenary soldiering on the list.

After Prithwi Narayan, the next dominant, autocratic figure to emerge on the Nepalese scene was a young Army officer, Jang Bahadur Kunwar, who later added the title "Rana" to his name, claiming descent from the Rajput Ranas of Rajasthan, a famous Indian royal house. In the eighteen-forties, he unleashed or profited from a series of events that catapulted him into absolute power in Nepal and that have shaped the destiny of the country to the present. The turning point in Jang's career came in September, 1846, when, taking advantage of a gathering of all the capital's civil and military officials in the *kot*, or courtyard, of the royal palace, he and his followers slaughtered most of the nobility in Nepal. This event, known as the Kot Massacre, eliminated at one blow most of Jang's rivals for power. The king sought refuge in the British Residency, and the next day his queen conferred the title of Prime Minister on Jang Bahadur. Jang had six brothers, and within a few days they held practically all the important government posts in Nepal. Indeed, for the next century Jang Bahadur and his descendants, the Ranas, controlled *everything* in Nepal, as a sort of private family preserve.

The Rana regimes—the "Ranacracy," as it is usually referred to in Nepal—left so many scars and bitter memories that even now, two decades since the Ranas were overthrown and the monarchy was restored, Nepalese historians find it all but impossible to give an objective account of Jang Bahadur's life and career. However, there is no question but that he was a man of extraordinary physical courage and, although illiterate, a man of immense native intelligence, political shrewdness, and wit. Very soon after he seized power, the British realized that he was potentially an invaluable ally who could guarantee stability on India's northern frontier. Thus, in 1850 Jang was invited to make a state visit to Great Britain to meet Queen Victoria. It is quite likely that Jang's party, which included four cooks and twenty-two domestic servants, was the first group of Nepalese to cross the ocean and visit the West. The visit included a tour of British arsenals and munitions factories, plus a troop review—which were supposed to, and did, convince Jang that it was hopeless to fight the British—as well as a night at the opera. This last, according to Perceval Landon, produced an exchange with the Queen that became the talk of London. As Landon tells it, "A distinguished prima donna had just given an exhibition of her powers, and Jang Bahadur applauded. The Queen, turning to him, said, 'But you have not understood what she was singing.' Jang Bahadur at once replied, 'No, Madam, nor do I understand what the nightingales are saying.' "

On his return from England (he passed through France, where he demanded that a review of a hundred thousand French troops be put on in his honor, and then through India, where he visited a number of Hindu shrines to obtain ritual purification for having crossed the waters to the lands of the infidel), Jang, inspired by the British example, made at least some attempt to reform the legal code of Nepal. Nepalese law had evolved from Hindu religious practices and local tribal customs. Mutilation was a common punishment for thievery, and executions were often carried out on the spot by the prosecutor. (Brahmans were, under all circumstances, exempt from capital punishment.) Slavery was legal, and to pay a debt an individual could sell himself or some member of his family. Adultery was punishable by the summary execution of the adulterer at the hand of the offended husband, and suttee, the

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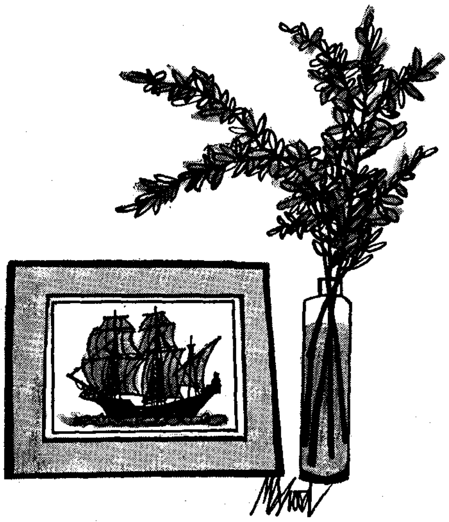
Helping people build a better life

THE EQUITABLE

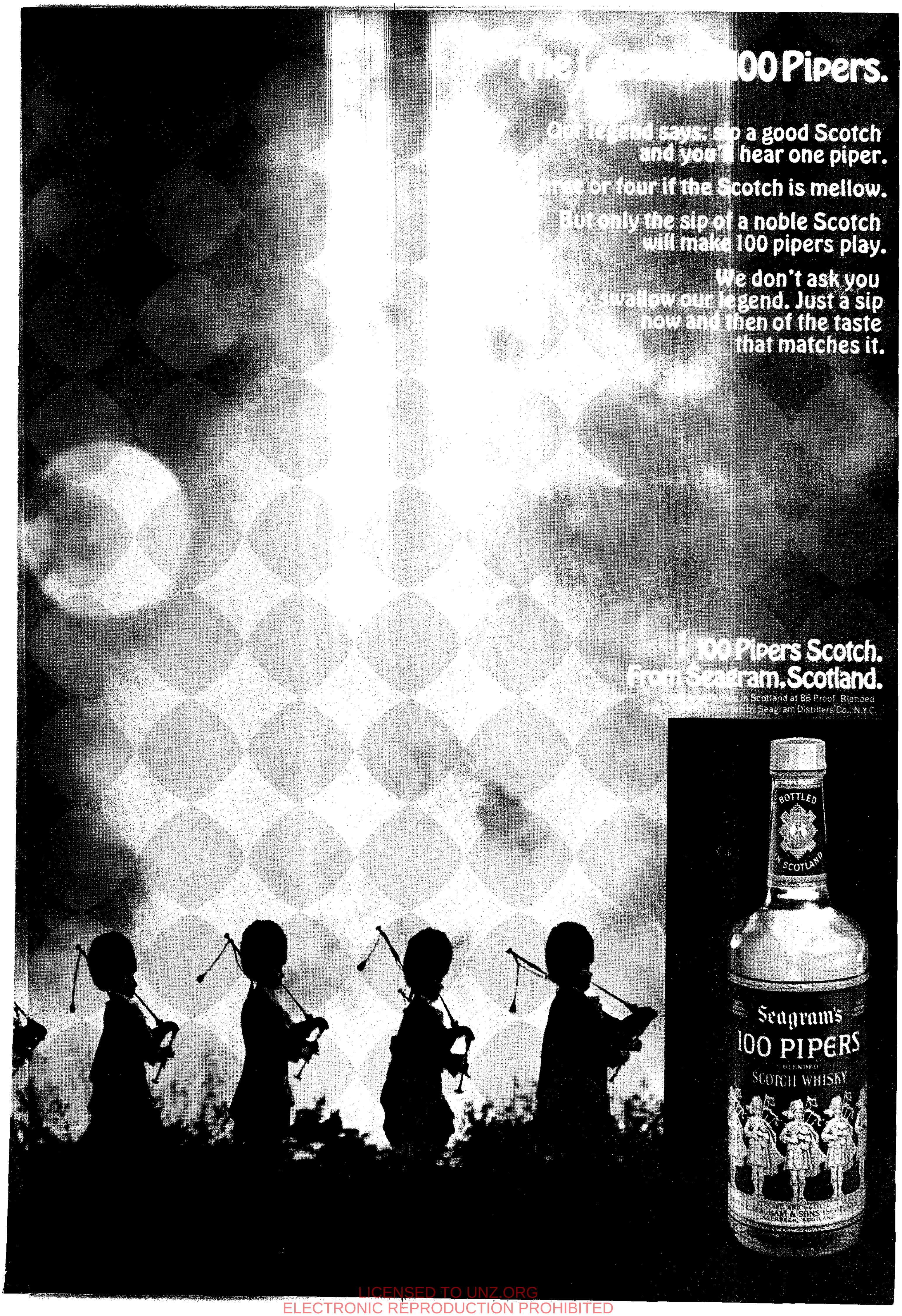
practice of a Hindu widow's offering herself for cremation on her husband's funeral pyre, was common. Jang abolished the mutilation penalty, made it illegal for a man to sell himself or his children into slavery (although it was not until 1924 that slavery as an institution was abolished in Nepal), and discouraged the practice of suttee (although when he died, in 1877, his three senior wives committed themselves to the pyre). The method of punishing an adulterer was subtly modified: he was allowed a moment's head start to flee for his life—an advantage that was generally of small value, since friends of the husband were allowed to trip him as he tried to get away. A system of low and high courts was established, with Jang exercising the ultimate judicial power; a piquant feature of this arrangement was that a low-court magistrate whose ruling was overturned was liable to a fine, corporal punishment, and even decapitation.

Passing through Ceylon on his way home from England, Jang encountered the English hunter and sportsman Laurence Oliphant. He invited Oliphant to accompany him on a hunting trip in the Terai and, ultimately, to Kathmandu, and Oliphant's account of the voyage, "A Journey to Kathmandu," published in 1852, is one of the delights of Himalayan literature. The book has long been out of print, but I had the good fortune to find it, and several other out-of-print classics on Nepal, in a remarkable private library in Kathmandu that belonged to one of Jang's descendants, the late Field Marshal Kaiser Shamsher Rana. "Keshar" is a fairly common Nepalese first name, but the Field Marshal, who was the commander-in-chief of the Nepalese Army and an admirer of Kaiser Wilhelm, preferred the Western spelling. His library is reputed to be the largest private library in Asia. People who knew the old gentleman—he died in 1964, at the age of seventy-two—say that he delighted in working a conversation around to the point where he could announce, "On page thus-and-so of the first volume of thus-and-so, the author says . . ." and then quote verbatim from the book. In addition to being a book collector, the Field Marshal was an avid hunter, and a visitor to the largest of the rooms in which the books are housed, on the first floor of his mansion, is stunned by the sight of an extremely lifelike stuffed tiger evidently ready to pounce. On one of my visits, arranged by writing a note to the Field Marshal's widow, who then still lived in the house, I came upon a live spotted deer in the library, chewing on the fur of the tiger. The book collection is incredibly comprehensive, ranging from "The Wizard of Oz" to an entire cabinet devoted to works on sex. Besides an enormous number of rare handwritten ancient Tibetan manuscripts, it contains probably every book on Nepal and Tibet ever written in any language. The library has now been turned over to the Nepalese government by his widow.

After some fine tiger hunting in the Terai, Oliphant and his host started the long trek over the mountains to Kathmandu. Oliphant describes the trip in terms that strike a chord of sympathy in anyone who has travelled on foot in the Himalayas of Nepal: "It was with no little regret then that we made the almost interminable descent, apparently for the mere purpose of starting fair from the bottom of the valley before we commenced the arduous climb in store for us over a range still higher than the one we had just traversed." Finally, they came upon the Kathmandu Valley, and, like so many travellers before and since—including Kipling, who wrote, "The wildest dreams of Kew are the facts of Khatmandu"—Oliphant was overwhelmed by its beauty. "A tradition is current in Nepaul that the valley of Kathmandu was at some former period a lake, and it is difficult to say in which character it would have appeared the most beautiful," he wrote. "The knolls, wooded or terraced, with romantic old Newar towns crowning their summits—the five rivers of the valley winding amongst verdant meadows—the banks here and there precipitous where the soft clayey soil had yielded to the action of the torrent in the rains—the glittering city itself—the narrow paved ways leading between high hedges of prickly pear—the pagodas and temples studded in all directions—presented a scene as picturesque and perhaps more interesting than would have been afforded by the still lake embedded in wild mountains and frowned upon by snow-capped peaks." Oliphant developed a thorough admiration for his host's foresight when it came to dealing with potential conspiracies against his life. In particular, he wrote, "It is by no means an uncommon mode of execution in Nepaul to throw the unfortunate victim down a well: Jang had often thought that it was entirely the fault of the aforesaid victim if he did not come up again alive and unhurt. In order to prove the matter satisfactorily, and also to be prepared for any case of future emergency, he practised the art of jumping down wells, and finally perfected himself therein." On a tour of Jang's residence, Oliphant happened on two portraits—one of Queen Victoria and the other of a gentleman with "keen eyes and lofty brow" whom he did not recognize. Jang was helpful. " 'See,' said Jang enthusiastically, 'there is the Queen of England, and she has not got a more loyal subject than I am.' Then, turning to the picture of the man with the keen eyes and high forehead, he remarked, 'That is my poor uncle Mathiber Singh, whom I shot; it is very like him.' " (This portrait, or one like it, is in the Nepal National Museum, in Kathmandu. It is difficult to be sure of the origin of *anything* in the museum, because almost none of the objects are labelled with their dates and histories. Most of the labels are in Nepali, which is fair enough, but even when translated these do not say much more than "Shiva" or "Tara" or whatever. The collection is an odd mixture of old weapons, including a "Tibetan leather gun," magnificent pieces of Newar and Tibetan art, and a random assortment of portraits of celebrated figures like Prince Albert and General Eisenhower. It seems to be a collection in search of a curator.)



In 1856, Jang Bahadur promulgated a law governing the succession of the Prime Ministry, which he considered the masterstroke of his political career. King Surendra signed it, thus reducing the royal family to political impotence by eliminating himself and his family, in perpetuity, from playing any sort of active role in the government of his country. It may be wondered why Jang did not simply eliminate the monarchy once and for all. The answer is that in Nepal the monarch was—and, by a considerable fraction of the population, still is—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regarded as a direct descendant of the god Vishnu, so to have done away with him altogether would have aroused much hostility, and perhaps open rebellion, among the populace. So Jang was content to keep the king out of sight but alive. According to Jang's law of succession, the office of Prime Minister passed not from father to son, as was the case with the royal house, but from brother to brother. The first to succeed was therefore the oldest surviving brother of the Prime Minister, then the next oldest, and so on, and when these had been exhausted the first jump in generations was made—to the sons of Jang, then to the sons of his oldest brother, and so on. The system was designed to insure that Nepal would have a mature ruler at all times. However, Jang failed to anticipate the problem that arose from the fact that all of the Ranas had enormous numbers of children, legitimate and illegitimate. According to Dr. Daniel Wright, who was the surgeon attached to the British Residency during Jang's lifetime, Jang himself fathered at least a hundred children, including ten legitimate sons, while his youngest brother, Dhir Shamsher, had seventeen legitimate sons. The situation reached such proportions that Chandra Shamsher Rana, who ruled as Prime Minister from 1901 to 1929, formally divided Rana offspring into three classes. The A-class Ranas were children of Ranas and wives of equally high-caste families. Members of this class were allowed by the caste system to dine with the ruling Ranas, and if they were male they automatically became major-generals at the age of twenty-one and could advance—at least in principle—to commander-in-chief. The B-class Ranas had mothers who were also legitimate wives but whose families were of lower, though good, caste. They were allowed to take part in Rana social occasions but were not allowed to eat boiled rice with the Ranas of higher caste, and the males, at the age of twenty-one, became lieutenant-colonels but could never rise above the rank of full colonel. Finally, there were the C-class Ranas, who were born of mistresses and were not allowed to eat with the Ranas at all.

Jang was immensely pleased with his law of succession, but, needless to say, no sooner had he died than his ten sons and the seventeen sons of Dhir Shamsher, along with various other members of the family, began conspiring against one another for power. In 1885, Bir Shamsher, the oldest son of Dhir Shamsher (who in the meantime had died), organized a coup in which Jang's only surviving brother, the Prime Minister at the time, was shot, along with those sons of Jang who were not exiled. From then until the overthrow of the Ranas, in 1951, all the Prime Ministers came from the Shamsher branch of the family. These vicissitudes had no effect on the Rana tradition of excluding foreigners from Nepal. The rare exceptions were either guests of the British Resident or journalists and scholars, such as Perceval Landon and the great French orientalist Sylvain Lévi, who wrote favorably about the regime. In Landon's book "Nepal," he gives a list of all the Europeans who visited the country officially between 1881 and 1925; they add up to a hundred and fifty-three. Even these visitors were not allowed to leave the Kathmandu Valley, except for hunting in the Terai. At one point, Landon asked the current Prime Minister, Chandra Shamsher, why English visitors to Nepal, including the Resident, were restricted to the valley, and why so few Englishmen were allowed to come to Nepal at all. Chandra replied, "My friend, the English at times have difficulty in the government of India. Those difficulties arise in no small measure from the fact that in these days of easy travel all English sahibs are not sahibs. Now, I am convinced that the prosperity of Nepal is bound up with the maintenance of British predominance in India, and I am determined that the sahib who is no sahib shall never enter Nepal and weaken my people's belief that every Englishman is a gentleman." As late as 1960, after a decade of intense effort by the post-Rana governments to improve conditions in the Nepalese villages following a century of total neglect under the Ranas, the life expectancy of a rural Nepalese was twenty-six years, and two out of three children failed to survive infancy. It is small wonder that Chandra was not inclined to allow European journalists to learn at first hand about the life of the Nepalese people.

Despite everything, it must be said that Chandra Shamsher brought the beginnings of Western technology to Nepal—or, at least, to the Kathmandu Valley. In 1904, Kathmandu was electrified, and in 1906 Lord Kitchener, the commander-in-chief of the British forces in India, who visited the valley, could write, "There I found marble palaces lighted by electricity and full of Nepalese officers who are . . . always in uniform, like a Continental nation." During Jang's regime, the Ranas had begun the construction of fantastic mansions, modelled on French châteaux. Crystal clocks, chandeliers, and illuminated fountains were carried across the mountains from India on the backs of coolies. Chandra Shamsher's palace, the Singha Durbar, which was built in 1905 and looks as though it was modelled on the Palace of Versailles, contains more than fourteen hundred rooms. Until recently, it housed the offices of almost the *entire* Nepalese government. In 1918, Chandra built an English College in Kathmandu, but it trained only a few members of élite families. (One graduate is Dr. T. N. Upraity, the vice-chancellor of Tribhuvan University, the only university in Nepal, which expects to graduate its

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first Ph.D. this spring. He told me, when I went to visit the university, that in his class—the Class of 1945—there had been eleven students.)

All the Rana Prime Ministers, Chandra included, ran Nepal as if it were a private business corporation. The taxes they collected, minus meagre appropriations for public works and administrative expenses, were kept by the Rana family, which banked the money in India and Europe. The only connection that the government had with the people, most of whom lived in isolation, perhaps several weeks' march from Kathmandu, was via the tax collector. Within the country there were private principalities, like Mustang, in the west, near the Tibetan border, that were allowed to function autonomously as long as the tax was collected. All opposition, or even potential opposition, was ruthlessly suppressed. Radios were forbidden the Nepalese until 1946. Very few foreign newspapers or periodicals were allowed into the country, and in 1930, when a group of citizens petitioned the government for a public library in Kathmandu, the petitioners were prosecuted and fined for contemplating an unlawful action. There was a nine-o'clock curfew in Kathmandu and in every other substantial town in the country. Any sort of native talent in the arts or literature was discouraged; indeed, most of the older generation of writers and poets in Nepal have spent time either in jail or in exile. Property was held in a system of tenure so intricate that it kept the Nepalese farmer in perpetual servitude to a few large landowners; even now, nearly twenty years after the fall of the Rana regime, the government is just beginning to achieve something in the way of land redistribution. A few wealthy families in Kathmandu had telephones and automobiles, but the rest of the people lived in towns and villages that remained as they were in the fifteenth century—as they remain today in some measure.

After Chandra Shamsher's death, in 1929, two of his brothers, one of his sons, and a nephew became Prime Minister. In the nineteen-thirties, secret opposition groups, including the People's Party (Praja Parishad), began forming, and these were aided both morally and financially by King Tribhuvan, whose reign began in 1911. In 1940, the then Prime Minister, Juddah Shamsher, tried to depose the King and put Crown Prince Mahendra on the throne; the Crown Prince, who was then twenty-one, in an act of great courage, refused. After the war, serious agitation against the Rana regime began, and in 1946 the Nepali National Congress Party, modelled on the Indian Congress Party, was formed in India by exiles from Nepal; the next year, the first of a series of strikes, organized by the Congress Party, began. That year, too, the British left India, and with their departure the traditional bond between the Rana governments and the British raj was broken. The new government of India, under Nehru, was extremely eager to promote change in Nepal. After the Communists came to power in China in 1949 and it became clear that Tibet would sooner or later be invaded, the Indians, who clearly understood the implications of having Chinese power on the borders of an unstable Nepal (once the Himalayan foothills of Nepal are crossed, the terrain is completely open, merging into northern India with no natural barriers whatever), put strong pressure on the Ranas to modernize their government.

In November, 1950, King Tribhuvan precipitated the events that led to the fall of the Ranas. All the King's movements were closely guarded, and any trip outside the capital could be made only with the permission of the Prime Minister, and then only with an escort. On November 5th, the King saw the Prime Minister to arrange for permission to leave Kathmandu on a hunting trip. What happened next is graphically described by Bhuwan L. Joshi and Leo E. Rose in their book "Democratic Innovations in Nepal": "The Rana ruler agreed and provided the necessary military escort, unaware that among the escort were several whom King Tribhuvan had already won over to his side. On the morning of November 6, King Tribhuvan and his entire family, with the exception of his four-year-old grandson, Jnanendra, departed by automobile from the Royal Palace on what was ostensibly a hunting trip. The Indian Embassy was on the road the royal party was supposed to follow. On reaching the gates of the Embassy, the King and his sons, who were all driving their own cars, suddenly swung through the gates and into the grounds, to the surprise and consternation of those Rana guards

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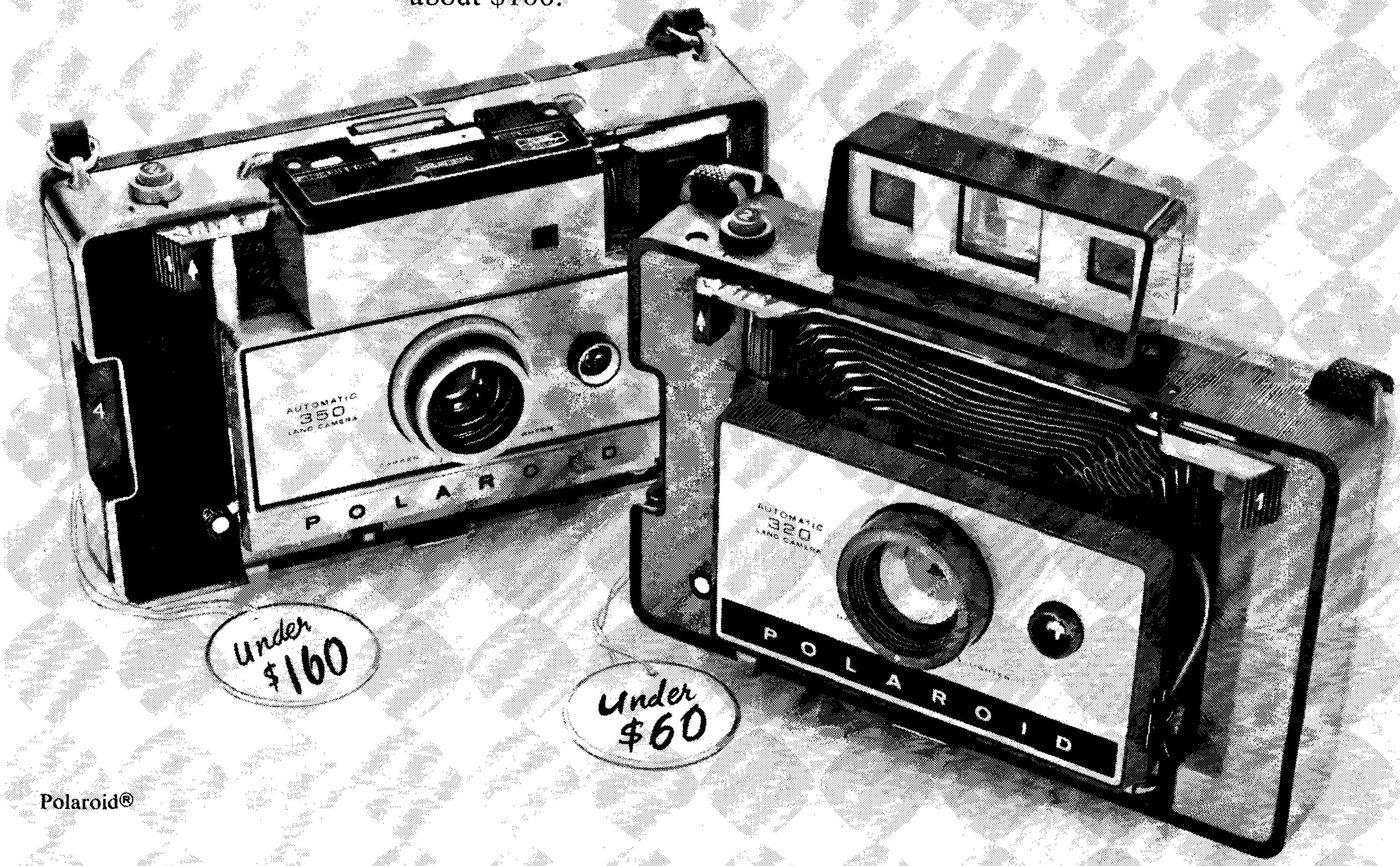

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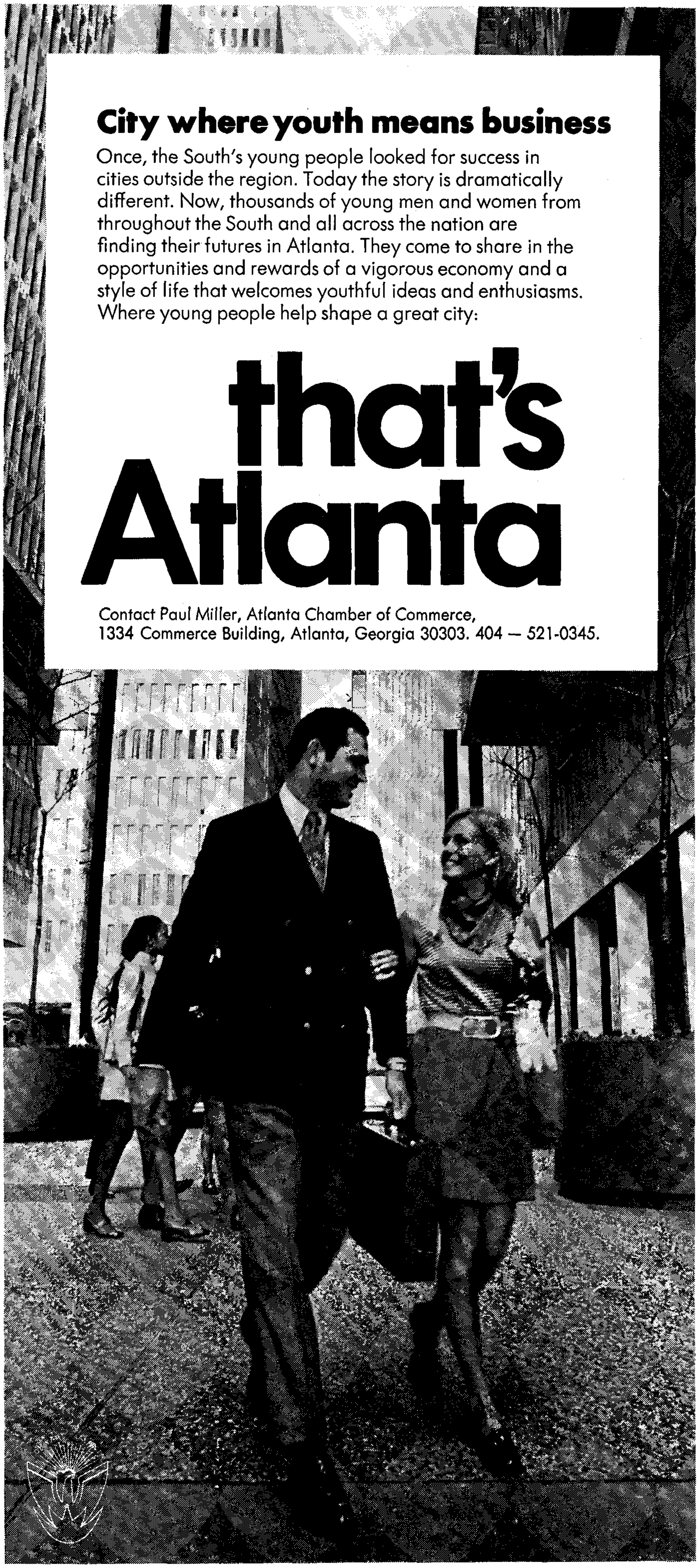

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who had not been apprised of the King's plan. Thus the royal family took sanctuary and escaped from the Rana ruler's control. It seems probable that Prince Jnanendra was left behind both to avoid suspicion about the hunting trip and to provide protection for him and the royal line in the event of mishap to the others if the plan should fail." The Ranas attempted to entice the King out of the Embassy, and when that failed they crowned his four-year-old grandson as the new king. On November 10th, King Tribhuvan was flown in an Indian Air Force plane to New Delhi, and shortly thereafter armed rebellions broke out at several points in the Terai. In December, when the rebellion had not been contained and it became clear that the new king was not going to be recognized by foreign governments, the Indians proposed a settlement according to which King Tribhuvan was to be restored, a constituent assembly was to be brought into being to write a new constitution for the country, and a Rana would continue as Prime Minister but with greatly reduced powers. In early February, King Tribhuvan and the leaders of the Nepali National Congress Party returned in triumph to Kathmandu, where they were met at the airport by Mohan Shamsher, the last of the old-style Rana Prime Ministers. With this meeting, the Rana regime was ended and Nepal began its struggle to reënter the modern world.

The present government, under King Tribhuvan's son, Mahendra, is not a democracy as we understand it in the West. Churchill once said that "democracy is the worst form of government, except for all the others," but in a country like Nepal, where most of the inhabitants cannot read or write and must struggle constantly simply to find enough to eat, it is not clear how democracy is supposed to function, and a Westerner who looks at Nepal from a background of centuries of democratic tradition and from a position of material comfort and wealth may find it difficult to understand the problems and conditions of the country. King Mahendra, who succeeded to the throne in 1955, made it clear from the beginning that he was a personality to be reckoned with. Despite the disapproval of his father and the possibility that he might be jeopardizing his own chances of succession, he married a Rana noblewoman in 1952, when feelings against the Ranas were extremely strong. On becoming king, he issued a statement in which he said, "Today

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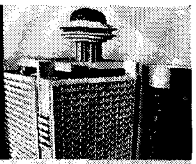

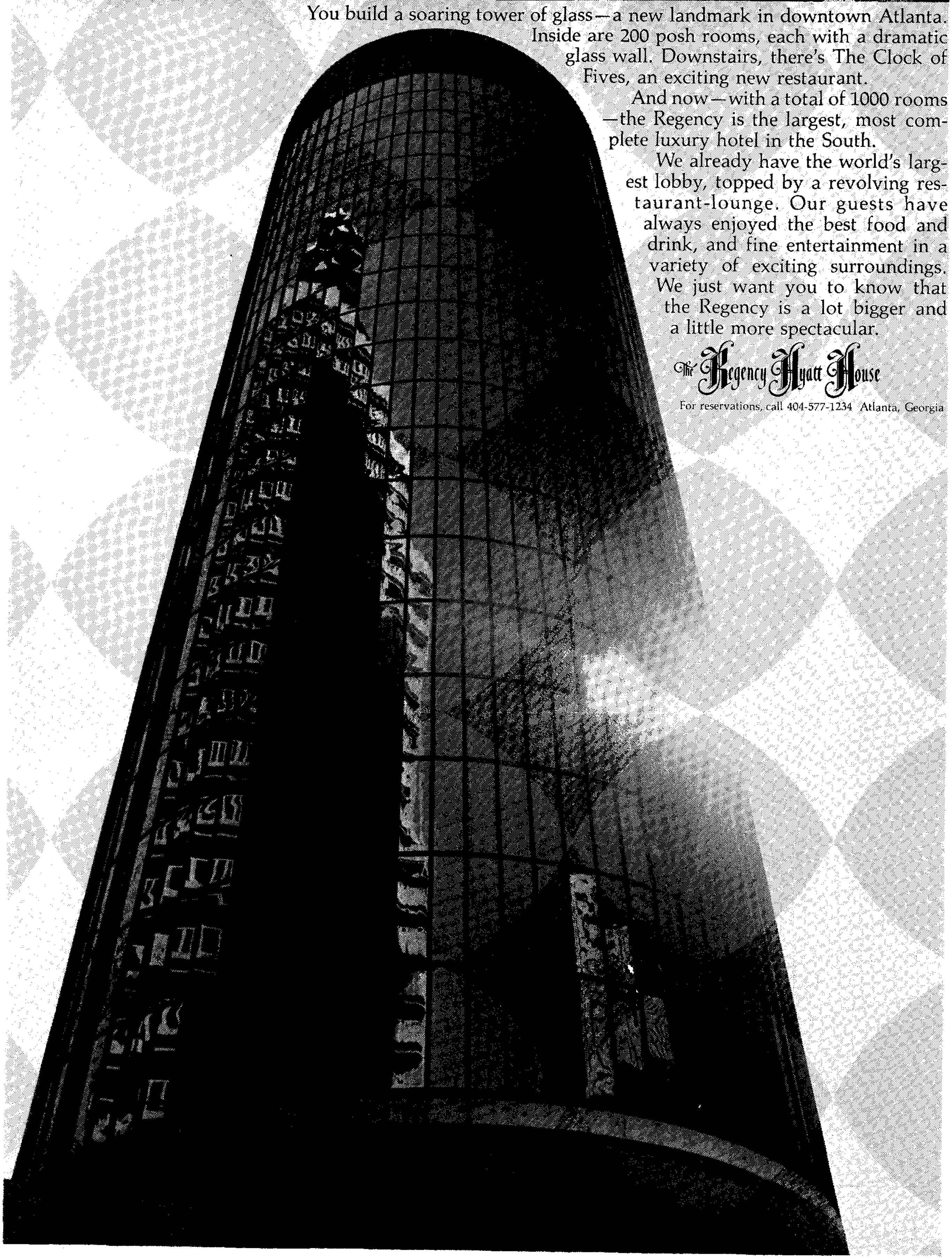

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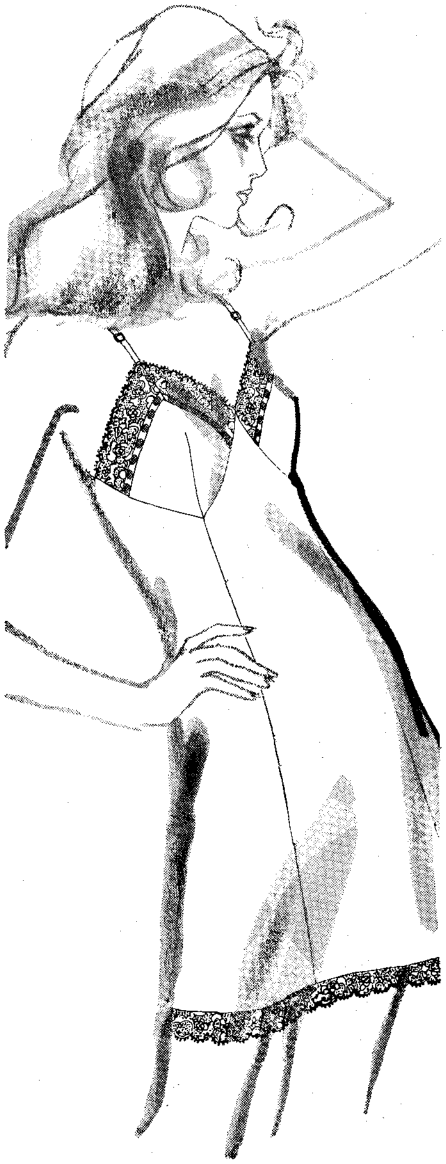
marks the completion of four years of democracy in the country, but it is a matter of great shame that we cannot point to even four important achievements that we have made during this period. If we say that democracy is still in its infancy, we have seen such qualities as selfishness, greed, and jealousy, which are not found in an infant. If we say that it has matured, unfortunately we do not see it flourishing anywhere, and, I presume, this is not hidden from anyone in the country."

General elections and a new constitution had been promised to the Nepalese since the revolution of 1950, and when the constitution was finally presented, in 1959, it provided for a bicameral parliament with an elected Prime Minister, but it reserved for the King a wide variety of fundamental powers. The King, unlike his predecessors under the Ranas, is a strong activist, and it is quite possible that he found that playing an almost secondary role to his Prime Minister was intolerable. Today, there is a growing national conscience in Nepal, and a sense that the only way the country can preserve its identity—something of great importance to the average Nepalese—is to have a strong, internally stable government, and this feeling has crystallized around the personality of the King. Whatever one may think about the loss of democracy in Nepal in the abstract, the fact of the matter is that the average Nepalese, who is a poor farmer living in a small village, has more to say about governing his own affairs than he ever did in the entire history of the country. This has been achieved, in part, by a complicated system of local, district, and national elected *panchayats*, or councils, which govern the villages of rural Nepal, and which, on the national level, can propose new legislation to the king. While there is some discontent about the power of the monarchy among students, intellectuals, and former political leaders in the large towns, where three per cent of the people live, it is probably fair to say that the feelings of the other ninety-seven per cent, at least at the moment, can be roughly summarized by what a young Sherpa, living high in the Himalayas, said to me in all simplicity: "We love our King."

As nearly as one can determine, there are twenty-four aircraft based in Nepal, of which eighteen are owned and operated by the Nepalese. The international flavor of the list of planes, which have been given to the Nepalese by various countries, is an illustration of the fact that Nepal is one of the few countries (if not the only country) in the world where almost all the major powers are actively engaged, for whatever reasons, in constructive, helpful development. Among the aircraft are seven DC-3s of American origin. Five are owned by the Royal Nepal Airlines Corporation—a government-controlled outfit—and used in the commercial transport of passengers and freight within the country, one belongs to the King's own Royal Air Flight, and one belongs to the Nepalese Army. There is a thirty-two-passenger Dutch Fokker Friendship turboprop used by the R.N.A.C. for its international flights (to India and Pakistan). There are two Pilatus Porters; one belongs to the United Nations Mission in Nepal and is used for official business, and the other belongs to the Swiss Association for Technical Assistance. (These are STOL—Short Takeoff and Landing—planes, adaptable to extremely short fields. In fact, most of the fields they use are just that—grassy pastures on which buffaloes, yaks, and goats graze until a plane comes in.) There are two Bell helicopters and one STOL Helio Courier, used by United States AID. These are employed on all sorts of AID missions, including flying animals and fruit trees to remote farms and keeping Peace Corps volunteers supplied with medicines. In addition to his DC-3, the King owns (they arrived as gifts) one Russian Ilyushin transport; one French Alouette helicopter; one Twin Otter, an eighteen-passenger transport; and three Chinese Harvesters (single-engine biplanes capable of carrying ten passengers). These machines have seen relatively little service, because they cost too much to run. The Army has three British twin-engine Pioneers, also STOLs, of which one has been cannibalized to provide parts for the two others, and one Russian MI-4 helicopter, and to complete the list there is a Cessna owned by an outfit called the Summer Institute of Linguistics, which has apparently come to Nepal to translate the Bible into Nepali.

Nepal has no airfield—not even Kathmandu's Tribhuvan Field, which handles the international flights—that can operate at night. (Originally, Tribhuvan Field was known as Gaucher Field; since "*gaucher*" means "cow pasture" in Nepali, the name undoubtedly reflected an earlier state of the art. The present runways are concrete, and they are long enough to



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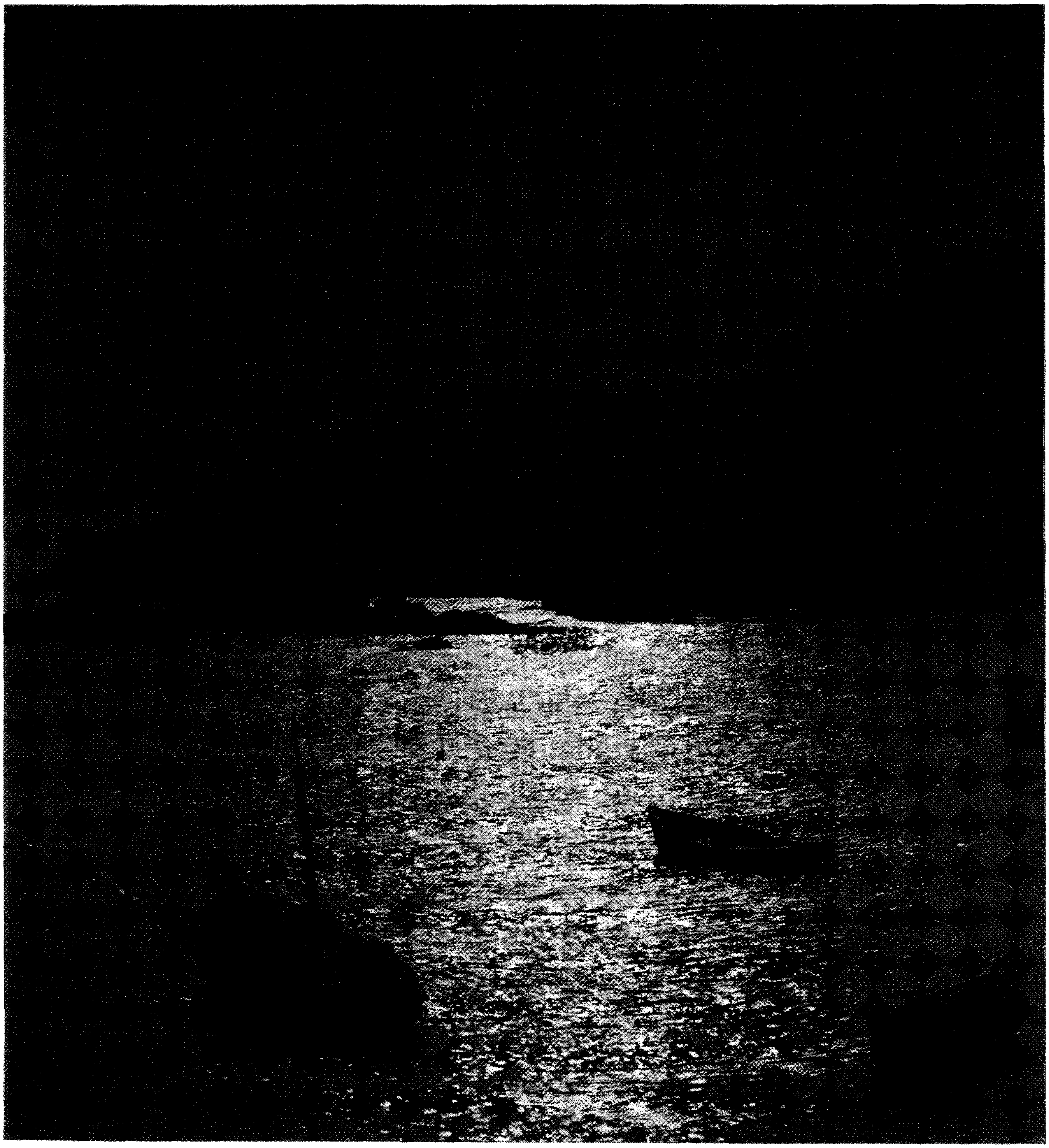

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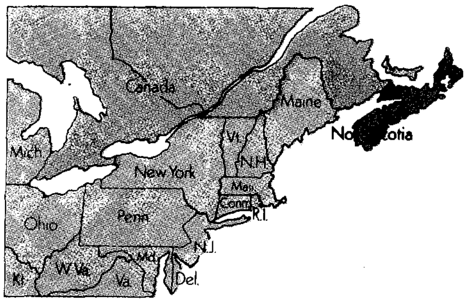
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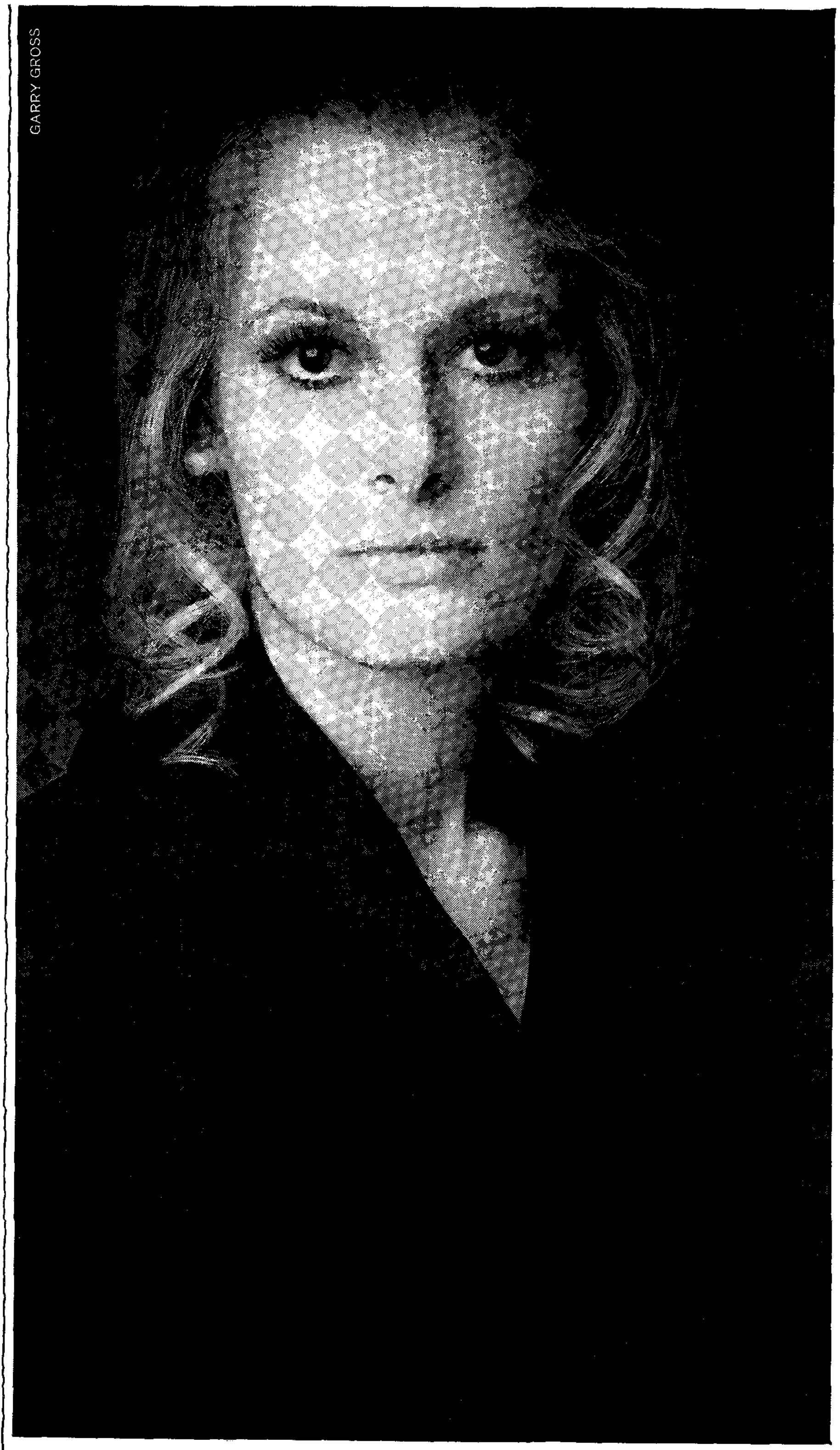
handle the Thai Airways Caravelles coming in from Bangkok, although the Thai pilots have to use drag chutes in landing.) At sundown, all the planes, along with the birds, have to come back to the ground to roost. A STOL flying service is the only answer for many regions of Nepal that cannot accommodate even a plane as easy to land as a DC-3, but until such a service is established (to date, there are twelve STOL strips, and the government is building more) the only way to get to these places is on foot. I was told of a newly appointed district governor who, in the absence of air service, was facing the prospect of a three-week walk with his family, including young children, to get to his post in western Nepal.

Recently, I took a typical "scheduled" flight from Pokhara, one of the largest market towns in the western part of Nepal, to Kathmandu, some ninety-odd air miles away. The Pokhara field, a grassy sward, is one of fifteen strips in Nepal that will accommodate the DC-3s. We were told that we should assemble with our baggage at one o'clock in the afternoon, and that the plane would arrive sometime thereafter. Around two, a siren sounded at the far end of the field, and a large number of assorted animals were driven off what they had come to assume was their pasture. At the same time, a great variety of the local citizenry appeared, as if out of nowhere, to watch the plane land. (In many areas of Nepal, people have seen airplanes but no cars—or, indeed, any wheeled transportation at all.) When it did land, a huge ground crew proceeded to unload freight, which I noted included several wooden crates of Lux toilet soap. It was not clear to me how the passengers were meant to accommodate themselves in what appeared to be a cargo plane, but this problem turned out to be irrelevant. The plane was reloaded with freight and took off without us. For the next hour and a half, it shuttled back and forth between Pokhara and somewhere else, carrying freight. At about four o'clock, the pilot decided he had handled enough freight for the day and, after landing his plane in Pokhara, went off to tea. There was a scrupulous brushing-out of the interior of the plane, and we were told that we could board as soon as the pilot came back, which he did in a half hour or so. We were then strapped into bucket seats along the sides of the plane, given a little hard candy, and flown off to Kathmandu, where we landed just before sundown.

The most obvious application of air



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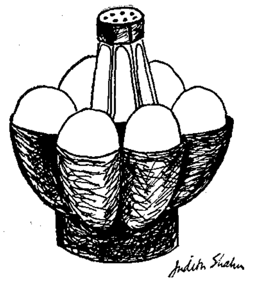
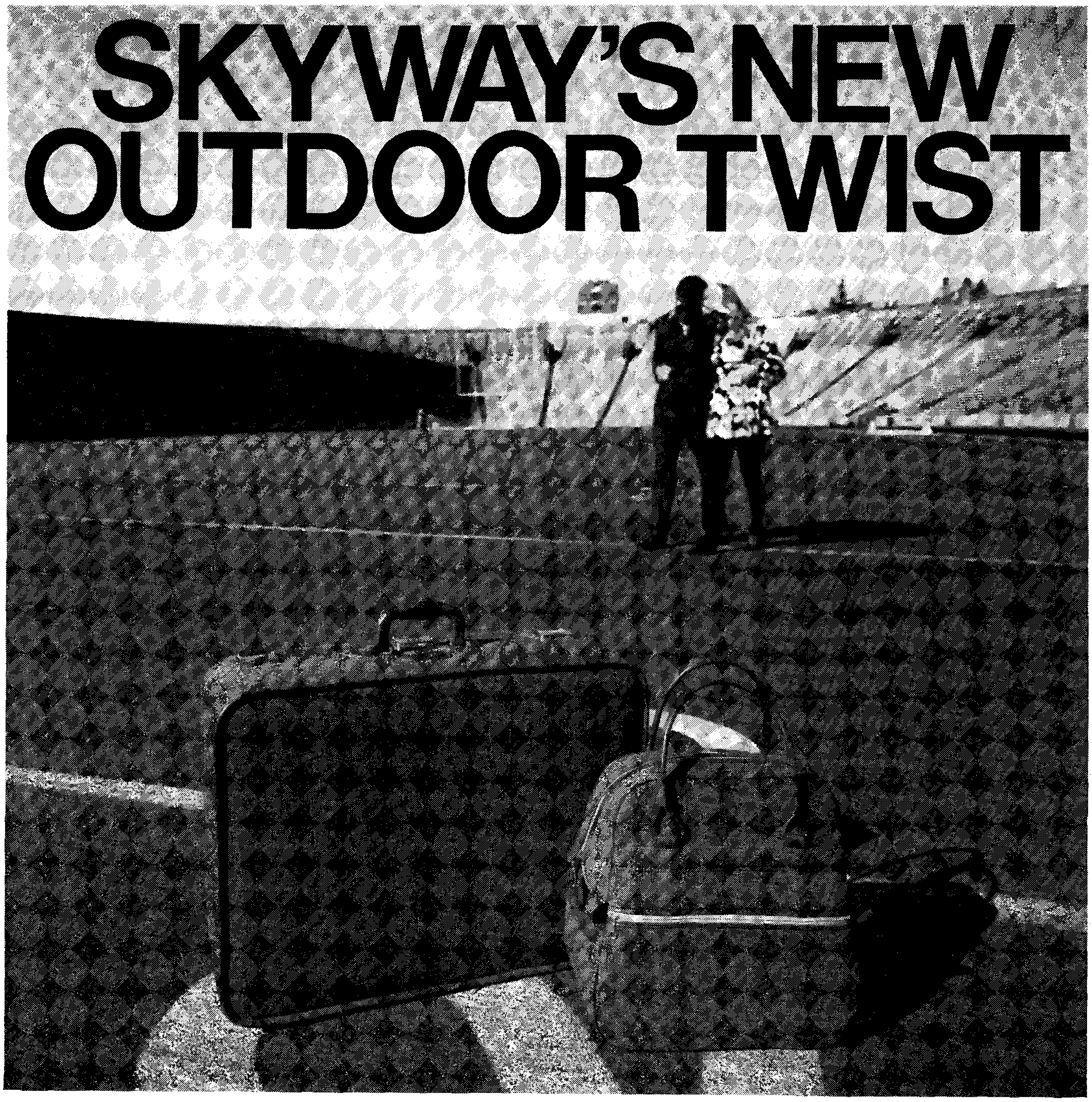
travel—at least, of international air travel—is, of course, tourism. Until 1950, practically no foreigners—of *any* description, let alone tourists—were allowed in Nepal. With the overthrow of the Ranas and the return of the monarchy, there came an almost feverish desire to make up for the isolation of a hundred years and become part of the international community; today, Nepal has diplomatic relations with nearly fifty countries. The first visitors to Nepal in the early nineteen-fifties were mainly Alpinists; indeed, it was in 1950 that the French climbed Annapurna, which thus became the highest mountain in the world to be climbed to the top. The Frenchmen were the first Europeans ever to visit the region, fifty miles or so northeast of Pokhara, and the maps, when any existed at all, were so poor that the climbing party spent most of its time just looking for the mountain.

The first international hotel in Nepal, the Royal—an immense, sprawling former Rana palace—was developed by a White Russian named Boris Nicolevitch Lissanevitch, now sixty-four, who had been a cadet in the Imperial Russian Navy; had toured Europe for four years as a dancer with Diaghilev's Ballet Russe; had formed a theatrical dance duo with his first wife, Kira Stcherbatcheva, and toured India, China, Bali, Ceylon, and French Indo-China; had run a night club in Calcutta; and had arrived in Kathmandu in 1951. Until a few years ago, the Royal was the only hotel in Nepal with international standards, and Boris, as he is known throughout Kathmandu, built up an extensive clientele from all over the world. For a time, he had several ambassadors to the Nepalese court and most of the personnel from the foreign-aid missions living in the hotel while their own residences in Kathmandu were being built. Nearly every mountaineering expedition that has passed through the country has stayed at the Royal, at what Boris calls his lowered "expedition" rate. Besides feeding the expeditions, Boris has bailed out some from entanglements with governmental red tape. One of his prize possessions is a collection of rocks chipped out of the summits of several of the highest mountains in Nepal, including Everest, by climbers who stayed at the Royal.



The unconventional atmosphere at the Royal is not for everyone. The rooms are huge, and during the winter rather cold at night. Some have tiger skins on the floor—a number of them souvenirs of Boris's days as a hunter. (Like many in Nepal, he has given up the sport, because the wild animals are in danger of disappearing as more and more of the jungle country in the south goes under cultivation.) The plumbing is uncertain and the electricity sporadic, and the whole affair looks in need of rehabilitation. Boris wants to refurbish much of the hotel in the architectural style of the Newars, whose arts, like the wild animals in Nepal, are in danger of disappearing, since the Nepalese, in their urge to modernize, have developed a fancy for concrete. Concrete is a luxury in the valley. Most Nepalese who want to make a show of wealth and modernity build concrete houses, and the government, too, has built a number of stark modern concrete buildings. There is a beautiful old grass parade ground and sports arena on the outskirts of Kathmandu which the government has recently ringed with an ugly concrete fence, apparently for decoration.

In 1951, the now defunct Indian National Airways (despite its name, a private company owned by a Rana in India) inaugurated a weekly service from Kathmandu to Patna and Calcutta, in northern India, and in 1954 a hard-surface airstrip was built in Kathmandu by the Indian Army, at a cost of a hundred and forty-seven thousand dollars. At the same time, the Indians built a remarkable road from Raxaul, on their northern border, to Kathmandu. While it is not as well engineered as the highway—completed by the Chinese in 1967—that links Kathmandu to Tibet, it is still a notable achievement. An endless series of hairpin turns, it is in constant and very heavy use by cars, buses, and trucks plying between Kathmandu and northern India. (That the Indian and the Chinese roads taken together link India to Chinese-controlled Tibet is a fact whose geopolitical significance is lost on no one.) In 1955, Boris persuaded the government to issue tourist visas, and since then tourism has grown rapidly. According to an official document, in 1957 there were 1,987 tourists. By 1964, the number had reached 9,526, and something like 50,000 are predicted for 1970. (The big hotels in Kathmandu are already booked nearly solidly through this year.) The vast majority of these visitors are on round-the-world jet tours and make



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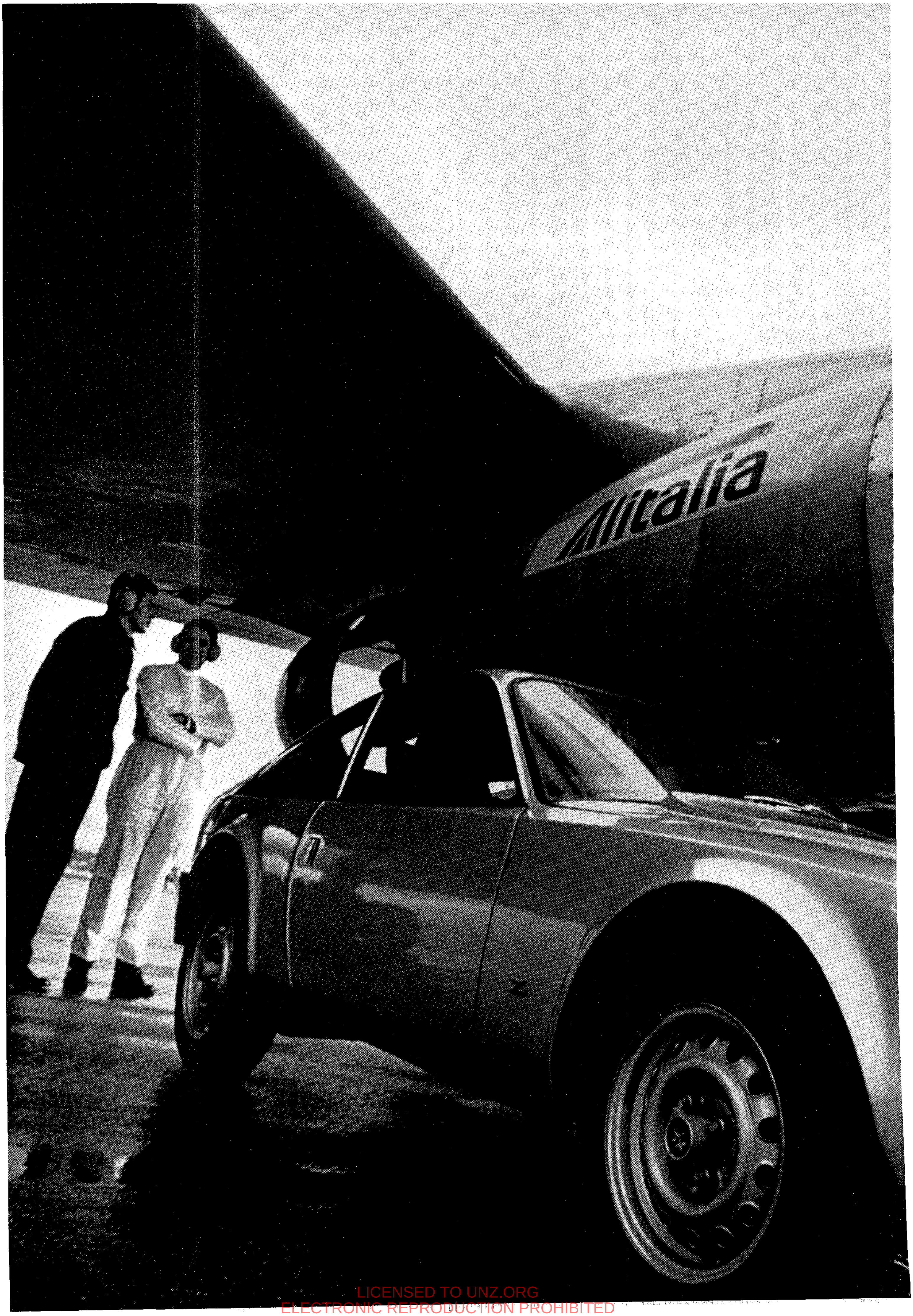
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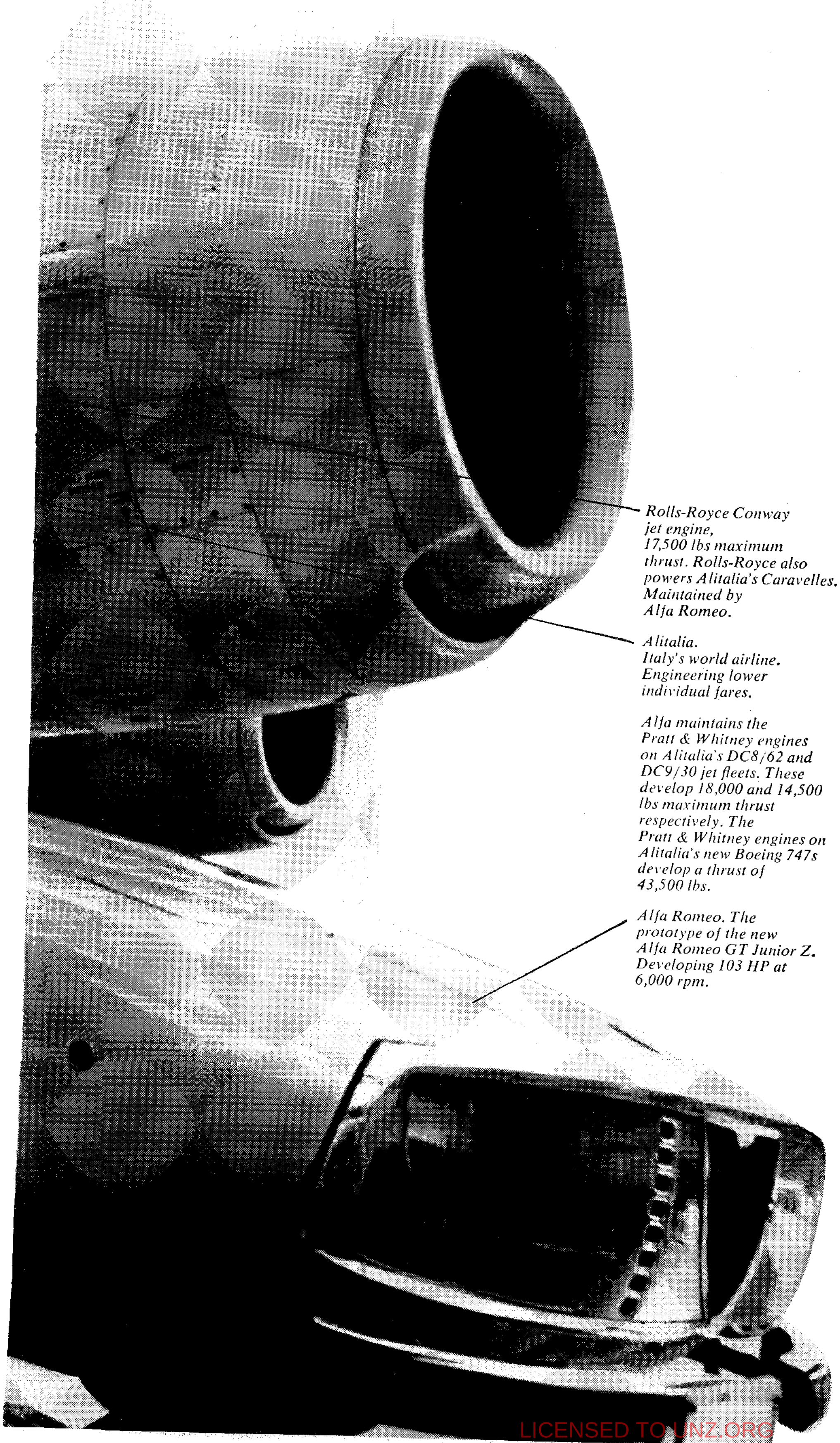

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a side trip into Kathmandu for a day or two. To handle this influx of tourists, a few new hotels have been built, and more are being planned. In Kathmandu, there are two new modern ones, the Annapurna and the Soaltee-Oberoi. Both are owned by the royal family and are under European management. I went with Boris to the first-anniversary celebration of the opening of the Soaltee, which was presided over by Prince Himalaya, the oldest brother of the King and at that moment the acting ruler of Nepal; King Mahendra was in Alaska, shooting bear, and the Crown Prince, Birendra, was at Harvard, where he was studying. (Prince Birendra, who was married to a Rana noblewoman in an elaborate wedding ceremony last February, is the first member of the Nepalese royal house to have been educated in the West.) It was a gala occasion that featured a floor show consisting of some singers imported from India, an exotic dancer, an orchestra, and a free gift in the form of a ballpoint pen manufactured in China. The Soaltee so much resembles an international Hilton that one could stay there and imagine one was not in Nepal at all. However, in a thousand-square-mile game preserve in the Terai there is a hotel that is hard to imagine existing anywhere else. It was built (with the financial collaboration of two Texas oilmen) by John Coapman, a forty-one-year-old American who was born in India, the son of Presbyterian missionaries. He was once a professional big-game hunter, but no longer; in fact, it was he who persuaded the government to establish the preserve. "The animals need all the friends they can get," he says. To reach his hotel, called Tiger Tops, one flies from Kathmandu in a DC-3, and then rides from the airfield to the hotel on the back of an elephant, which takes about two hours. The accommodations are simple but comfortable—thatched houses on stilts—and there is always the chance of seeing some of the tigers, rhinoceroses, crocodiles, peacocks, pheasants, and barking deer that inhabit the area.

Most tourists in Nepal spend only a day or so in Kathmandu and thus are not aware of how really difficult it is to see anything of the country. A tourist visa is valid for two weeks at most, and entitles the bearer to visit only the Kathmandu Valley, the Tiger Tops area, and Pokhara, from which, on a clear day, one can get a good view of Annapurna. Any other travel must be arranged specially with the Nepalese Home Ministry. Even if permission for

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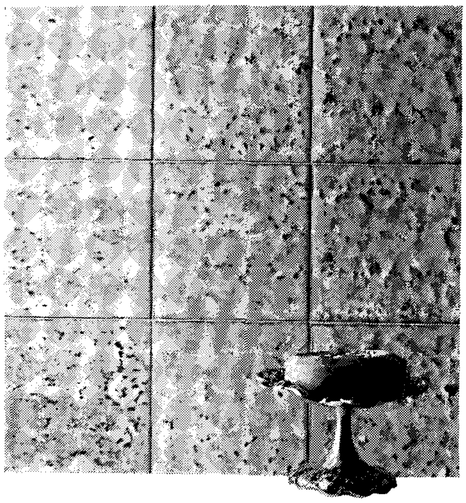

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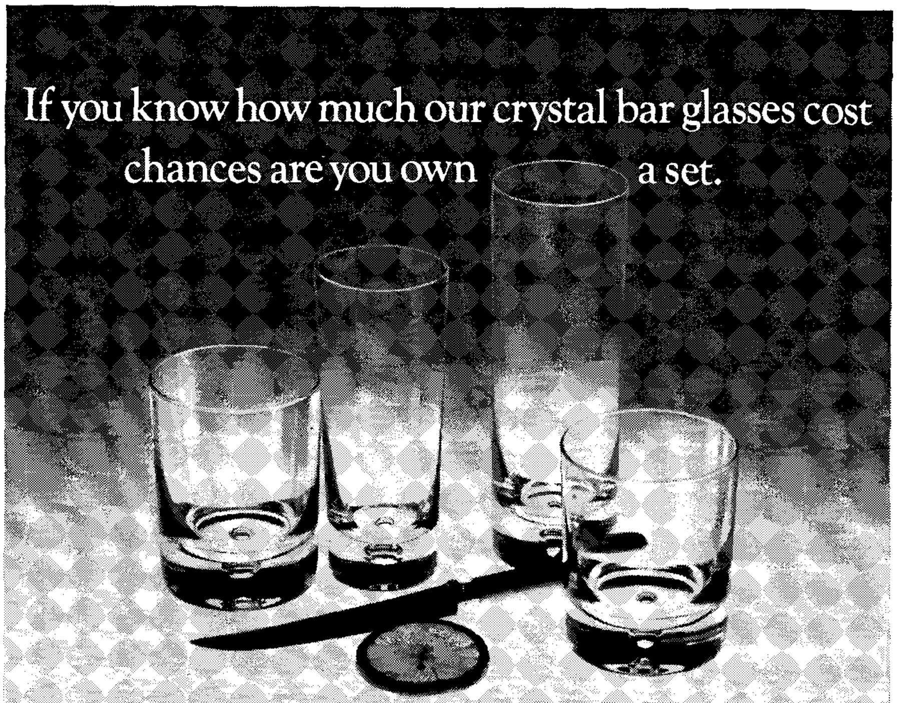

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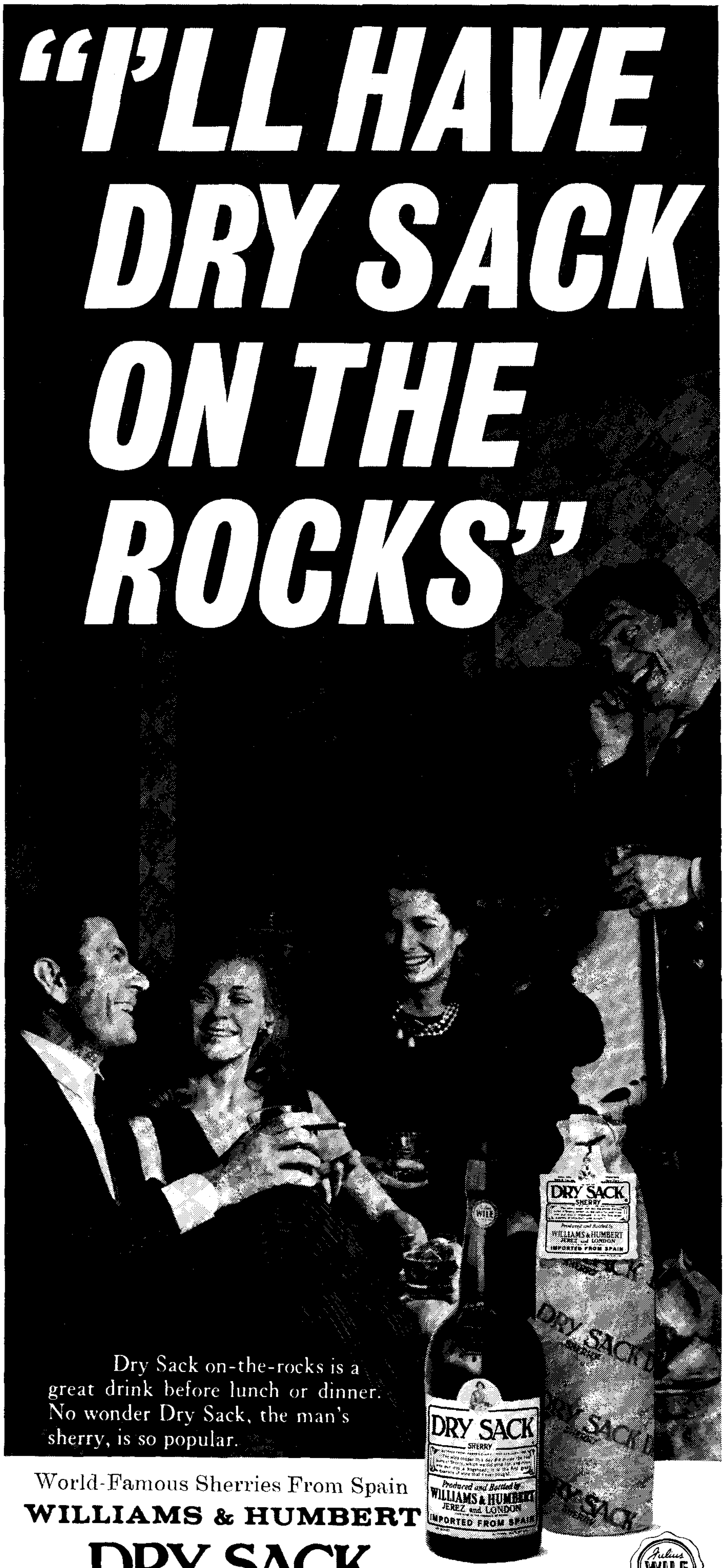
more extensive trips is granted—and for many places that are not too close to the Tibetan border this is quite possible—the only way to get about, usually, is on foot. For example, it is almost impossible for the average visitor to get to see Mount Everest. It is a pity that one of the greatest sightseeing attractions the country has to offer is not available to tourists except from an airplane. The peak is not visible from the valley, and the view of it from the surrounding hills is not very impressive. To really see Everest requires a hundred-and-ninety-mile trek to Solu-Khumbu, to the northeast. The trek takes two weeks each way—for Europeans, that is; Sherpas can do it in half the time.

Of course, not all tourists who come to Kathmandu can afford to stay at the Annapurna, the Royal, or the Soaltee. In fact, one group of tourists who started coming to Kathmandu in the last few years seems to have almost *no* means of support. These are the hippies. There is now an international hippie circuit through Asia, with ports of call in such countries as Afghanistan, Laos, and Nepal, where drugs are both legal and readily available. In Nepal, the hippies smoke processed ganja—hashish—which sells for about forty cents a pound. (Ganja grows more or less wild throughout the countryside.) Smoking pipes of hashish has long been a traditional aspect of Indian and Nepalese religious practice; in Kathmandu, there are a number of pagoda temples where people—generally older people—gather to smoke a common hashish pipe and listen to a guru chant, or to sing together. Young Nepalese are tremendous cigarette smokers—two hundred million cigarettes a year are manufactured in a six-million-dollar plant donated to the Nepalese by the Russians a few years ago—but one does not get the impression that they have much interest in drugs. However, among the young people who come to Nepal on the drug circuit (it is hard to say how many there are, although it was estimated that about two hundred gathered in Kathmandu for Christmas of 1966 and stayed on until the government deported many of them) there does not seem to be much interest in anything else. There are a few institutions in Kathmandu that cater to the hippie crowd. Some of them allow hashish smoking on the premises and some do not. Among the former, the most celebrated was until recently the Blue Tibetan Restaurant. It was owned and operated by Tibetans and served Tibetan food, as well as tea and



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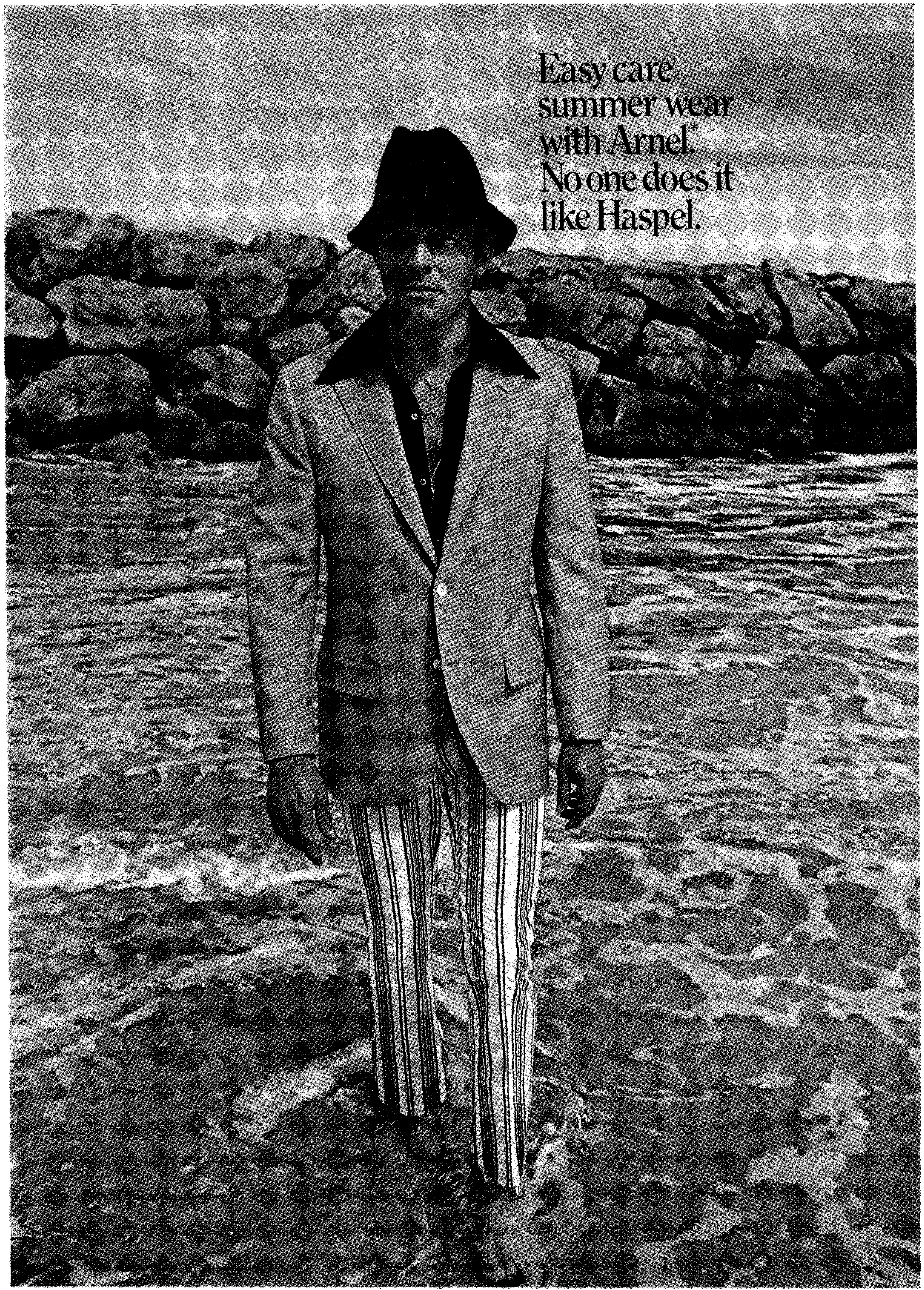
hot lemon squash. Most of the clientele were bearded young Europeans or Americans, often dressed in yellow monk's robes, along with girls of various nationalities and dress. I made two visits to the Blue Tibetan. On the first, I was greeted at the door by a bearded American from Long Beach, California, who was wearing a yellow robe. At first, I thought he must be the owner, but he cordially introduced me to two rather bemused-looking Tibetans for whom he seemed to be working as a kind of greeter. A pipe was being handed around among the customers, and the greeter offered me a turn at it. When I passed it up, he said, "Man, if your cup is filled, there is nothing I can do for you," and disappeared into the kitchen. On my second visit, a month or so afterward, things seemed a lot quieter, and the greeter had disappeared; later, the entire restaurant disappeared, and most of the smokers moved over to a new establishment, called the Cabin, which features "hash candy." I subsequently found out that there had been a mass exodus of hippies to a site somewhere outside Kathmandu, where they were in the process of setting up an "LSD United Nations." It was rumored that for one Nepalese rupee a visitor to the "U.N." could have his passport stamped "Hippieland." Apparently, the Nepalese government was not amused by the whole affair, and a number of citizens of Hippieland were asked to leave the country.

FOR a Westerner coming from a complex technological society where one is, if anything, burdened by too much communication and transport, it is all but impossible to imagine what life is like in a country where both communication and transport range from difficult to impossible. In the mountainous countryside of Nepal, the wheel is unknown for transportation; the only wheels one ever sees are the wooden carrousels that the Nepalese have constructed for their children, waterwheels for grinding corn or millet, pottery wheels, and prayer wheels. Under such circumstances, a "country" is hardly a national entity at all. Until 1951, when the Ranas were overthrown, Nepal was a geographical area divided by natural boundaries—rivers, valleys, high mountain passes—into units with practically no interconnection. There were (and are) at least thirty tribal languages spoken, twenty of them by fewer than a thousand people each. Nepalese currency was viable mainly in the Kathmandu Valley; in the north, people used a barter system, and in the rest of the country Indian rupees were the only acceptable money. (In fact, in many places paper money of any kind was not valid currency, and the early mountaineering expeditions, in the nineteen-fifties, had to take with them huge treasure chests of metal coins.) There had never been a national census; the first one was taken in 1952-54. To the average Nepalese villager, electric light, tools, telephones, schools, doctors and hospitals, and window glass were as remote as if they were on the moon. Against this background, and despite the enormous tasks that lie ahead for the country, almost everyone who has studied Nepal in the last two decades has come away profoundly impressed by how much has already been done.

An incident occurred in 1967 that graphically summarized the kind of progress that has been made. Late in October, a new telecommunications center in the very remote Bajhang District of northwest Nepal reported to Kathmandu that there was an outbreak of illness of some kind in Nawra, a Hindu farming-and-herding village with a population of about fifteen hundred scattered over the east face of an eight-thousand-foot mountain. (The mere fact that such an event could be brought promptly to the attention of the medical authorities in Kathmandu is a very recent phenomenon; as of March, 1967, fifty-eight of the country's seventy-five districts were linked to the capital by telecommunications, and the rest of the country is expected to be covered by the end of this year.) The nearest hospital to Nawra is in Doti, which is a three-day march from Nawra. The only way to reach Nawra quickly from Kathmandu is by helicopter. Since running the Russian and French helicopters would have been too expensive, the Ministry of Health asked AID for the use of its aircraft and pilots. During the first week of November, AID shuttled medical people—both Nepalese and World Health Organization, which has a substantial program in the country—back and forth between Kathmandu and Nawra. They discovered that several people in the village were sick, that some had died (ultimately eighteen), and that the disease had affected cattle, too (ultimately about a hundred and fifty deaths). Preliminary examinations indicated anthrax, a disease that is passed from animals to human beings. They also discovered that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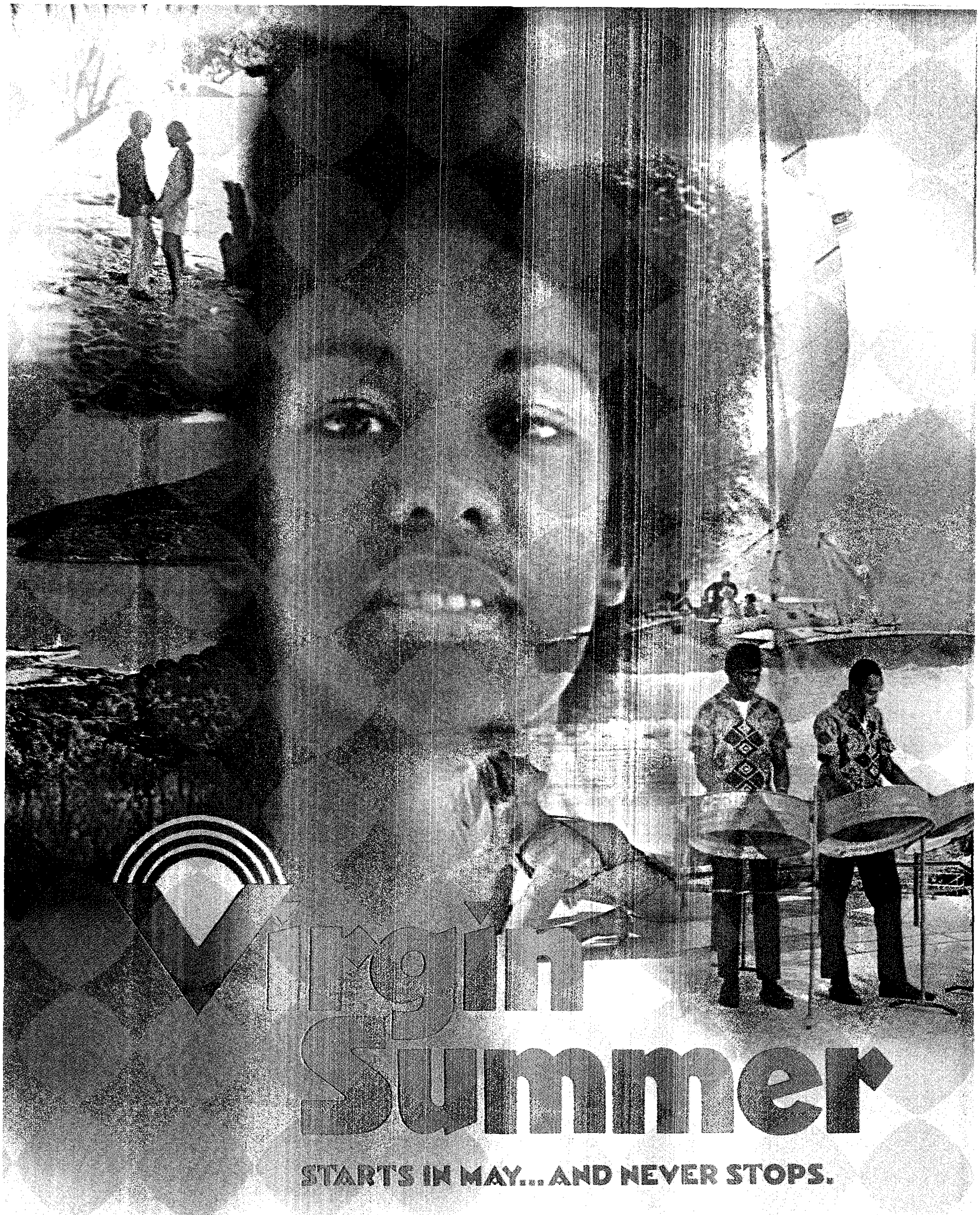

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U.S. Virgin Islands Information Center, Dept. T-70, 16 West 49th Street, New York, N.Y. 10020 the people of Nawra had instituted a quarantine system on their own initiative. The village was ringed off by flags, and each house where there were sick people had been ringed off with more flags; to cross these flags, the villagers proclaimed, would be an affront to the gods. This quarantine certainly saved many lives. One of the important world centers for studying anthrax is our National Communicable Disease Center, in Atlanta, Georgia, and a few days after the first report of the epidemic had come in, AID, in coöperation with the American Embassy, arranged to have a team of specialists flown from Atlanta to Kathmandu and then to Nawra. By this time, a laboratory analysis by the Ministry of Health in Kathmandu had given preliminary indications that the disease was not anthrax and that the people and the cattle were sick with quite disparate diseases—something that the team from Atlanta helped to confirm. The cattle, it was found, were dying from rinderpest, a disease that is specific to animals, and the people were sick with bubonic plague, a disease that is treatable with modern antibiotics. Within a short time, the outbreak in Nawra was completely under control. Only twenty years ago, such an epidemic might never have been learned about in the rest of Nepal and would have gone on unchecked, with almost unimaginable devastation.

The campaign to control malaria has been extremely effective, and much of the Terai is now largely free of the disease. An often cited example of malaria control in Nepal is that of the Rapti Valley, in the south-central part of the country. (Tiger Tops is in the Rapti Valley.) Before AID and the World Health Organization started a malaria-control program in the valley, in 1955, it was an essentially uninhabited and uninhabitable jungle. It is estimated that the people who did live there suffered at least a ninety-per-cent incidence of malaria. By March, 1967, a study reported that the malaria rate had been reduced to four-tenths of one per cent. In addition, with help from AID, five thousand people have been resettled in the valley, which now has irrigation, medical facilities, and a school system. Some fifteen thousand acres of land have been reclaimed from the jungle for farming, and, with the aid of the World Food Program, the Nepalese government is starting fish farms in the Rapti Valley rivers. It is difficult to imagine a more striking example of what can be done when

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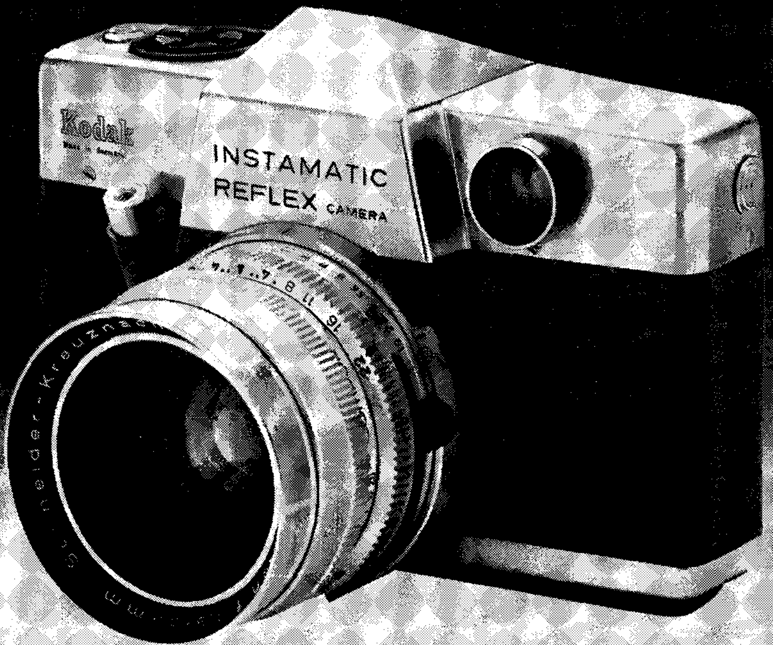

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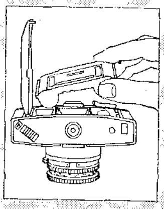

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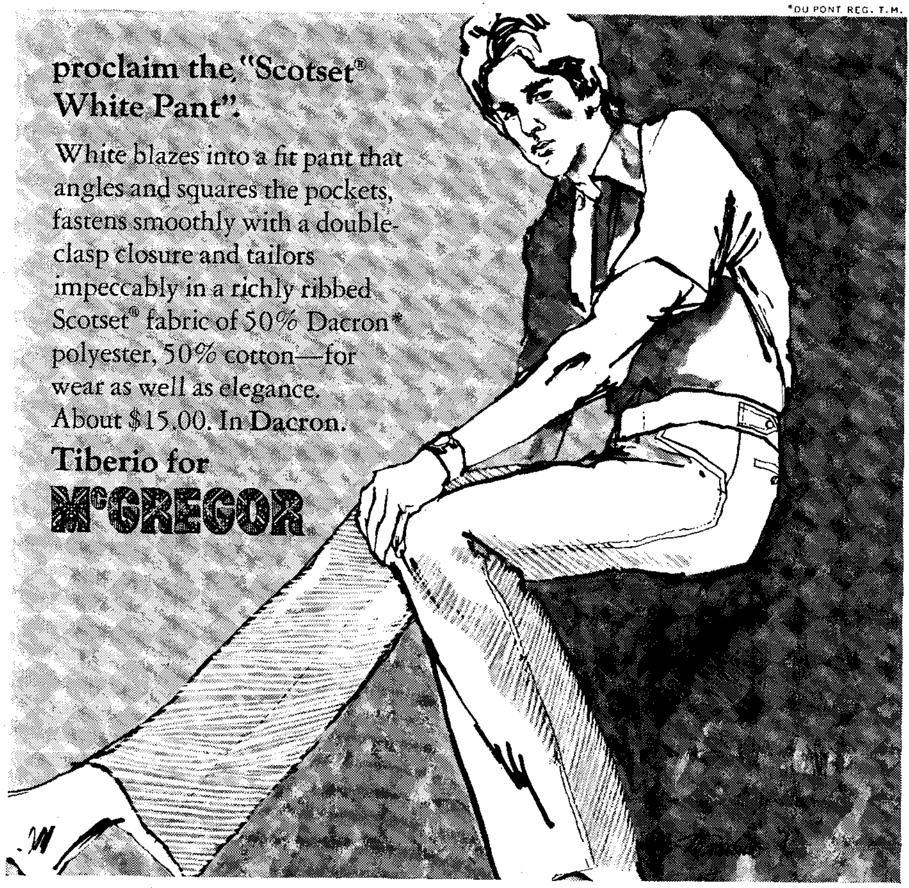
modern technology is applied to an area of the world where hunger is endemic.

Nepal has its share of communicable diseases—tuberculosis, smallpox, diphtheria, and cholera are among the most prevalent. The country has made the best progress with smallpox, since it is the easiest to deal with, by means of a mass vaccination program. This has been most effective in urban areas like Kathmandu, where medical facilities are most easily available. It is probably too much to ask a Nepalese farmer to take his family on a trek of several days to the nearest clinic, especially when he does not understand the significance of vaccination to begin with. Even so, one often sees people in the countryside who have vaccination scars, along with others whose faces have obviously been ravaged by smallpox. A fully effective program will have to wait until a network of medical centers has been established throughout the country, and until the majority of Nepalese children can go to school to learn about the reason and need for vaccinations. Tuberculosis is much more difficult to deal with, since both the diagnosis and the treatment are quite complex—the former requiring X-ray facilities, which are very rare in the country, and the latter a year or two of rest and drugs, which is beyond the reach of most Nepalese. Even in the Kathmandu Valley, it is thought, about one per cent of the population suffers from tuberculosis. The high incidence is certainly related to the Nepalese custom of having an entire family—and often more than one family—occupy one large room. Moreover, the population density of Kathmandu is almost incredibly high—forty-eight thousand per square mile, as against a bit more than thirty-five thousand for New York City.

The key to better public health is, of course, better public education. Under the Ranas, education was the exclusive privilege of the élite, although the Gurkha soldiers who came back from the British Army after the standard fifteen-year period of service founded a few local elementary schools in the hills. (Even now in remote hill towns, one often sees groups of children being taught—by rote, almost as in a military drill—by old Gurkha veterans.) After the Second World War, the Ranas were forced by the example of the expanding drive for education in India to provide more schools, and after their exit the pace of growth speeded up. In principle, elementary education is compulsory in many of the districts of Nepal, but in practice there is an acute shortage of schools and teachers, especially in the countryside, where ninety-



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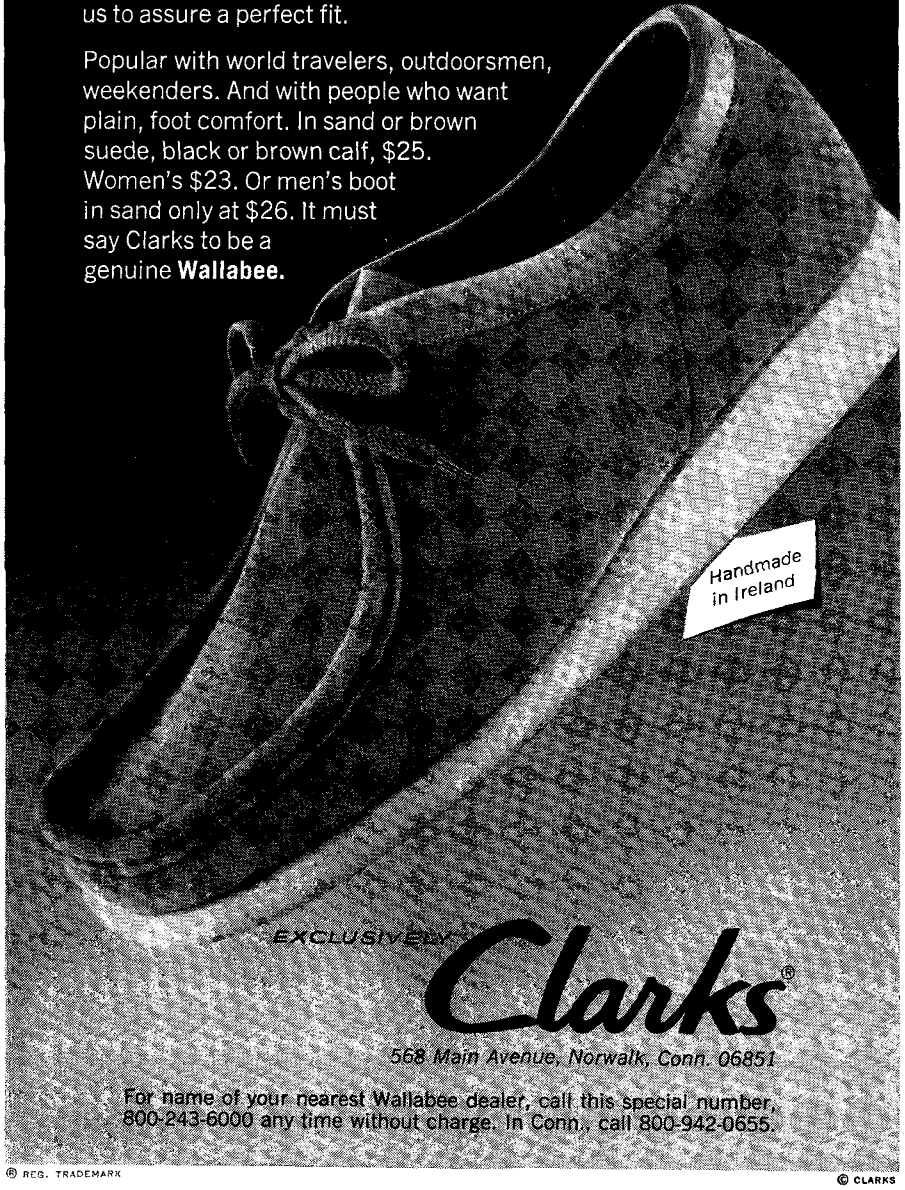
seven per cent of the population lives, and it is probable that no more than twenty or thirty per cent of the children now go to school. Even so, a 1965 survey indicated that there were well over five thousand elementary schools in operation, as opposed to three hundred and ten in 1951, and two hundred and seventy high schools, as opposed to twenty-two. Apart from the shortage of facilities, one of the most acute problems in Nepal is that young people who might become teachers, and thus contribute to the development of the villages, often view education as a means to escape village life for the relative comfort and sophistication of the cities. This attitude becomes more pronounced as students move up the educational ladder, and it is extreme at the university level. The paradox is that the more highly trained a man becomes, the less relevant are his skills to the villages. At its present stage of development, Nepal does not need highly trained engineers as much as it needs people who can and will construct simple wooden bridges; it does not need highly trained biologists as much as it needs people who can persuade farmers to try new seeds; and it does not need doctors who have been trained to cope with the diseases of technological civilizations where the life expectancy is twice what it is in Nepal as much as it needs people who are willing to teach rudimentary sanitation in the villages in the hills.

One of the most effective outfits working with the Nepalese in an effort to improve their standard of living is our Peace Corps. In 1963, an anonymous American writing for a U.S. government survey made an attempt to assess the Nepalese impression of Americans. He noted, "A fairly large number of Nepalese have had some form of contact with Americans, mainly with tourists or those composing the official mission. The general stereotype that has arisen from this acquaintance depicts Americans as good-hearted, generous, friendly but basically simple people of somewhat limited perceptions." He went on, "According to all reports, volunteers of the United States Peace Corps have already had a measurable effect in improving the image of the United States." It is my impression that for the people in the countryside of Nepal the Peace Corps volunteers now *are* the image of the United States. Wherever one goes in the back country of Nepal, if one says that one is an American it is almost immediately assumed that one is in the Peace Corps. There are now about two hundred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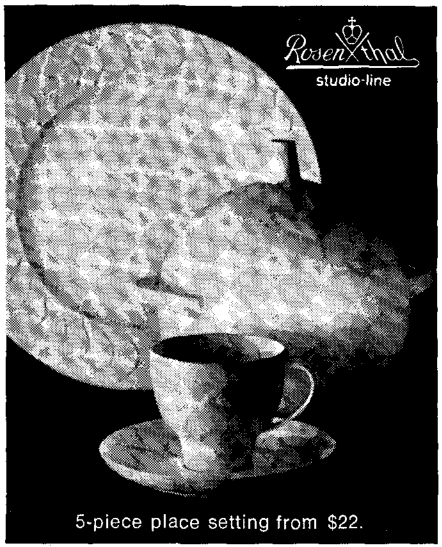

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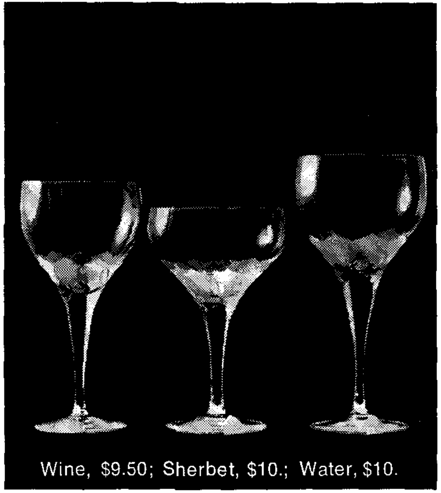

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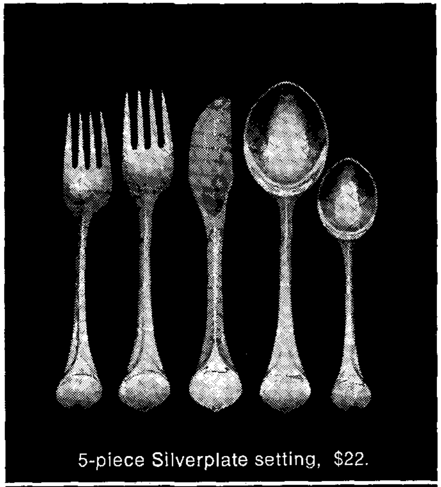

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volunteers in Nepal, and the Nepalese government has asked for more. Many of them teach high school, and in all cases they have found that their major obstacle is the emphasis that in the past was placed on learning by rote. A man is considered educated by the Nepalese if he can recite by heart large parts of religious texts, but until now no one has ever taught children how to solve problems. There is also a feeling among the volunteers that the Nepalese schools tend to teach English too soon, it being quite customary to start it in the third grade. This might be all right if it were not that many of the children cannot yet speak their own language and so are forced to learn two languages at once.

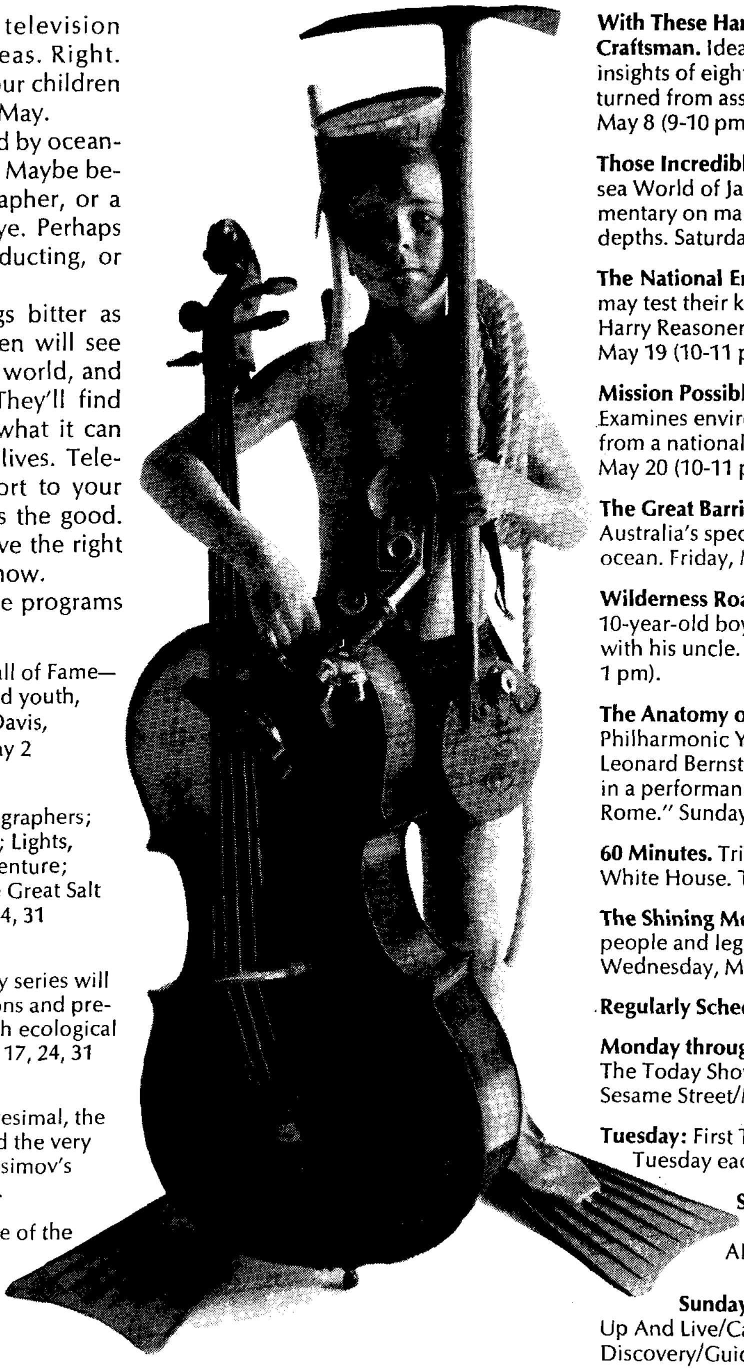
In agriculture, the Peace Corps people try to introduce the villagers to new things—new seeds, new techniques for combatting plant diseases, and the like—but it is often difficult and baffling work. Young Americans are simply not used to a society in which progress is regarded as impossible. (In areas of the country, like the Kathmandu Valley, where education is relatively advanced, however, the results of the Peace Corps' guidance have been spectacular. Wheat production in the valley, for instance, has increased tenfold since 1966.) The annual AID budget for Nepal now runs to about ten million dollars (over two-thirds of which is given to the Nepalese in the form of American-owned Indian rupees), and the largest item in the budget is agriculture. Nepal is one of the few countries in Asia that produce food for export. This surplus—wheat, rice, millet—is sold to northern India, where there are chronic food shortages, and represents the country's largest source of income. But since the Nepalese population is growing at a rate of about two and a half per cent a year, while food production is increasing by about one per cent a year, Nepal will turn from a surplus-food country to a deficit-food country in about 1978 unless something changes. (In remote areas where transportation is almost nonexistent, of course, it already *is* a deficit-food country.) The most obvious remedies are to increase food production and decrease the birth rate. Family planning is just beginning in Nepal, and AID is coöperating in this program with the Ministry of Health. In Nepal, as in most developing countries, the problem is one of education, coupled with a feeling among the people that because of the high death rate of children it is necessary to have large families in order to insure the survival of some offspring into adulthood, and one gets the impression that the problem is not yet being dealt with urgently enough or on a scale large enough to make much of a dent. On the other hand, the program to grow more food *is* having success, a law in 1964 having put a limit on the holdings of powerful landlords and their families. It also gives tenant farmers a good deal of protection and security. The law is generally agreed to be excellent, and the King has put the full weight of his authority behind it, but in practice it has been difficult to carry out. This is due in part to the fact that the Nepalese—and, above all, the rural Nepalese—do not think quantitatively. They do not have the habit of measuring distances or areas, and it is very hard to determine who owns what land. And, of course, the big landowners try to conceal ownership by dividing their holdings among in-laws and the like.

Along with the land-reform program, the government has instituted a compulsory savings program for farmers, in order to generate credit for farm investment and to free the Nepalese farmer from his traditional heavy indebtedness. In 1964, the government simply decreed that every farmer would be required to set aside a certain fraction of his yield as savings. The savings would be completely distinct from a tax, since the money would belong to the farmer—or, anyway, be available to him—and eventually would earn interest. In three years, well over thirteen million dollars was accumulated this way—a staggeringly large sum when one realizes that the entire assets of the Nepal Rastra Bank, the central government bank, are about fifty million dollars. It is perhaps even more remarkable that for a considerable time this program was under the direction of a Nepalese, Mohan Man Sainju, who is even now only in his late twenties and is studying for a Ph.D. at the University of North Carolina.

All in all, however, it is foreign aid that has been decisive in the development of Nepal, and it is astonishing just how many countries have contributed. Between 1952 and 1967, the United States is estimated to have given the country about a hundred million dollars in aid, while during the same period India gave over seventy-one million dollars, Russia over twenty million, and China over eighteen million. (Today, India is the leading benefactor, with China second and the United States third.) Another nine

May's child.

What is television doing to our children?



There are some who say television gives children strange ideas. Right. And here are some ideas your children may get from television in May.

They might be intrigued by oceanography or marine biology. Maybe being a potter, or a photographer, or a sculptor will catch their eye. Perhaps they'll be led toward conducting, or writing.

Of course, May brings bitter as well as sweet. Your children will see what we have done to our world, and it won't all be pleasant. They'll find out what ecology is, and what it can mean to the rest of their lives. Television feels bound to report to your children the bad as well as the good. Because they—and you—have the right to know and the need to know.

So for May, then, some programs to open young minds.

Teacher, Teacher. Hallmark Hall of Fame—Drama about mentally-retarded youth, with David McCallum, Ossie Davis, George Grizzard. Saturday, May 2 (7:30-9 pm).

Discovery. The Young Oceanographers; Thundering Waters of Niagara; Lights, Cameras and Underwater Adventure; Strangest Mammals of All; The Great Salt Lake. Sundays, May 3, 10, 17, 24, 31 (11:30-12 Noon).

In Which We Live. New weekly series will explore environmental situations and present concern of Americans with ecological problems. Sundays, May 3, 10, 17, 24, 31 (5:30-6 pm).

The Unseen World. The infinitesimal, the very distant, the very quick and the very slow are highlighted in Isaac Asimov's script. Sunday, May 3 (8-9 pm).

Now. Black Mayor in Dixie; Eye of the Storm; Missing in Randolph; Women's Liberation. Mondays, May 4, 11, 18, 25 (10:30-11 pm).

Once Before I Die. GE Monogram—Report of seven amateur mountaineers climbing Himalayas. Tuesday, May 5 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Cartier-Bresson's California. Impressions of section of American life by French photographer. Tuesday, May 5 (10-11 pm).

With These Hands: Rebirth of American Craftsman. Ideals, viewpoints, creative insights of eight Americans who have turned from assembly line methods. Friday, May 8 (9-10 pm).

Those Incredible Diving Machines. Undersea World of Jacques Cousteau—Documentary on man's drive to master ocean depths. Saturday, May 16 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The National Environment Test. Americans may test their knowledge of ecology, with Harry Reasoner, Mike Wallace. Tuesday, May 19 (10-11 pm).

Mission Possible: They Care for a Nation. Examines environmental deterioration from a national viewpoint. Wednesday, May 20 (10-11 pm).

The Great Barrier Reef. Exploration of Australia's spectacular shield against the ocean. Friday, May 22 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Wilderness Road. American Rainbow—10-year-old boy studies Arizona's wildlife with his uncle. Saturday, May 23 (12 Noon-1 pm).

The Anatomy of a Symphony. New York Philharmonic Young People's Concerts—Leonard Bernstein conducts and narrates in a performance of Respighi's "Pines of Rome." Sunday, May 24 (4:30-5:30 pm).

60 Minutes. Tricia Nixon conducts tour of White House. Tuesday, May 26 (10-11 pm).

The Shining Mountains. Project 20—The people and legends of America's Rockies. Wednesday, May 27 (10-11 pm).

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Sesame Street/Misterogers' Neighborhood

Tuesday: First Tuesday (appearing first Tuesday each month)/ CBS News Hour

Saturday: The Banana Splits Adventure Hour/Jambo/ABC's Wide World of Sports

Sunday: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up And Live/Camera Three/Bullwinkle/Discovery/Guideline/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Directions/Issues and Answers/G-E College Bowl/Wild Kingdom/The Wonderful World of Disney

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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million dollars has come from a large number of other countries. Most of these countries have some sort of political axe to grind. However, there is at least one notable exception: Switzerland. It is difficult to imagine any possible political motivation for Swiss aid to Nepal, yet the Swiss have one of the most effective, if small-scale, programs in the country. Their interest in Nepal goes back to the early nineteen-fifties, when a well-known Swiss geologist and explorer, Toni Hagen, began a series of geological studies of the country at the invitation of the government. Over a period of seven years, Hagen, accompanied by a few Sherpas, walked thousands of miles in Nepal, and probably came to know the country better than any Westerner—and perhaps any Nepalese—before or since. He later wrote an excellent book on Nepal, illustrated with a series of incredibly beautiful photographs, and in it he concluded that the rural Nepalese needed three things urgently: suspension bridges, hospitals and doctors, and schools. Perhaps because of Toni Hagen's work and writings, and because of the Swiss Alpine expeditions to Nepal, the Swiss have built bridges in rural Nepal, and in Jiri, in the east, they have set up a sort of model village with a medical clinic. Moreover, the Swiss introduced modern dairy-farming to the country. In 1955, with financial support from New Zealand—another country that has had a close and disinterested relationship with Nepal, probably because of Sir Edmund Hillary—the Swiss set up a cheese plant in Langtang, six days' walk from Kathmandu. Now there are several cheese factories in the country, and cheese and butter made from yak's milk has become an important export. In 1950, when the Chinese moved into Tibet, a torrential flow of refugees began pouring into Nepal, Bhutan, Sikkim, and India. There are now about eight thousand Tibetan refugees left in Nepal out of the original group of twenty thousand, and the Swiss have made very important contributions to their resettlement (a small number have even gone to Switzerland to live), establishing several refugee villages, including one in Jawalakhel, outside Kathmandu.

Many other countries have programs in Nepal. The British have been involved in setting up radio-broadcasting facilities and building roads, the West Germans have helped set up a technical institute, the Australians have contributed to improving the water supply, the Japanese have been helping develop hydroelectric power, the

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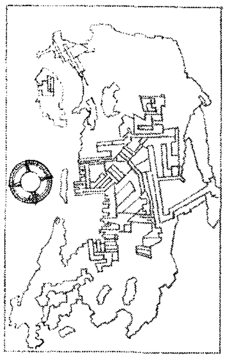

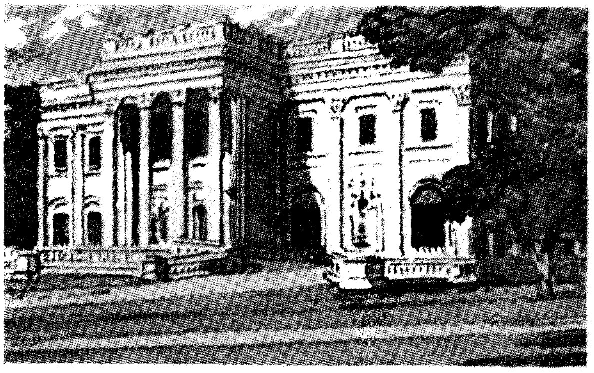

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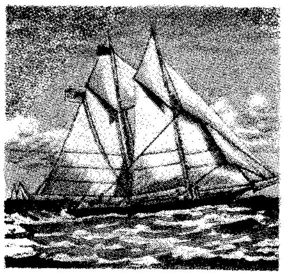

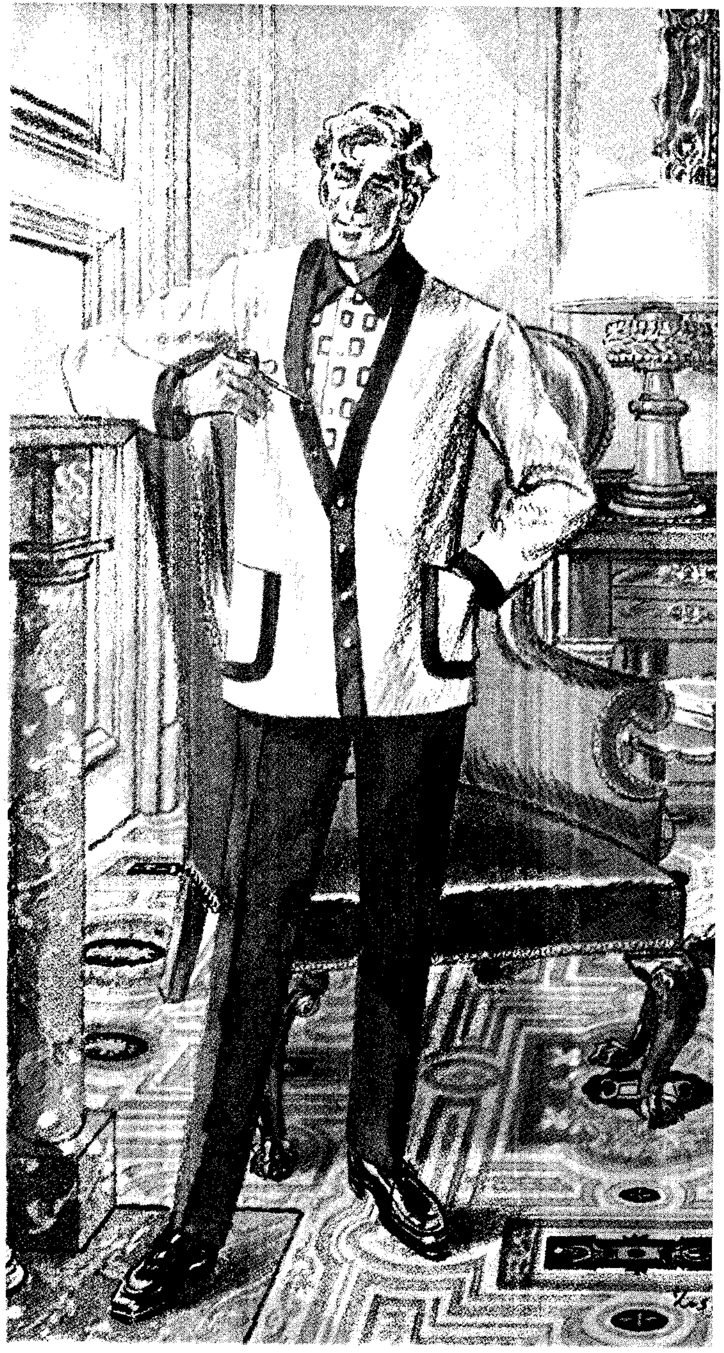

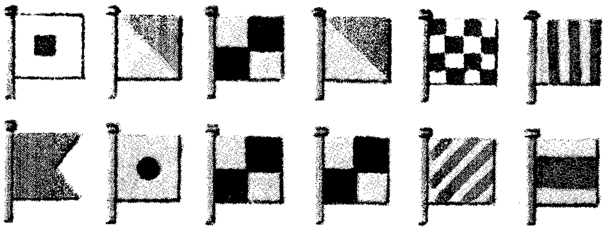

Bernhard Altmann
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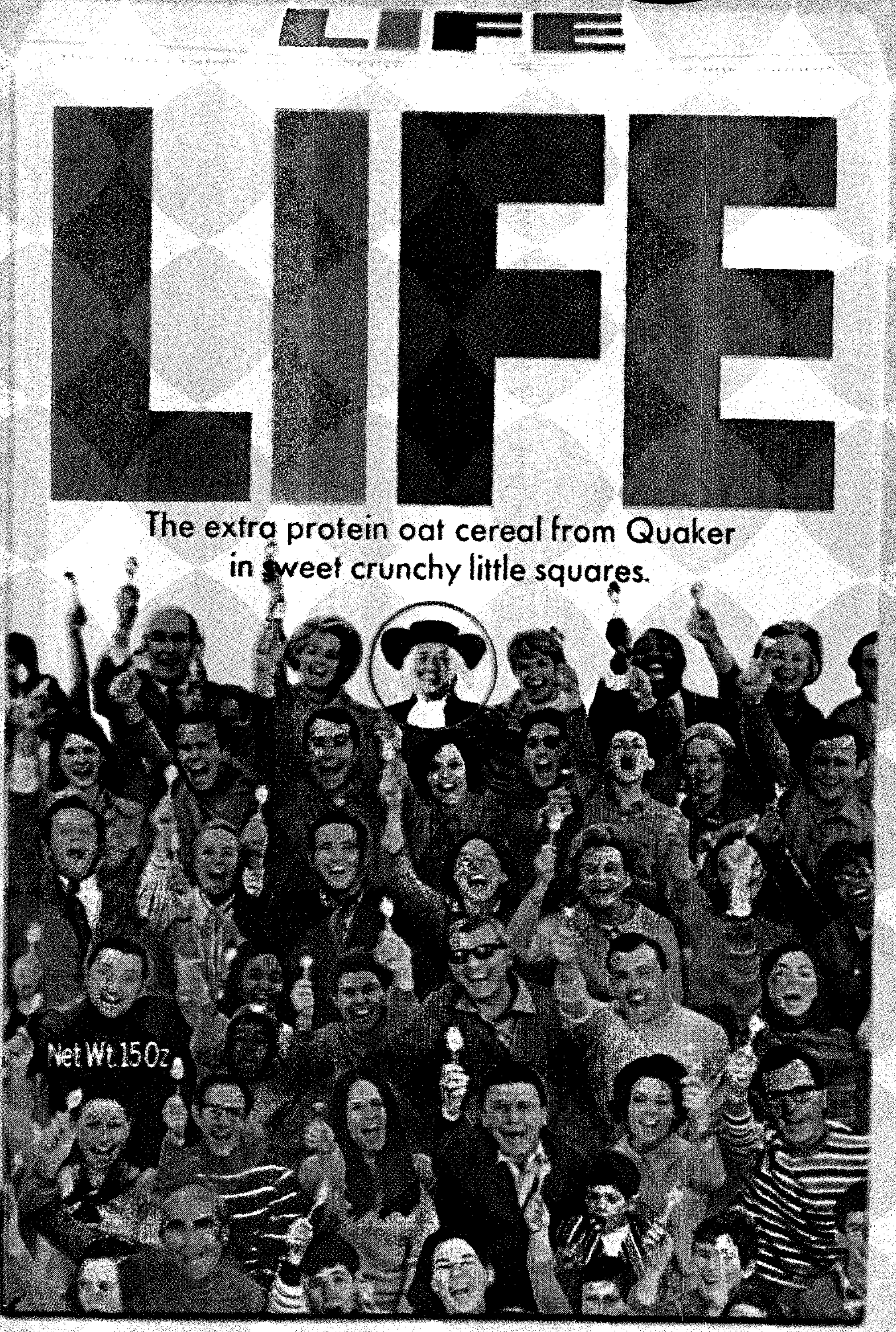
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Canadians have furnished wheat during food shortages, the Poles have taken in Nepalese students, the French have been helping develop the tourist industry, and the Yugoslavs and Bulgarians have entered into trade agreements. An interesting case is that of the Israelis. Since 1962, Israel has been accepting Nepalese students and financing their studies, and has also been cooperating with the Nepalese in the resettlement of landless peasants. One consequence of this is that Nepal has followed an extremely moderate and friendly line toward Israel in the United Nations, unlike her neighbors India and Pakistan, who have sided with the Arabs.

In many ways, Nepal's future depends on how well it can maintain its balance and independence between its two giant and mutually hostile neighbors, China and India. Since the British left India, India's relations with Nepal have gone through considerable evolution. Nepal has a long tradition of political independence, and its foreign policy with respect to India has been an attempt to establish its independence while at the same time facing up to the political and economic reality of Indian power. (There is one curious manifestation of Nepalese independence—Nepalese time has been officially set at ten minutes ahead of Indian time. Also, the Nepalese regard Saturday as the day of rest, while the Indians and the Pakistanis both take Sunday.) King Mahendra is not averse to playing off India and China against each other for the benefit of Nepal. In 1956, Nepal signed its first aid agreement with China, and in January, 1957, Chou En-lai paid a state visit to Kathmandu. In 1962, Nepal's relations with her neighbors took a dramatic turn when India and China went to war. It became crucially important for India to have solid and cordial relations with Nepal. There had previously been a good deal of friction between the two countries over tariff questions and the like, but with the Chinese at their doorstep the Indians quickly moved to end all sources of tension. King Mahendra, for his part, had already gone to Peking and concluded the agreement with the Chinese that led to the construction of the road from Kathmandu to the Tibetan border. Nepal is still extremely dependent on India economically, but the Chinese have an embassy in Kathmandu, and there are a few bookstores that sell the latest works from Peking, including a book on Chinese mountain climbing in which it is claimed that two Chinese—

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Wang Fu-chu and Chu Jin-hua—and a Tibetan named Konbu climbed Mount Everest at night and planted a bust of Mao at the summit.

PRESENT-DAY Kathmandu is a living epitome of its past. Every era is represented in a tumbling chaos of palaces, pagodas, gilded temples, and concrete buildings. In a recent issue of *The Rising Nepal*, the most important English-language daily in the country, Kamal P. Malla wrote a series of articles entitled "Kathmandu, Your Kathmandu." They had something of the bittersweet quality of letters in a lovers' quarrel, and they aroused a good deal of comment in the city, but he did manage to capture some of the impression that Kathmandu makes upon the visitor. In part, he wrote:

> Kathmandu was never built; it just grew up like weeds. That is why the city takes the knowledgeable tourist perpetually by surprise. He can never tell what next he may bump into after drifting along for a five-minute distance from a golden pagoda. The old city abounds in the deposits of time, groaning buildings with beautifully carved but rotting verandas, temples and pagodas in disrepair, cracking doorframes with exquisite details, places of worship with obscene terra-cotta. It is the art in ruins and disarray, the islands of symmetry in the thick of fuming slums and green gutters, the harmony in bronze and stone thick with pious scum that unnerve every outsider in Kathmandu. Amidst such a mighty confusion of holy cows and mangy dogs, elusive men and markets, suffocating traffic and pedestrians, stubborn street venders and obscure holes, suddenly there is an island of calm and order, repose and harmony—the work of an unknown artist or artists who betrayed their disdain everywhere in stone, wood, and metals.

To the Western eye, accustomed to cities with a kind of rectangular order, Kathmandu presents the aspect of a perpetual bazaar. Shops with open fronts crowd one another, and venders selling at the top of their lungs everything from shoelaces to oranges line the sidewalks. The tiny streets are thick with bicycles and rickshaws. The automobile is a recent Nepalese discovery, and, to add to the general confusion, the typical Nepalese driver has implicit faith in the power of the horn. Pedestrians, cows, chickens, and dogs scurry in all directions to escape jeeps, buses, government limousines, and taxis, all honking at each other like angry geese. The Nepalese are physically a small people, their average height running to about five feet three, and this adds to the Western visitor's odd impression that the whole city is imaginary.

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They are fond of singing, and knots of people often gather around groups of singers who have come together in the middle of the street simply for the pleasure of it. Above everything else, and permeating the entire fabric of Nepalese life, is a sense of religion. The city abounds in temples and religious statues, some magnificent and some in decay. Religious festivals occur almost continually, and the streets are often crowded with parades in which masked deities are carried along on the shoulders of the crowd. In the early evening, when the city is quiet, people often go to the temples to sing or pray. Sometimes a holy man, his face distant with rapture, plays a harmonium and sings chants that must be as old as the country itself. In all the history of Nepal, there has never been a scientific tradition, and the affairs of men and nature have always been seen as reflections of the activities of the gods. Nepal is now entering the modern world, where science will play its role, and perhaps some of the religious traditions will alter, and maybe even disappear. In 1884, a French visitor to Kathmandu, Gustave le Bon, was struck, even then, by a sense of a culture in transition, and what he wrote seems almost truer now: "Before the sparkling but cold illuminations of modern science, the giant epochs of Gods and Heroes that unfold in all these mysterious sanctuaries are becoming pale phantoms, and the world out of which they came a vain mirage. It is, however, from this world, so poetically strange, that our modern world was born. The pitiless hand of time and the still more pitiless hand of man destroy every day the last debris of monuments accumulated out of centuries of belief. One must hurry to study these vestiges of ages that humanity has passed forever. This debris of a world forgotten, whose contours dissolve and disappear in the mists of time, speaks to us of ideas and beliefs of the races that have civilized our own, and they speak in a language that soon man will understand no longer."

—JEREMY BERNSTEIN

(This is the first of two articles on Nepal.)

•

Clearly, if Rockefeller were to be reelected, he needed to refurbish his longtime liberal image. What better way to embrace Sen. Goodell, who in one year has become the hottest ticket on the campus—even in traditionally upstate New York.—*The Post.*

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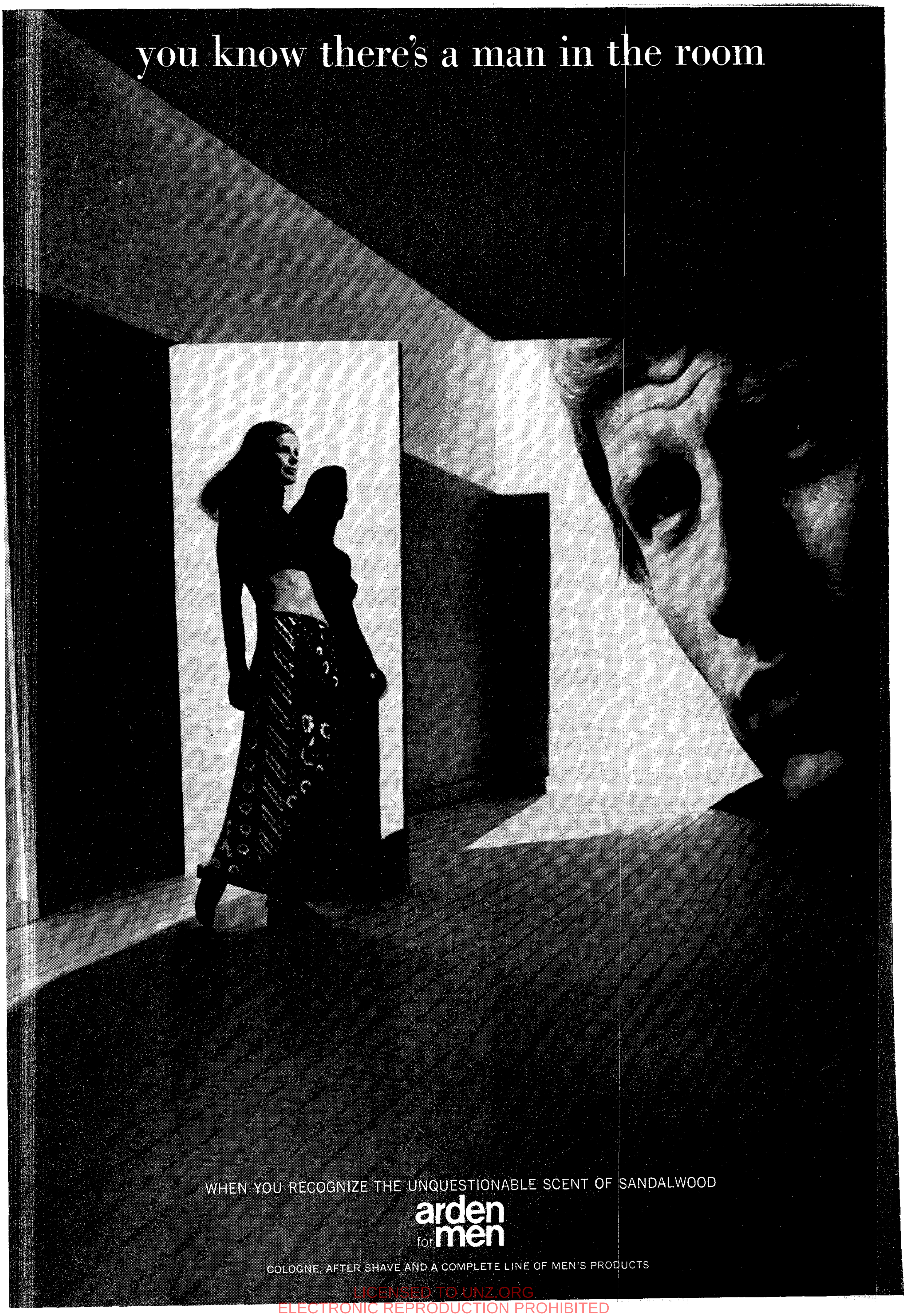
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THE THEATRE

NEW COUNTRY

"COMPANY," at the Alvin, is a sensationally attractive show, and I make no bones about hoping that its producer, Hal Prince, will invite me back to see it in the year 2000, when the pressure for tickets will have begun to abate a little; by then I will be wanting a seat well to the front of the theatre, with perhaps a wicker basket for the ushers to carry me in. "Company" is the kind of musical that a number of increasingly distracted champions of Broadway have been begging for—not a conventional adaptation, however skillful and energetic, of a previous success in some other incarnation but an original piece of work, and one, moreover, that joyously breaks new ground. Not all that *much* new ground, mind you—just enough to let one reflect that "My Fair Lady" happened fourteen years ago and "Oklahoma!" twenty-seven years ago, and that, since everything else in the world moves, the musical theatre ought to be capable of moving, too. What a pleasure it is when a work of art not only delights the eye but also astonishes it!

Since my review of "Company" will be roses, roses all the way, I may as well speak first of its book, which is the exceptionally intelligent handiwork of a young man named George Furth. Mr. Furth, who comes from Chicago (and has some funny things to say about it; Chicago evidently sears the soul of everyone who leaves it), is making his literary début here with "Company;" in doing so he exemplifies the good old American adage that a man might as well begin at the top. Wisely, he has been content to tell a simple story in the fewest possible words. Robert, his hero, is a pleasant, prosperous, rather square young man. Among his friends are five married couples, and as the curtain goes up they have all gathered at his apartment to surprise him with a party in honor of his thirty-fifth birthday. By the time the curtain goes down on the last scene, something curious has happened to the party, and to the guests, and to Robert; he has turned a dangerous corner in his life, and nothing will ever be the same for him again. This dangerous corner—a favorite subject with writers, and especially with Henry James, of whom it is safe to say that one is rarely put in mind of him by musicals—is commitment to life, to the risks of loving and being loved back, and the five couples, along with some unattached but readily attachable girls, provide Robert with an assortment of means by which to measure his risks. Stephen Sondheim has written music and lyrics that irresistibly advance and illuminate Mr. Furth's cautionary tale; in song after song, notably "Sorry-Grateful," "Poor Baby," "Barcelona," and "Being Alive," Mr. Sondheim's deservedly celebrated talents are at their wryest, driest, highest pitch of tunefulness and wit. Like the music, the dancing in "Company" springs directly from the book and is indissolubly joined to it throughout, and Boris Aronson's setting—a skeleton of steely dark uprights and flights of stairs and mobile platforms—though at first merely forbidding in its ominousness, proves an accurate visible counterpart of the bleak turmoil raging in the hero's heart, as well as an ingenious device for displaying to maximum advantage a large cast moving through many scenes.

At the head of the cast stands Dean Jones, whose Robert is a plausibly lonely and touching figure. Despite a singing voice that seems to depend heavily on amplification, Mr. Jones makes a fine thing of the climactic scene of "Company," hurling himself as gallantly as a diver off a high cliff into a superb rendition of "Being Alive." Elaine Stritch plays a rich, hardboiled, husband-collecting harpy, and she delivers her lines with such relish that the audience often laughs before it has quite taken in what she has said. As her current husband, Charles Braswell is amiably mouselike and mountainous. Barbara Barrie and Charles Kimbrough have a very comic scene as a couple suffering—separately but together—the anguish of being on a diet, going on the wagon, and practicing karate, and Teri Ralston and George Coe are hilarious (and mysteriously attractive) as an uptight couple trying pot. Beth Howland plays with lively charm the difficult role of a Catholic girl who, in her wedding dress and with the guests already at the church, is no longer sure that she wishes to marry the handsome young Jewish man (Steve Elmore) whom she has been living with for years. The honor of being the funniest creature onstage goes to Susan Browning, as an airline stewardess of incomparably easy virtue and vacant mind. Miss Browning is, in a word, glorious, but lest I be thought to be playing favorites, I had better add that I admired Pamela Myers as an eccentric girl with an odd but convincing theory about how to gauge one's psychological adjustment to the stress of New York, and that I also admired Donna McKechnie for a solo dance that quite properly brought down the house.

Who remains to be praised? Certainly Mr. Prince, who directed the entire production; Michael Bennett, who staged the musical numbers; D. D. Ryan, who designed the costumes; and Robert Ornbo, who did the lighting. In my enthusiasm over "Company," it is hard for me to break off naming names; indeed, it is only by a powerful act of will that I refrain from congratulating Dr. Benjamin A. Gilbert, the house physician of the Alvin.

"INQUEST," at the Music Box, cannot be judged—and is not intended to be judged—solely on its merits as a play; if it were to be so judged, it would have to be given very low marks, being by calculation as well as ineptitude almost wholly devoid of any of the devices by which our interest is ordinarily aroused and manipulated in the theatre. Given its tragic theme and the fact that it is cast in the form of a courtroom drama, it is uncannily dull; the author, Donald Freed, has subtitled it "A Tale of Political Terror," but he has not succeeded in making the terror manifest onstage, and the few glimpses that he offers us of the minds of his hero and heroine are so conventionally timid-lower-middle-class-domestic-amorous that the exemplary courage with which they eventually go to their deaths strikes us, in our ignorance of their motives and emotions alike, as a mere anomaly.

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forward documentary account of the trial and execution of the so-called "atom spies" Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. In 1951, in the Federal Courthouse down on Foley Square, they were found guilty of conspiring to commit espionage against the United States and were sentenced to death by Judge Irving Kaufman; two years later, after innumerable court actions in their behalf in the District Court, the Circuit Court of Appeals, and the United States Supreme Court, they were electrocuted at Sing Sing—"the first U.S. civilians to be put to death for espionage," the *Times* noted the following day. "Last week each had been informed by the Department of Justice that confessions could win them a reprieve from death. Both Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, however, maintained that they were completely innocent and had nothing to confess."

Mr. Freed's play, like the play about Churchill by Rolf Hochhuth and the play about J. Robert Oppenheimer by Heinar Kipphardt, raises questions of ethics that make me uneasy and that I have yet to find a satisfactory answer to. Hochhuth's play, for example, flatly accuses Churchill of having arranged the murder of General Sikorski, and most of Hochhuth's audiences have no way of knowing that the author possesses not a shred of evidence for such an accusation. In Kipphardt's play, Oppenheimer, who happens to be dead, comes close to being sanctified; the men who are portrayed as his oppressors, most of whom happen to be living, are in some cases given their real names. As I have wondered before in this space, what are the "villains' " rights? Can they not object to being impersonated and traduced for another man's arbitrary purpose (and profit)? Mr. Freed has turned Judge Kaufman into a monster of unfeeling evil intention. Judge Kaufman is still on the bench, and the hundreds of people who form an opinion of him from the character bearing his name in "Inquest" would understandably quake in their shoes at the thought of ever having to appear before him. I believe Judge Kaufman was wrong to sentence the Rosenbergs to death, but that is beside the point here; the point is that Mr. Freed is practicing on Judge Kaufman precisely the sort of character assassination that, for polemical reasons, he shows being practiced on the Rosenbergs. He has an aesthetic right to do this (the only aesthetic wrong is to fail), and the existence of the play on Broadway would seem to demonstrate that he has a legal right to do so, but has he a moral right? I think not.

Mr. Freed is as clumsy a polemicist as he is a dramatist; his special pleading by omission is as unconvincing as his scenes with the Rosenbergs *à deux*, which he defines as "reconstructions"—that is, "inventions in the service of truth rather than facts." The little of value that remains in "Inquest" is the performances. Under Alan Schneider's direction, George Grizzard, Anne Jackson, James Whitmore, Mason Adams, and Jack Hollander manage to find more in the play than it contains. Karl Eigsti has provided a courtroom setting with, as a rear wall, eighteen screens, onto which news photographs are occasionally projected. A favorable interpretation of this device would be that it was intended to refresh our recollection of the period; an unfavorable interpretation of it would be that it was, for most contemporary audiences, a crude form of brainwashing.

A SAD little musical called "Park" came to the John Golden on Earth Day and vanished on a worse day, after five performances. It was about a father, a mother, a daughter, and a son who meet in Central Park pretending to be total strangers, with the hope that by this cutie-pie means they will overcome the insuperable difficulty of communicating within the family circle. The book and lyrics, by Paul Cherry, made it only too painfully clear that the difficulty lay not in their being members of a family but in their bizarre notion of the nature of human speech. The archness of their conversation would have caused even the friendliest dolphin puppy to rush away appalled. I felt sorry for the actors—Julie Wilson, Joan Hackett, David Brooks, and Don Scardino—and for Peter Harvey, who had designed a charming bosky dell in the Park, complete with a cellophane thunderstorm. You don't see many cellophane thunderstorms these days, and I was suitably grateful. —BRENDAN GILL

•

Mr. Genereaux, manager of the Product Planning Department of McGraw-Hill Information Systems Company, attended lards and teal swimming in the Bronx River, migrate south and The Hotchkiss School, Princeton University and was graduated from the University of Delaware.—*Bronxville (N.Y.) Review Press-Reporter.*

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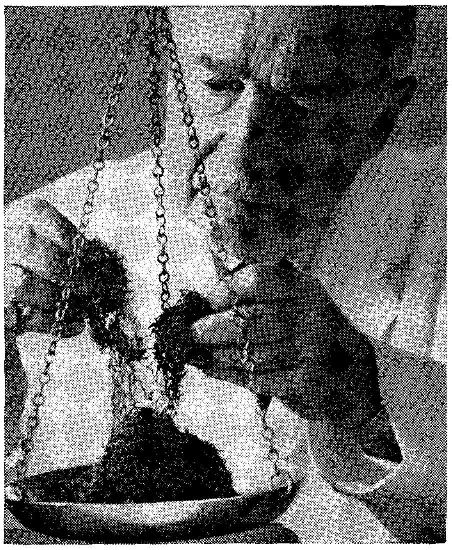

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THE RACE TRACK

Whaddaya Like?

IT'S Kentucky Derby time again. Whatever method you use, you're going to find that the tantalizing exercise of picking the winner is a rather large order, for the race in Louisville this weekend is the widest-open Derby in years. Even at this late date a score of three-year-olds are looked upon as possible starters. My guess is that sixteen or eighteen will go to the post. And, all things considered, all doubts weighed, any one of eight or ten has a good chance of winning. The race, as usual, will be a merry scramble from start to finish of the mile and a quarter.

Presuming that you're not too tired of hearing about some of the better-known runners, I submit a few haphazard notes. Let's begin with Terlago, who has been the favorite in the Caliente future book ever since he won the Santa Anita Derby. I didn't see him in action when I was at Santa Anita a couple of months ago, but I am told that he is the best in the West. He did run faster in the Santa Anita Derby than Majestic Prince did a year ago, but he's no Majestic Prince in my book. He is, you may remember, the colt that Samuel J. Agnew, a timber man in the State of Washington, gave $220,000 for at the dispersal of the Wallace Gilroy stable at Belmont Park last season. Well, Terlago was beaten in the Stepping Stone Purse at Churchill Downs last Saturday by My Dad George, the winner of the Flamingo Stakes and the Florida Derby, and this further complicates the Derby outlook. My Dad George won by a neck after a stride-for-stride drive with Terlago down the long stretch. Cassie Red, who led for about half of the seven-furlong gallop, was third. A claim of foul against the winner by the boy on Sailstone, who finished fourth, was dismissed. But winning this race is no passport to success in the Derby.

You'd be surprised, as I was, at how many racing men—keen observers, too—are stringing along with Silent Screen, believing in the adage that a good horse always runs back to his best form. Perhaps that's why someone recently bet $1,300 on him in the Caliente future book. In my opinion, if he tired in the Wood Memorial, at nine furlongs (and it's generally agreed that he did), the ten furlongs of the Kentucky Derby are going to be beyond his powers. His only chance, as I see it, is for Rotz to get him around the clubhouse turn lengths in front—and hope for the best.

The experts were thrown into some confusion when Dust Commander, whose form has been pretty moderate, beat Corn Off the Cob, Naskra, Protanto, and six others last Thursday in the Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland, a preliminary-to-the-Derby race that has been won by four recent Derby winners. However, it rained early in the day, and neither Naskra nor Corn Off the Cob runs well in that sort of going.

What do I like? I suppose no one who watches horses ought to hide his opinion behind generalities. Besides, if you're wrong, you've only lost another bet. And who hasn't? Personality caught my eye in the Gotham, in which he was fourth. I liked the way he won his prep for the Wood Memorial, and his race in winning the Wood was a smasher. I wish he were bigger and had more substance, but you can't have everything.

ARTS AND LETTERS is himself again. Running with all the dash he showed last autumn, he stormed past Never Bow, to whom he gave nine pounds, and Gaelic Dancer, to whom he gave eleven, in the stretch to win the Grey Lag Handicap at Aqueduct last Saturday afternoon. Nine ran, and early in the race Gaelic Dancer set off as though he couldn't be caught. At one stage, he was five lengths in front of Never Bow and twice that far ahead of Arts and Letters, whom Baeza had eased over to the rail and kept there so long that I wondered what he had in mind. Once Arts and Letters started his run, the picture changed, and in the last furlong he cut his opposition to ribbons. His next start will be in the Californian Stakes at Hollywood Park on May 16th. Another Rokeby Stable star, Fort Marcy, missed a double for his trainers out there last weekend, when Quilche lasted just long enough to win the Century Handicap from him by a nose in record time.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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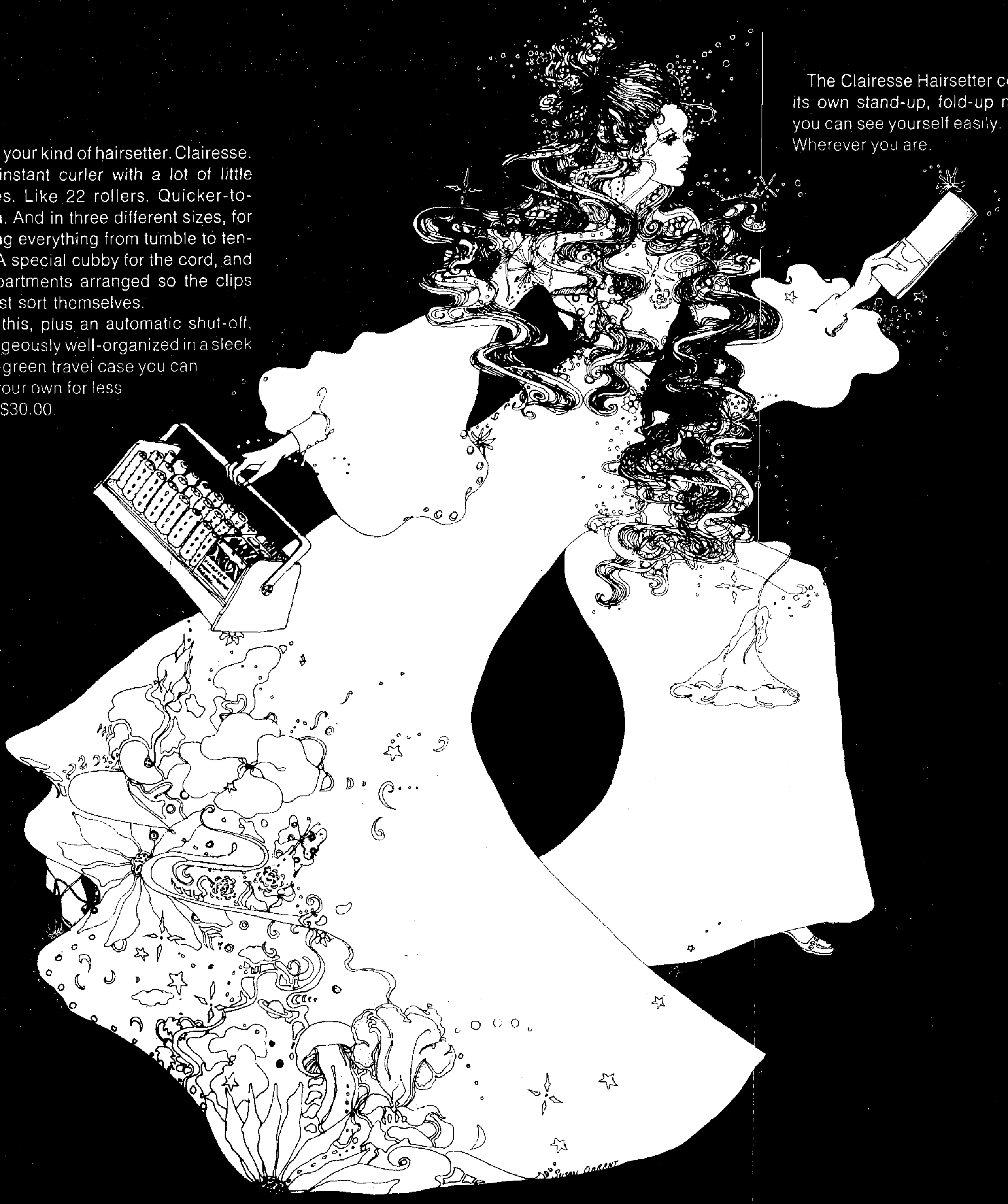

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

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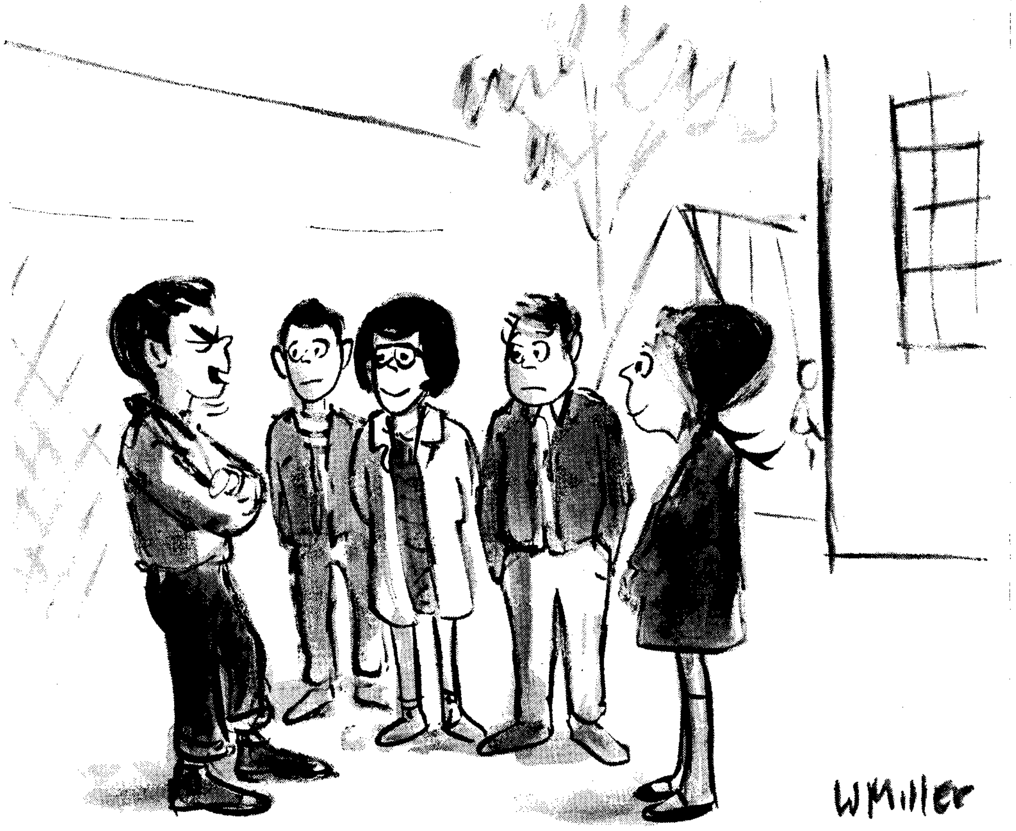
THE Hector Guimard exhibition, now at the Museum of Modern Art, permits us to see Art Nouveau in one of the purest and most original manifestations of the style that swept Europe around 1900, with its characteristic attenuated, sinuous line resembling the stems of creeping or drooping plants. Guimard is acknowledged to be France's foremost Art Nouveau architect-designer, and the specimens of his furniture, decorative objects, and graphics on view at the Museum, together with photographs of buildings he designed, leave one in no doubt as to the man's remarkable gifts. They also intensify one's misgivings about Art Nouveau itself. At first, one is seduced by the elegance and forcefulness of Guimard's creations. Chairs, beds, sofas, desks, fireplaces, newel posts, cane handles, gates, staircases—all have a gliding smoothness, a flowing insinuation, an energy and lucidity that make other furnishings seem, in contrast, ponderous and earthbound. But as one lingers, one's admiration gives way to an uneasier emotion. As the eye follows the languid asymmetrical curves of an olivewood desk, whose ash panels are set within a tortuous branching framework, or the upward sweep of a couch's back, twisting and turning like a vine toward an astonishing culmination in an off-center cabinet, which is perched there like a tree house, the imagination begins to stir, and one begins to feel something almost akin to fright. The photograph that hangs at the entrance of the exhibition—of a wildly curving iron gate flanked by stone columns around whose base and capital fleshy carved leaves writhe—strikes the note of perversity and unreality which pervades the show. The gate is an entrance to an apartment house in Paris, but it looks like the beginning of a malevolent fantasy. A bedroom with pearwood furniture made for M. and Mme. Léon Nozal has the cold, hard beauty of an Oscar Wilde fairy tale; surely no human couple ever slept in that bed, though a mermaid might have. The green cast-iron archway from the entrance of a Paris subway station, with its strange, long-stemmed, orchidlike lights, suggests Persephone's descent to Hades rather than people going to work. Similarly, it is hard to imagine anyone cheering himself before Guimard's cast-iron fireplace, which is decorated with insets of enamelled lava and looks like some primeval molten excrescence discovered on a dismal frigid plain in a recurrent dream. I am reminded by my own extravagant language of an even purpler, and decidedly vicious, account of Guimard's interiors written in 1897 by Gabriel Mourey, the Paris correspondent for the English art magazine the *Studio*. Mourey thought the interiors "fit only for cannibals," felt that "nothing more ugly, more pretentious, or more inartistic could be conceived," and went on, "One shudders at the idea of being condemned to live amid horrors such as these. We can imagine no greater punishment." In a subsequent issue of the *Studio*, Mourey found it necessary to add, "I said what I thought of M. Guimard's furniture and decorative work . . . but my remarks, strong as they were, were not strong enough. . . . This work is thoroughly bad and its author cannot be too strongly condemned."

Today's more appreciative estimate of Guimard and of the other giants of Art Nouveau, such as Gaudi, Van de Velde, Horta, and Mackintosh, is as much the result of developments in design in the last seventy years as of any improvement in the manners of critics. The view of Art Nouveau as an aberrant efflorescence, a kind of last, sick gasp of historicism, has been discredited, and we now place it at the beginning of modern design rather than at the end of the nineteenth-century pastiche of styles. Historians disagree about the nature and extent of Art Nouveau's influence on the modern movement. Maurice Rheims, the author of a study entitled "The Flowering of Art Nouveau," speaks of it as "a great artistic movement," and says that "for the last sixty years we have been—perhaps without realizing it—living in a setting which owes almost everything to Art Nouveau." Nikolaus Pevsner, in his classic "Pioneers of Modern Design: From William Morris to Walter Gropius," assigns a more modest historical role to what he calls "the blind alley of Art Nouveau," and Robert Schmutzler, the author of "Art Nouveau" (the most comprehensive and best book on the subject to date), points out that it "contained a kind of self-frustration within itself, not so much because of its



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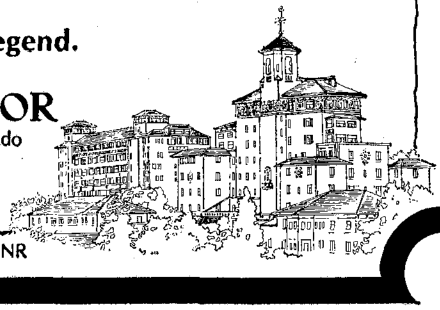

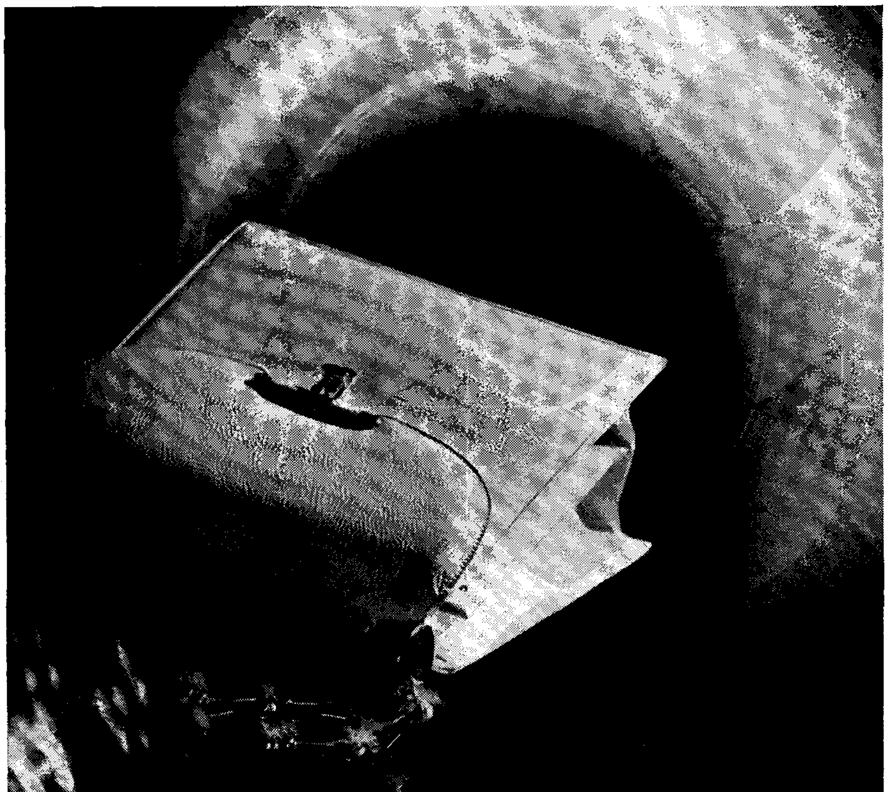

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strong elements of decadence, of *fin de siècle* and *morbidezza*, as because its romantic nature made it shrink from the harsh reality of modern industrialization."

The results of the revolution that Morris began, that Art Nouveau contributed to, and that the Bauhaus brought to its logical culmination are visible everywhere. From plastic cradle to Danish-modern funeral home, we live among testaments to the achievement of the Bauhaus, and only in the privacy of our homes do we seem to elude its influence. The contrast between the architecture of our apartment houses and the decoration of the apartments within is striking. Few people furnish their homes with functionalist furniture. Among the poor, something called the "Mediterranean" style of furniture predominates; people with higher incomes gravitate toward the pseudo-antiques that the stores call "traditional" furniture; the rich buy actual French or English antiques. And yet even here modern design has penetrated, and certain assumptions are taken for granted that simply didn't exist in Victorian times. The idea that an interior should be a harmonious aesthetic entity, which is accepted by every housewife in curlers today, would have astonished her Victorian counterpart. Mrs. Beeton's famous "The Book of Household Management," which was first published in 1861, and in which advice is given on everything from the dress and conversation of the mistress of the household to the morals of the wet nurse, hasn't a word to say about the appearance of the house itself or about that of the furniture the servants spent all day scrubbing and polishing. Interiors at that time were apparently as unspeakable as the condition of the working classes. Morris's pioneer work in design is said to have begun on the day he set out to furnish his studio and couldn't find anything for sale in London that he could stand to look at. He proceeded to make his own furniture and decorative objects, with the help of his Pre-Raphaelite friends, and this led to the formation of the firm of Morris, Marshall & Faulkner, whose influence spread all over the Continent and helped prepare the way for the Bauhaus itself. By 1922, when Mrs. Beeton's successor, Mrs. Emily Post, came out with her inestimable contribution to the light reading of social historians, Morris's precepts were so firmly entrenched that the author could write, "In buying an article for a house one might formulate for oneself a few test questions: First, is it necessary—

either as an indispensable utility or as a unit of the decorative plan? Anything that serves a necessary purpose has a reason for existence. Second, has it *really* beauty of proportion and line and color? . . . Or is it merely striking, or amusing?," apparently unconscious of the once radical assertion by Morris she was paraphrasing: "Have nothing in your houses that you do not know to be useful, or believe to be beautiful." Mrs. Post says that "the only way to determine what is good and what is horrible is to study what is good in books, in museums, in art classes at the universities, and in the magazines devoted to decorative art," and this brings us to a development of the design revolution that is not, in my opinion, a healthy one. This is the failure of confidence that afflicts so many householders and persuades them to hand over to interior decorators the delightful task of furnishing their homes. The interior-decorating profession has become increasingly self-important over the years, and it *is* important in regard to the office buildings, schools, restaurants, hotels, airports, and other public facilities that require its services, but decorators have no business in people's houses. The problem of making a room beautiful and comfortable is not insoluble. "Good taste," whatever it is, is not something peculiar to a few favored individuals, like perfect pitch or a grasp of the unified field theory. Unfortunately, some of the best furniture made never reaches the open market, and can be acquired only through the intervention of a decorator. People often hire decorators for this reason alone. But a great many good things remain available in the retail outlets, and the choices made among them by ordinary people are very apt to be better choices than those made by professional decorators at their esoteric sources. I, at least, have never seen an apartment "done" by a decorator that pleased me as much as apartments lovingly furnished by their owners.

I have strayed far from the Guimard exhibition that prompted these reflections. Its chief interest for the person who *hasn't* lost heart at the prospect of furnishing his dwelling place is in its illustration of the idea of space as a part of the beauty of an interior. This idea came not from Morris but from Japanese art, which was introduced to Europe in 1856 in the form of some wrapping paper that an engraver named Félix Bracquemond had the curiosity to take a good look at while he was unwrapping a shipment of

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china. The wrappings were Japanese woodcuts. This discovery led to a craze for Japanese prints and objects throughout the Continent and in England (Rossetti and Whistler were avid collectors), and the influence of Japanese art pervades Art Nouveau as insistently as it does the paintings of Whistler and the drawings of Beardsley. Interestingly, Samuel Bing, whose Paris shop L'Art Nouveau gave the style its name, was originally a dealer in Japanese art; the increasing difficulty of finding good Japanese things is said to have caused him to shift his attention to Art Nouveau. The designs for wallpaper at the Guimard show look markedly Japanese in their spareness and their use of empty space, and the bedroom I mentioned earlier—and found repellent on human grounds—is a wonderful illustration of the concept of the room as a unified work of design, and of the interesting relations possible between object and object, and between objects and walls and floors. Some Art Nouveau designers carried the idea of unification to remarkable lengths. The Belgian architect-designer Van de Velde designed his wife's clothes, and even matched the texture and the color of the food he ate to its setting. But, again, it is an idea that we all accept to at least some extent and that is responsible for many real changes in the appearance of our surroundings. Coming upon the source of an accepted idea can be startling. The spooky mannerism of Guimard's work is what one is struck with, rather than its underlying affinity with contemporary forms. But the affinity is there—or why else would the exhibition be at the Museum of Modern Art? —JANET MALCOLM

●

Councilman Max Baughman reported that a pollution study committee, appointed by the council, met with officials of the Mead Corporation Feb. 13.

Baughman called the meeting "most informative" and praised Mead for its work to reduce air and water pollution in the area. One example of air pollution reduction by Mead is the tall smokestack which disperses poisonous sulfur dioxide into the atmosphere, Baughman said. —*Chillicothe* (*Ohio*) *Gazette.*

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●

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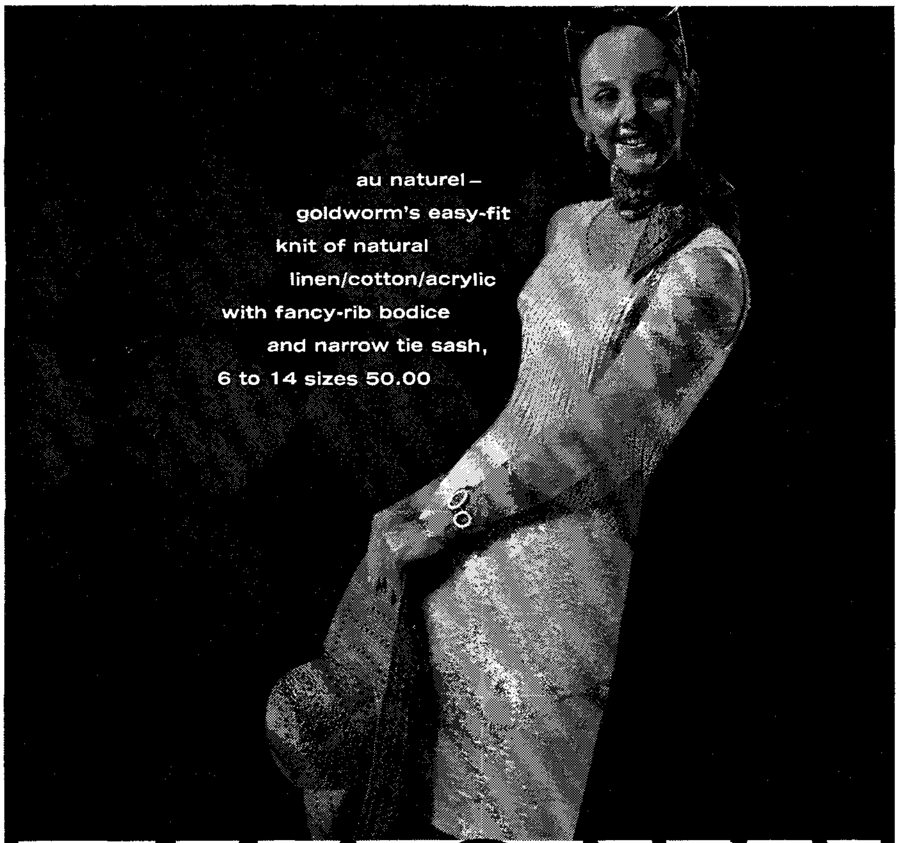

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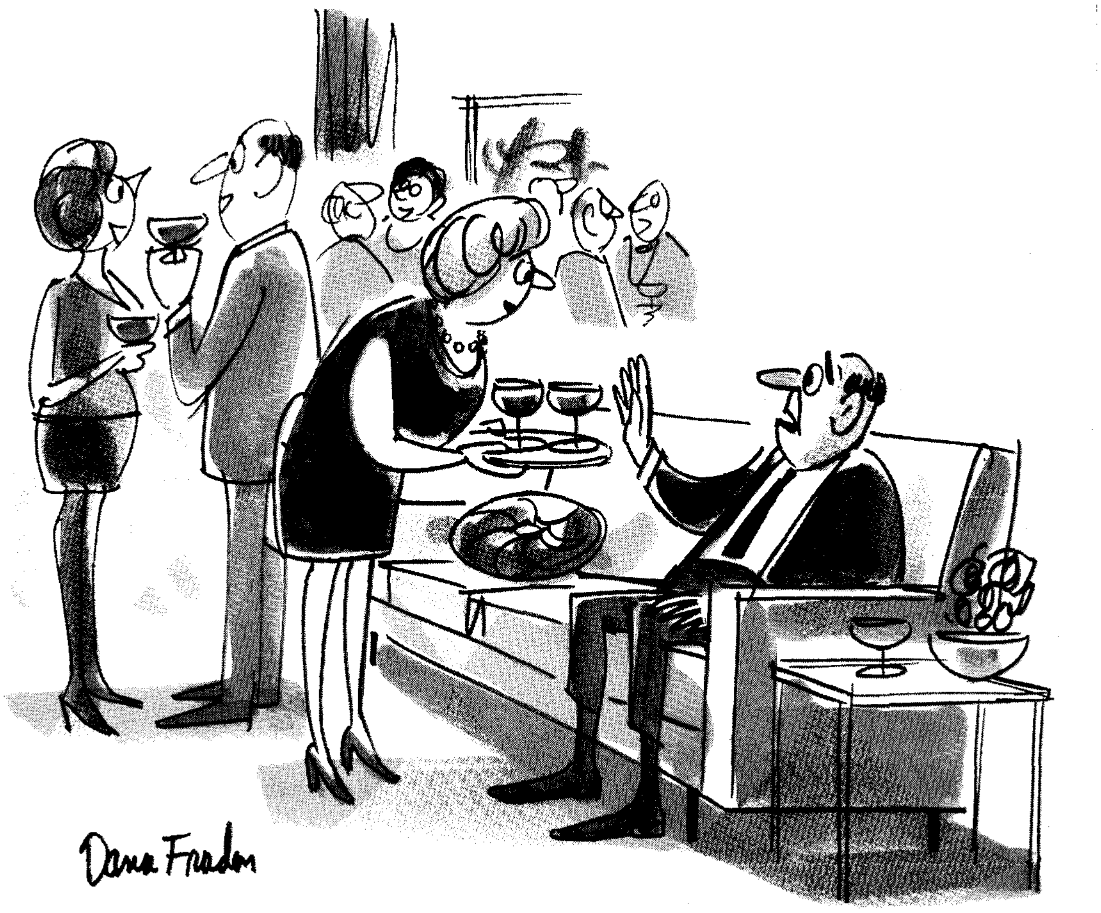
THE SPORTING SCENE

A NEW FIFTEENTH AND THE OLD CASPER

THOUGH some golfers might cast their vote for the sixteenth at Cypress Point or the eighteenth at Pebble Beach, the best-known golf hole in this country is probably the fifteenth at the Augusta National, in Augusta, Georgia—the course on which the annual Masters championship is played. What first imprinted the fifteenth on the minds of golfers was the double-eagle 2 that Gene Sarazen scored on this par 5 on the final round of the 1935 Masters, when he holed out a full 4-wood shot—undoubtedly the most dramatic single shot in the history of tournament golf, since it enabled Sarazen to tie Craig Wood for first and to go on from there and win the playoff. The fifteenth, which measured 485 yards in Sarazen's day and has since been lengthened, by stages, to 520 yards, has always been an exciting and attractive golf hole, with the second half of the fairway tumbling down a slope to a small pond, about fifty feet across, set in intaglio just in front of the wide green. Like the other par 5s on the course (the second, the eighth, and the thirteenth), the fifteenth embodies one of the trenchant ideas on golf architecture that Robert T. Jones, Jr., the founder of the Augusta National and the co-designer of the course, arrived at during his remarkable competitive career. As Jones saw it, the dullest, most tedious holes to play (or to watch somebody else play) were those laboriously long par 5s that demanded three slogging shots to get to the green. He much preferred a shorter par 5—a par 4½, really—on which a golfer could reach the green in two, provided he put together a pair of absolutely first-class shots; this would give him an excellent chance for a birdie and, occasionally, a good crack at an eagle. Ideally, on a short par 5 of this type, Jones believed, the green area should be menaced by water or a nest of bunkers or some other extremely penalizing hazard, so that a golfer who tried to get home in two but failed to produce the required shot would have to pay a high price for his presumption—a 6 or maybe a 7, or even an 8.

Old hands at the Masters would, I am sure, nearly all agree that the most successful illustration of Jones' architectural theory at the Augusta National is not the fifteenth hole but the thirteenth—a right-to-left dogleg, 475 yards long, on which an arm of Rae's Creek, after hugging the left side of the hole, suddenly plunges across the fairway and isolates the green behind it. (Jones himself has always felt that the thirteenth is the best hole on the course. "It was a fine natural hole right from the start," he once said. "We've never had to make any real changes on it.") The trouble with the fifteenth in recent times has been that the players in the Masters field, except when the wind was blowing against them, could reach the green with two pretty ordinary shots. What had happened was that, over the years, the flat upper part of the fairway had been allowed to grow wider and wider, until it measured a full seventy yards across, and, with all that *Lebensraum*, a golfer could lean back and unload a big, sweeping hook that would kick off the hard ground on the high, right-hand side of the fairway and run a mile. In 1965, Jack Nicklaus hit a drive so far down the fifteenth that all he had left to the green was an 8-iron—this on a 520-yard par 5! This past summer, the high command at the Augusta National decided that the time had come to revise the fifteenth so that it would play a little more the way it was originally intended to. To begin with, the tee was moved back about fifteen yards and set much closer to the pine trees along the right—so close, in fact, that it not only prohibited a golfer from playing a hook off the tee but actually encouraged him to play the reverse shot, a left-to-right fade. Along with this, what had been the choice landing area for the drive, a flat strip extending from two hundred and forty to two hundred and sixty yards from the tee on the high, right-hand side, was drastically recontoured. Six mounds were created there, four of them rather small but the others sizable hillocks, jutting up twelve feet or so above the level of the fairway. For good measure, the fairway was narrowed at least ten yards along the left side. Taken together, these changes made for a much more rigorous hole. In order for a golf-



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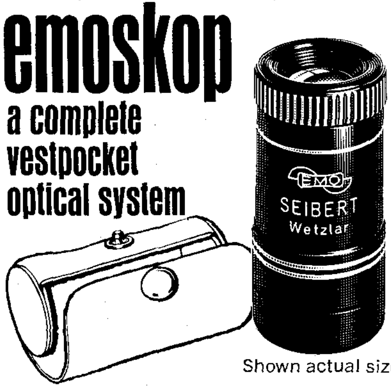

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er to be in position to go for the green on his second shot, he now had to play a very long and accurate tee shot, keeping the ball to the left of the mounds but making sure he didn't hit it so far to the left that he would find the rough or be stymied by two pine trees, three hundred yards out from the tee, that patrol that side of the fairway.

A few weeks ago, on the eve of the 1970 Masters, the general feeling was that the *high command* had overdone things and made the fifteenth too difficult. Those fears were borne out on the first day of the tournament, when, with a puffy wind blowing against the players, only five men in a field of eighty-three attempted to carry the pond before the green. With everyone else meekly laying up short of the hazard, the hole completely lacked its old glamour. On the second day, things were considerably better. There was a slight breeze behind the golfers, and about twenty-five of them went for the green on their second shot. On the third day, when there was scarcely a breath of wind, and on the fourth, when a pleasant little breeze blew down the fairway, the hole also played quite nicely. No record was kept of the exact number of players who went for the green on the last two rounds, but my guess is that on both days close to half the forty-eight men who survived the cut accepted the gamble. Fair enough.

As it turned out, the fifteenth, though it was certainly not *the* decisive hole in the winning or losing of the tournament, played an influential part in the result. As you may remember, when the leaders moved down the stretch on the fourth, and final, round, four men were left in contention: Bert Yancey, Gene Littler, Gary Player, and Billy Casper. Yancey was paired with Littler, and they were playing just in front of Player and Casper, the last twosome. Coming to the fifteenth, Littler, who had made his birdie 4 on the thirteenth, stood 9 under par for the tournament, and Yancey, who had missed a six-footer for his birdie on the thirteenth, was 8 under. Both drove well on the fifteenth, Yancey not quite as far out as Littler. Under the circumstances, however, Yancey had no option but to go for the green. He hit a good, solid fairway wood, cut just a fraction, and here he was unfortunate, for the ball caught the last protruding yard of the bunker that guards the right side of the green. It took Yancey three shots to get down from there, and this virtually ended his chances, since Littler had meanwhile picked up a birdie 4. In fact,

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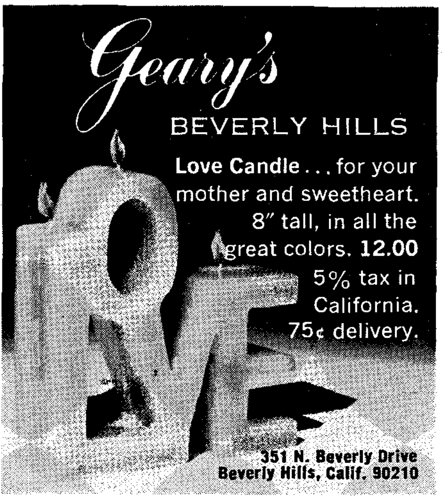

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Littler had come within an inch of eagling the hole; over the green in two, sixty feet from the flag, he played a crisp little chip with his wedge that was rolling dead for the cup when it expired literally at the lip. His birdie put him 10 under par, and this made it imperative for Casper and Player, each of whom was 8 under coming to the fifteenth, to try to carry the pond and hit the green on their second shots. (Both of them, incidentally, had birdied the thirteenth.) Player went first. He had sliced his tee shot, and now, playing a 4-wood from an awkward stance near the summit of one of the large mounds, he "fell off" the shot, almost predictably, and pushed the ball into the bunker to the right of the green. He was joined there moments later by Casper. But whereas Player needed three to get down (an explosion to fourteen feet and two putts), Casper got down in two, thanks to a brilliant bunker shot that ended up four feet from the cup. In sum, then, Casper and Littler—who eventually tied for first place and went into a playoff, which Casper won—did themselves a great deal of good by birdieing the fifteenth while their two rivals were having to settle for pars. Of course, there was more than this to the winning and losing of the tournament—for example, Player got back into the fight with a birdie 2 on the 190-yard sixteenth, where Littler had just lost his precious one-shot lead by half-skulling a 5-iron into a bunker and taking a bogey 4—but the point I want to make is that the new fifteenth came through its first test surprisingly well. All the same, I don't think it would be a bad idea to modify the new mounds and the new tee, and to restudy the hole generally to see what might be done to make it "play" in all kinds of wind and weather.

IT is ironic that what was surely the most significant and thrilling single round in the history of American golf should have been the eighteen-hole playoff in the 1913 United States Open, in which Francis Ouimet defeated Harry Vardon and Ted Ray, because, with the possible exception of the Indianapolis 500 or a five-set tennis match between two second-rate serve-and-volley artists, few events in sports are as boring as the usual eighteen-hole or thirty-six-hole playoff. To avoid this, the so-called sudden-death playoff, in which the first man to win an extra hole wins the whole contest, has been adopted to decide a tie in most stroke-play tournaments. (Sudden death, by the way, originated in match-play com-

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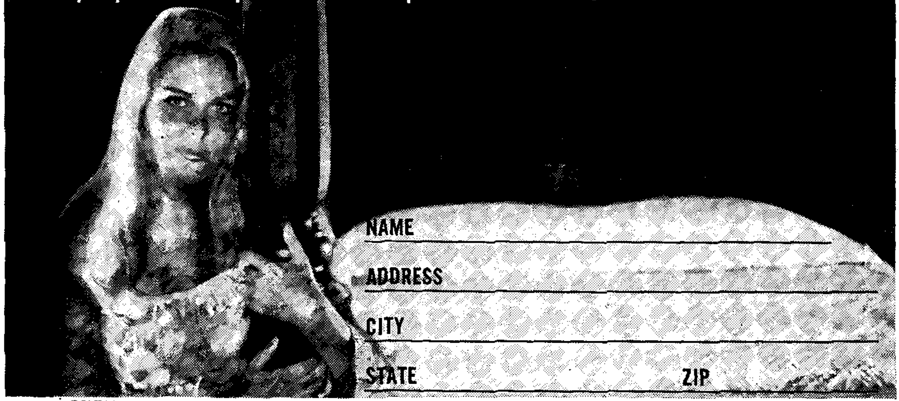

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petitions back in the nineteenth century.) Granted, there have been a few genuinely stirring extended playoffs down through the years—one thinks of Nelson vs. Hogan in the 1942 Masters (Nelson made up five shots on Hogan over a stretch of eleven holes that Hogan played in one under par), and of Casper vs. Palmer in the 1966 United States Open (Casper, two strokes behind at the turn, came on to win by four)—but for every lively playoff that comes to mind there are a dozen that never had a flicker of interest. For instance, what could have been more tiresome to watch than the thirty-six-hole playoff in our 1929 Open, at Winged Foot, in Westchester, when Bob Jones defeated Al Espinosa by twenty-three strokes? The best answer, I suppose, would be the playoff for the Open title two years later, at Inverness, outside Toledo, when Billy Burke and George Von Elm, after finishing the first thirty-six holes in a tie, went out for another thirty-six, and this time Burke beat Von Elm by a stroke. The day of the thirty-six-hole playoff is finally behind us, thank goodness—the last one I attended was the marathon between Bob Charles and Phil Rodgers in the 1963 British Open, at Royal Lytham, the memory of which still makes me shaky—but we are apparently stuck with the eighteen-hole playoff until someone devises a better way to settle a tie in a major championship. So far, nobody has. Sudden death is, of course, an acceptable method for determining the winner of the average tour tournament, but few people would claim that it is suitable for a tournament of the stature of the British Open, the United States Open, the Masters, or the P.G.A. Championship. A victory in any one of these events means so very much that to let it rest on anything as fluky as an erratic bounce, a buried lie in a bunker, or the holing of a monstrous putt would be wrong.

Man is a slow learner. We should have known better by now, but, for some reason, most of us who stayed on at Augusta had high hopes that the playoff between Littler and Casper would provide a continuation of the rousing golf we had been treated to on the third and fourth rounds. For my part, I would have preferred a three-man playoff—and we would have had one if Player hadn't missed his par on the last hole by hitting his approach a shade "fat" and dumping it into the front bunker—but I was definitely looking forward to the confrontation between Littler and Casper, because, as old rivals from the same city—

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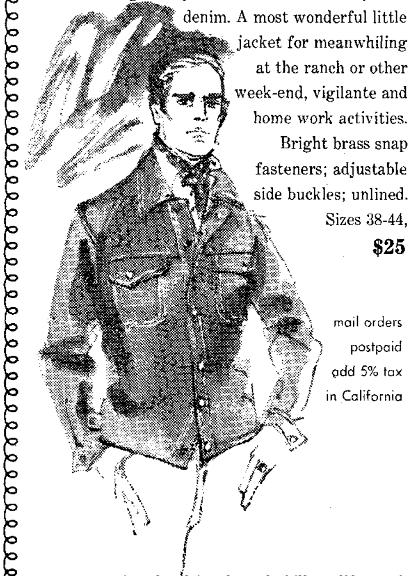

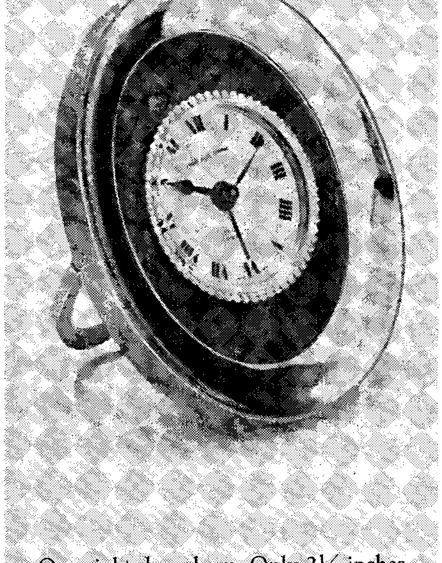

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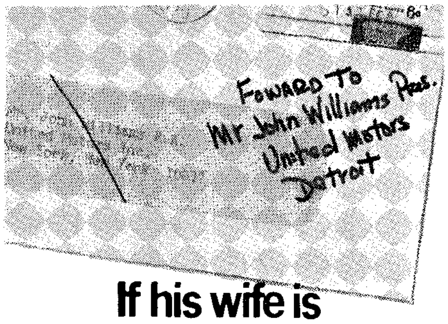

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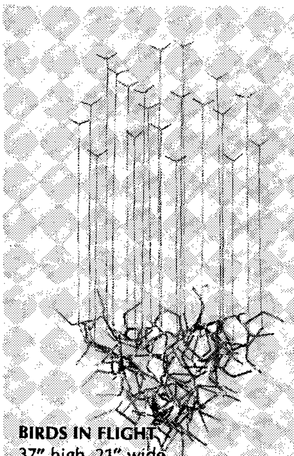

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San Diego—they are close to being a present-day version of Hogan and Nelson, both of whom are from Fort Worth. Littler, who, at thirty-nine, is eleven months older than Casper, comes from La Jolla, to the north of San Diego, and Casper grew up some twenty miles to the south, in Chula Vista. Both were promising young baseball players at the time they discovered golf, at around twelve. They began to run into each other in kids' tournaments when they were in junior high, and much later, when they were in the Navy, they were both on the golf team at the training center in San Diego. Littler was the first to gain a national reputation. In the summer of 1953, he played on our Walker Cup team, and two weeks after that he won the United States Amateur Championship. He was twenty-three then, and had an incredibly beautiful style: he swung the club so slowly and so smoothly that when you were watching him from a distance you thought he was just lazing through his practice swing until you suddenly saw the ball come flying toward the flag. After Littler turned professional, early in 1954, he speeded up his hitting action, in order to gain more distance, but he has remained one of the game's picture swingers, and, along with Sam Snead, the last word in tempo. He has enjoyed a successful career. In 1961, seven years after he missed tying for first in the United States Open by a single stroke, he won it, at Oakland Hills, outside Detroit. He has been a member of our last five Ryder Cup teams, and he has regularly been among the top money winners on the pro circuit. Despite all this, Littler the golfer has been something of a disappointment, since even more was expected of him than he has managed to accomplish; indeed, a good many people thought he would be Hogan's successor. Littler the man has been anything but a disappointment, though. A quiet, gentle fellow who shuns the spotlight, he could undoubtedly have compiled a more impressive record if he had chosen to spend more time playing tournaments and less time staying at home with his family. His chief hobby seems remarkably in character: he fixes up antique automobiles. (At the moment, he has three Rolls-Royces and a Model T Ford.) It should be added that no professional golfer is more highly respected by his colleagues. They like him for his perky sense of humor, his lack of egotism, and his ability to remain thoroughly pleasant both in adversity and in triumph. He

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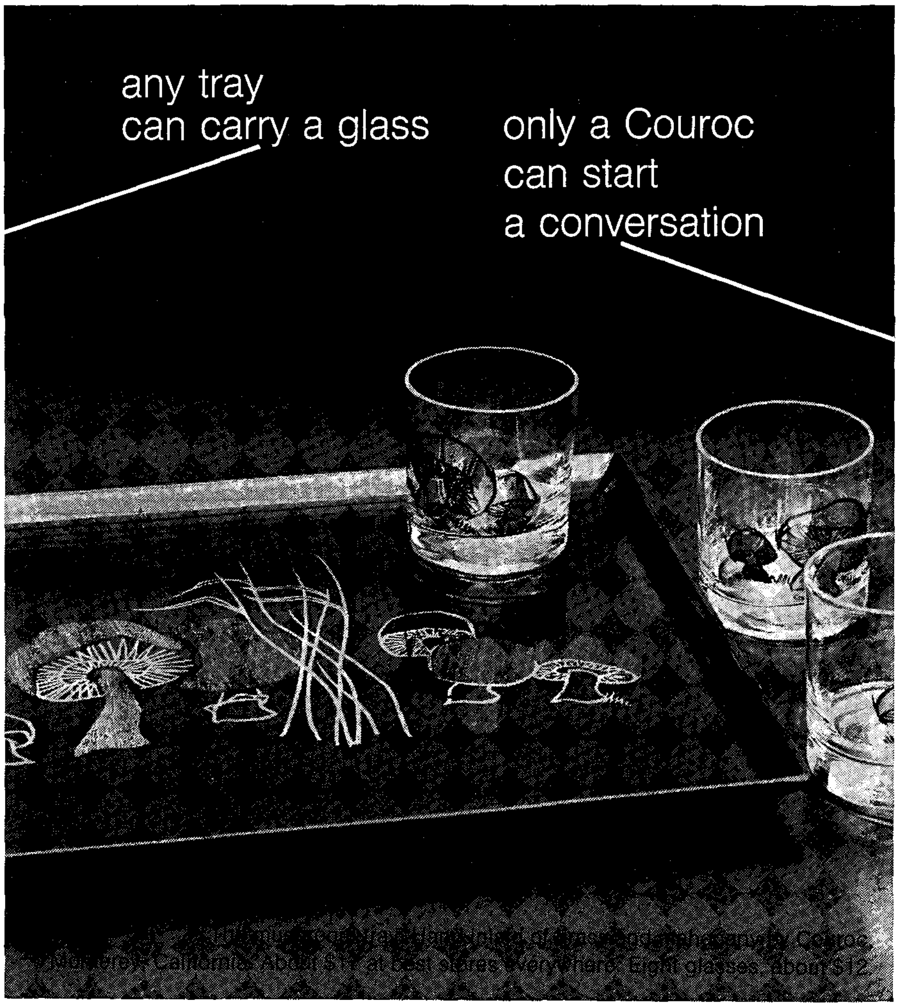

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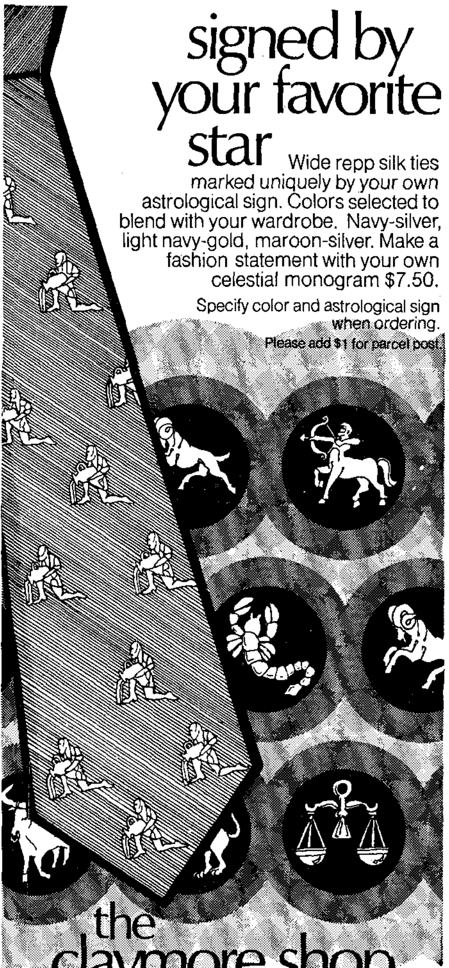
has long been a favorite of the galleries, and there was no question but that he was the sentimental choice to take the Masters playoff.

However, the hardheaded analysts at Augusta were riding with Casper, for two reasons: first, he had finished the tournament more strongly than Littler (whose putting stroke had started to wobble); second, his over-all career record was a shade the more formidable. Not a particularly lyrical swinger but a sound and effective striker of the ball, Casper has won two United States Opens, in 1959 and 1966, and is one of three golfers—the others are Palmer and Nicklaus—who have earned over a million dollars in prize money. At the time he won his second Open, at the Olympic Club, in San Francisco (on the fourth round, as you may remember, he made up seven shots on the last nine holes to tie Palmer, and in the playoff, as I mentioned earlier, he picked up six shots on the second nine to win by four), he was regarded as the toughest competitor in the game, the man least likely to wilt under pressure. Then something curious happened to him. Three times in the next few years, he was in a position to win one of the big championships, and each time he faltered badly: in our Open in 1967 he gained a three-stroke lead on the third day and threw it all away by bogeying the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth; in the 1968 British Open he was in front by a stroke with a round to go, but he missed his pars on three of the first five holes and was out of it for good; in the 1969 Masters, when he also led by a stroke going into the last round, he suffered a similar collapse, bogeying five holes in a run of seven. At Augusta this year, however, Casper looked like his tough old self again. On the last round, playing with conspicuous assurance, he ripped an approach six feet from the pin on the seventeenth and followed it with another superb iron ten feet from the pin on the eighteenth. With a little luck, he could have won the tournament right then, for on both greens his putt for a birdie lipped the cup only to twist out. Like Littler, Casper is a staunch family man. He and his wife, Shirley, currently live in Bonita, south of San Diego, in a sprawling Spanish-style house that has eight bedrooms and six and a half baths, and they need all this space, because in addition to having three children of their own they have recently adopted four. Casper does not have Littler's gallery appeal, and he lacks the light touch (when a microphone is in front of him he has a de-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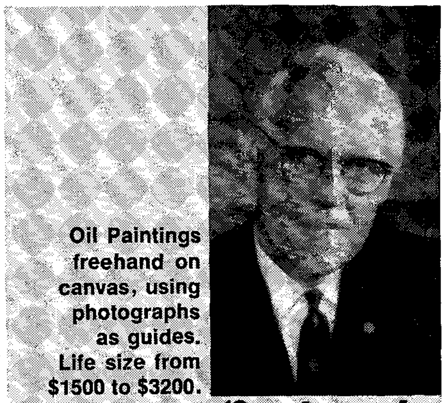

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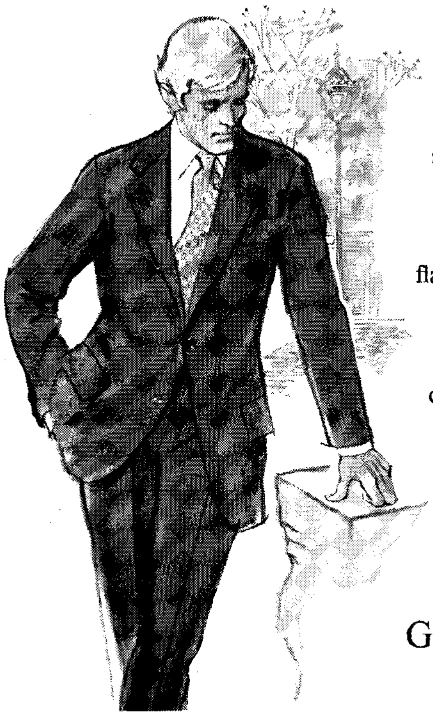
cided penchant for the cliché; for example, he confessed at the Masters this year that he "threw caution to the winds" on both the thirteenth and the fifteenth holes), but his friends know him to be a man of exceptional integrity and conviction. It is typical of Casper that twice, on his own initiative, he has gone to the Vietnam area to entertain our troops.

The playoff started auspiciously. On the first hole, a medium-length par 4, Littler put his approach shot hole high and twenty feet away, whereupon Casper hit a beauty four feet from the flag and was off with a birdie. It looked as if Littler would square things on the second, a 555-yard par 5. Casper had no chance for his birdie here, but two good woods put Littler just off the green. Though his ball was lying on hardpan, the odds were that he would still be able to get down with a pitch and a putt. He played a wedge, and it seemed from where I was standing that he might have looked up just before impact. In any event, he struck the ground behind the ball and fluffed the shot into a corner of a greenside bunker only a few yards in front of him. He needed three more shots to hole out, so that was a 6 instead of a 4, and, as quick as that, Casper was out in front by two strokes. In retrospect, the playoff was over then and there. Casper gradually widened his lead to seven strokes, and though Littler did manage to whittle it down to three, Casper shut off his rally with a birdie on the short sixteenth, where he planted a fine, firm 5-iron eight feet past the hole. Littler finished with a 74 and Casper with a 69, Casper was helped into the winner's green jacket, and then the long, droning afternoon was over and we all headed for home. I think it is worth mentioning that the last three people I happened to see before I left the Augusta National—Keith Mackenzie, who is the secretary of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews; Pat Ward-Thomas, the veteran golf correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian*; and Bob Jones III, who comes down from his home in Massachusetts each spring to serve as an official in the tournament his father founded—were discussing the anticlimactic qualities of extended playoffs and wondering if a fair and functional solution to this old problem would ever be found.

THIS was, all in all, a very good Masters. It had the built-in excitement we have come to associate with the tournament, and, in addition,



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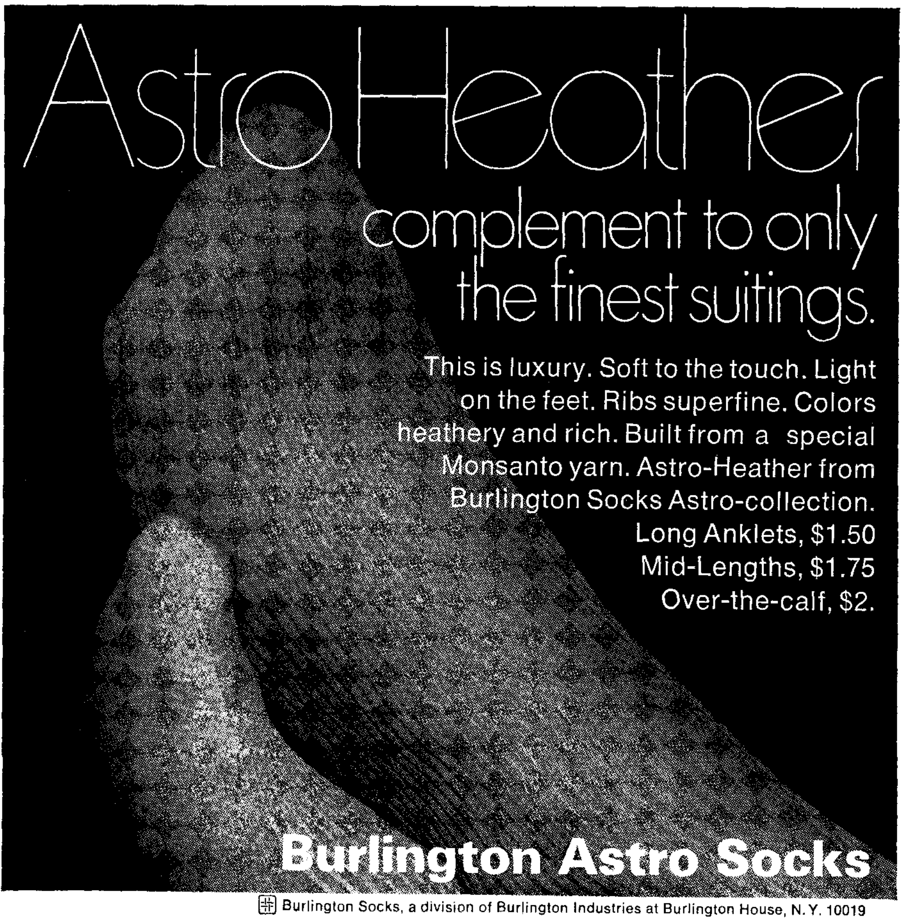

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a large number of the game's finest, most classic swingers were in the thick of the fight. Along with Littler, there was Yancey and Player and the tall young Georgian Tommy Aaron. The son of a professional, Aaron used to be a bit loose and droopy at the top of his backswing, but he has corrected this and is now a delight to watch. He has a wonderful shoulder turn, both going back and coming through. Yancey, a more intellectual type, is an indefatigable student of the golf swing. He has pored over all the instruction books written by great players, from Harry Vardon and J. H. Taylor on down, and he probably knows more about the evolution of the modern swing than anyone else in the game. (The day before the tournament, Bob Jones IV, a boy of twelve, went over to Yancey and asked him if he thought a golfer should consciously cock his wrists at the top of the backswing. Yancey smiled and replied, "I know your grandfather has advocated cocking the wrists at the top, but I'm afraid I don't.") Yancey, who had come close in the Masters twice before, played a courageous tournament. When he was leading the parade on the third round, he put his tee shot into Rae's Creek on the short twelfth and took a jittery triple bogey, but he got hold of himself immediately and completed the round with two birdies and four pars. In fact, after that triple bogey he didn't have another bogey on his card until he came to the final hole of the tournament. Standing one stroke behind the leaders, he had to go after his birdie there, and, with the pin set to the left front of the green, this meant that he had to gamble on dropping his approach shot just over the back wall of the protecting bunker. He came very close to pulling it off: the ball, dead on line, caught the last six inches of the hazard. As for Player, I imagine some theoreticians would quarrel with his inclusion in any list of pretty swingers. When he is up against a long course like the Augusta National, Player, who is not a big man, has a tendency to overswing in search of added yardage, and, as a result, he is far off balance more than occasionally at the finish of a full shot. But what a magnificent performer the little South African is! I wonder if in the last two years or so Gary Player hasn't been the most consistent shotmaker in the world. Make that the best golfer in the world. That's what I mean to say.

While we're on the subject of techniques, one other comment. For the second year in a row, Takaaki Kono, of Japan, matched par in the Masters,

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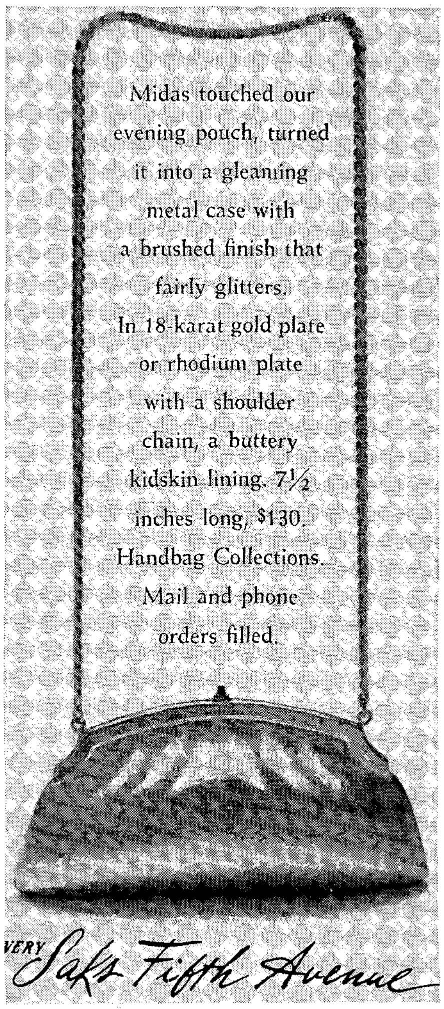

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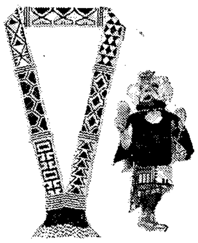

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scoring 288 for the four rounds. This is an amazing achievement when you consider that Kono stands about five feet three and weighs a hundred and forty pounds. What is more, by our lights, Kono swings at the ball all wrong. He takes the club back far outside the correct line, and he takes it back with the face of the club badly hooded. Moreover, his backswing is much too short; his hands hardly get as high as his shoulders. After making all these grievous errors going back, Kono just flips his wrists under the shaft and comes through the ball like a dream. Of course, when one bears in mind what the Japanese are doing today in shipbuilding and electronics and so many other fields, the distinct possibility arises that our ideas on the golf swing are all cockeyed and Kono is on the right track.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

•

OUR HUNGRY AUTHORS

[*From "Conversations in the Raw," by Rex Reed*]

Her hair is finally back to its natural soft walnut color after Tennessee Williams made her dye it Popsicle orange a few years ago. —*Page 12.*

"Liss-en," she says, in that legendary voice that sounds like ten baby mouths eating Crackerjacks . . . —*Page 23.*

Sitting on the bony edge of an uncomfortable chair in a lime Jello-colored shift . . . —*Page 38.*

And here the anger starts, turning her high Swedish cheekbones into raspberry tarts. —*Page 43.*

Wearing the ugliest gown of the evening, a banana-split nightmare . . . —*Page 56.*

. . . in a lime sherbet Yves St. Laurent . . . —*Page 56.*

. . . the personality of a frozen zesto . . . —*Page 59.*

. . . a rough, fruit-peel texture to her skin. —*Page 71.*

Watching Patricia Neal grin is like tasting ice cream for the very first time. —*Page 79.*

It was a far cry from the glamorous days on Hollywood movie sets when she was the hottest thing since peanut butter. —*Page 80.*

. . . when she speaks the words form slowly and sometimes get twisted around her tongue like bacon around a fork . . . —*Page 80.*

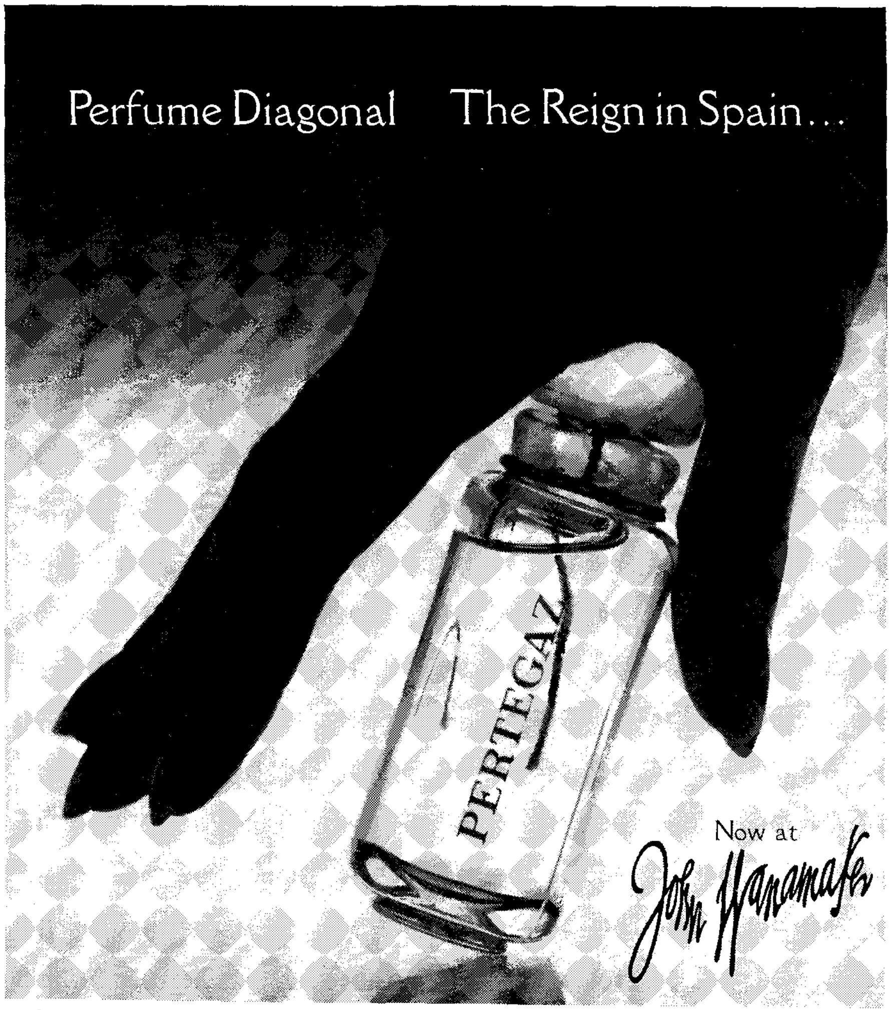
No matter how she spends her father's money, she always looks like a pizza waitress. . . . —*Page 105.*

. . . introduced his wife Claudine, with something hideous in her hair that looked like stringed popcorn . . . —*Page 106.*

. . . the California sun licking at the windows like tongues on an Eskimo Pie . . . —*Page 134.*

. . . not just another Hollywood junk collage the big studios grind out yearly like cheese sandwiches . . . —*Page 136.*

EDITORS' NOTE: Additional excerpts omitted because of satiety.



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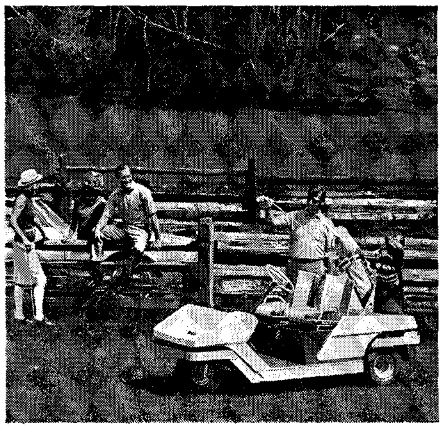

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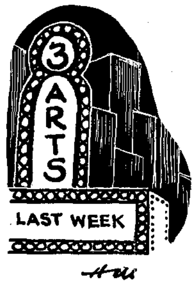
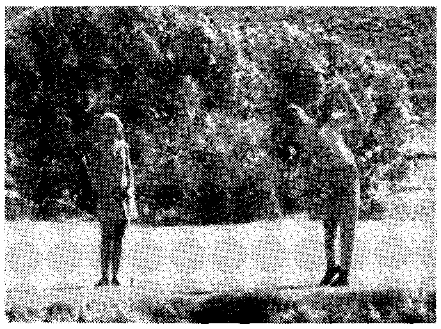
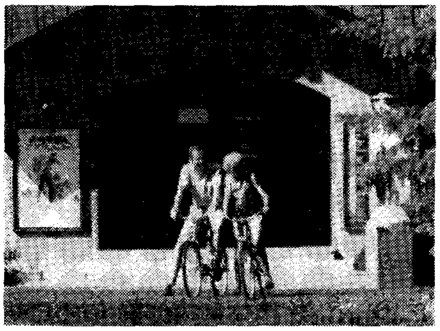
Godard

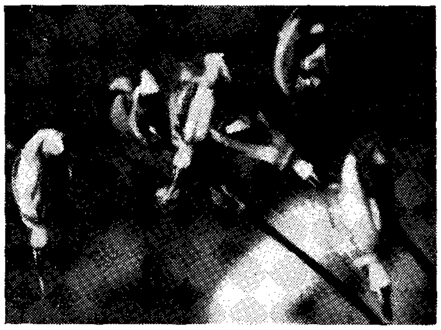
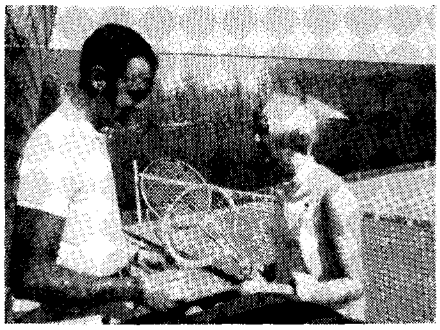
“Two or Three Things I Know About Her.” It is one of Godard's most beautiful titles. Yes, you think, that's Godard—laconic, tentative, decorous. Not at all the savage tub-thumper he used to be taken for, until we sensed his style. This is a truly speculative man, a passionate witness to an epoch that strikes him as both barbarous and majestic, a poet with a temperament of rage and urgency held in check, a dogmatist laying down no law, a learner hard-driven by the idea that we are ignorant and don't even know that we are ignorant. His films are often full of quotes, but he is the opposite of a showoff. He sometimes sounds, in fact, as though he were truly terrified that he might turn out to have been one of the last bookish men on earth. He can seem to be passing on for the record what moved him long ago—an impulse that his youth and politics make poignant. The world he creates is scaringly modern, but he speaks of it in his films almost as if he were a vestige of some other time, noting casual slaughters that the assimilated inhabitants take for granted. Godard's films would not carry such a charge of love and anger if he did not feel himself mysteriously supplanted. There is the same energy of the displaced in Shakespeare and in Swift. Some tribe has left the earth, say his films—*my* tribe—and taken away the dictionaries. But the memory of something lost goes with a furious connection with the present. If Godard characteristically seems nonchalant, I think it is only because the glare of the world he is attached to is too blinding for him to stare at it for long. And when he looks perfunctory about character, it is an act of courtesy, not of indifference: He wants to leave air around people. It is necessary to let them live their lives. He would not wish to scrutinize them out of existence. He allows infinite room for their stammering and their ambiguities. Some of them spout tenth-hand dogma, learned by rote from pulp fiction about sex or from rabble-rousing books, some of them scrawl cant phrases on walls, but all of them know for certain only one thing—that they are not yet dead.



“Two or Three Things I Know About Her” expresses, to begin with, the consciousness of a lower-middle-class young wife in the outskirts of Paris who lives in a modern egg box and goes on the streets, respectably parking her children, to earn enough loose change to buy the clothes and the smokes of a bourgeoise. The social irony is a simple circle, perfectly and swiftly made in Godard's particular way, and the girl's consciousness of it is both bombarded and blithe. She takes it to be a fact of her city. The “her” of the title probably refers as much to Paris as to the heroine, who is played by Marina Vlady. The picture begins with the sound of a whisper—Godard's mind—nearly drowned by traffic. The whisper goes through the movie, worrying away at scraps of thought about existence and language through the racket of cars and building sites. As in most of Godard's work, the split between the subjective and the objective in the film is not simple. It hacks the picture down the middle, in fact, leaving it spilling some of the director's blood, though the blood is made to seem tomato ketchup, because a light self-mockery is his manner. It is a system of apathy that conceals violent feeling. The subjectivity is all in the whispers, barely audible, intermittent, quoting words from Wittgenstein, from the process of this film-making, from Communist newspapers, whatever. The objectivity is about the enacted drama, the characters in the film, the visible. Godard is the most Brechtian of directors. Marina Vlady first appears as herself, named as herself, noted as being “of Russian extraction.” She turns her head. Then she is introduced as the character. “Not of Russian extraction.” She again turns her head, but now the other way, because the actress's point of view has switched to the audience's point of view. She speaks “as if she were quoting truths,” which is the way Brecht always wanted actors to speak. In a wonderfully managed scene in a dress shop, she swivels from naturalistic behavior to direct talk to camera. Godard's contemplative moments are sometimes derided for literariness, as though they were doomed to pretension in any film, whereas they would do fine in a book. But this man, in the middle of meaning to kick away our sympathy, actually holds us in thrall by a technical mastery that razes to the





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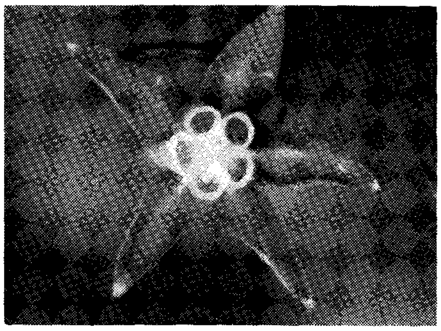

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ground most of the dumb received ideas about cinema. His technique serves exactly what he means. So when he says "The city of the future . . . will almost certainly lose part of its semantic wealth. Certainly . . . Probably . . ." it doesn't for a moment seem an assumed anxiety; it is his own, and a typical salute to dubiety. When he says, as the heroine has her pretty little red car washed, "Why do we take better care of objects than of people? Because they exist more than people do," it isn't one of our vapid cult-cynicisms, because we have already seen a good deal of the fugitive attention paid to this usual but particular girl. The gaps that have troubled linguistic philosophers trouble her without training. "The reason for my tears is not described in the streaks on my cheeks," she says to the camera, quite fiercely. Godard forswears the forces of sympathy and audience participation, which are perhaps forms of fear, but this does not keep him from a furious pity and expressiveness. There is a sight of an old man telling a story to a child who isn't allowed out of a modern apartment block to play. Once, the heroine runs around Paris, intoxicated: "I was the world," says the commentary for her, speaking about the present in a typical past tense, "and the world was me." In a café, covering a held close-up of a cup of swirling *café filtre*, there is a long voice-over monologue about the subjectivity that suffocates and the objectivity that alienates; only Godard, maybe, could make this amazing pole vault over the difficulties of getting us to pay heed in the cinema to pure talk, and only Godard would risk at the end of the monologue the beautiful acknowledgment of the epiphanic power of listening to the world as if it were a fellow-creature. In spite of systems that make us "greatly evil without realizing it," this is the way Godard sees Paris. Raucous, avid, in straits, interesting. "*Mon semblable.*"

ANOTHER Godard film opened last week in New York—one made in London and called "Sympathy for the Devil." The Rolling Stones are rehearsing. There are Cokes, and paper cups, and recording earphones, and the usual fascination of watching people at work that holds good even for people mending a hole in the road, although these are no road menders. The Stones are hellbent, hard at work, and they have the world in their pocket. To someone English, their voices and their ease press a button about the social history of England that is as emotional as, say, mention of the Jarrow Marches

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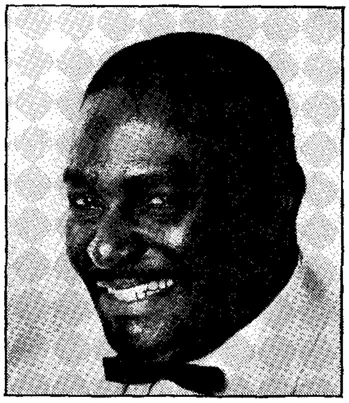

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combined with the great blue jokes of Max Miller in music hall. But it has to be said that—leaving aside the Stones' niceness to each other, and their amiable horsing around, and their easy acknowledgment of Godard offscreen ("*Ça va?*" says Jagger, thinking meanwhile about what the hell to do with his song)—there is something rather safe and short-cutting about the revolutionary song they are rehearsing ("I stuck around St. Petersburg,/ When I saw it was a time for change./ I killed the Czar and his ministers . . ."). I'm not sure that Godard endorses it as expressing any sort of radicalism he admires. He simply gives an account of it. Over and over again we hear it, fragmented, in work. Between rehearsals in the recording studio there are shots in a bookshop of a man reading quotes from "Mein Kampf" that refer obliquely and rather alarmingly to totalitarianism's version of the star system ("The principle that all culture depends on men and not the reverse") and to divisive radicalism when it is running amok without a head or a soul ("Nothing great in this world has ever been achieved by coalitions"). The Rolling Stones' song has something about the Blitzkrieg. I wouldn't say that the link is either confirmed or denied by the film. Godard is too complicated, ferocious, and poetic a man to start bearing down on a Pop group for implying more than it means. This is a wryly sophisticated film. Woven into the sound track there are readings from a ridiculous pulp-fiction book that combines the clichés of pornography and James Bond slave-girl stuff with the star names of politics and public life. The parody is far out, accurate, puerile, and funny. " 'O.K.,' grumbled Pope Paul. . . . 'This is man's work.' " And then there is rhetoric from the Black Panthers getting through a badgering interview and reading in fugue from Cleaver for the benefit of a tape recorder in the middle of a car dump. Godard uses interviews like no one else. He can make them seem a genuine disputation, or the work of an obscurantist shoving dimes into a speak-your-future machine that intones doomy things the customer wants to hear, or the assault of some loud-mouth hammering on the brain of a gentler being who simply wants to shut up. There is a beautiful long sequence in which a girl called Eve Democracy (Anne Wiazemski, Godard's wife) is pursued in a field by a man with a battery of sewn-up questions: "The Occident is fighting Communism because the Occident is Faustian?" And "There is only one way to give up

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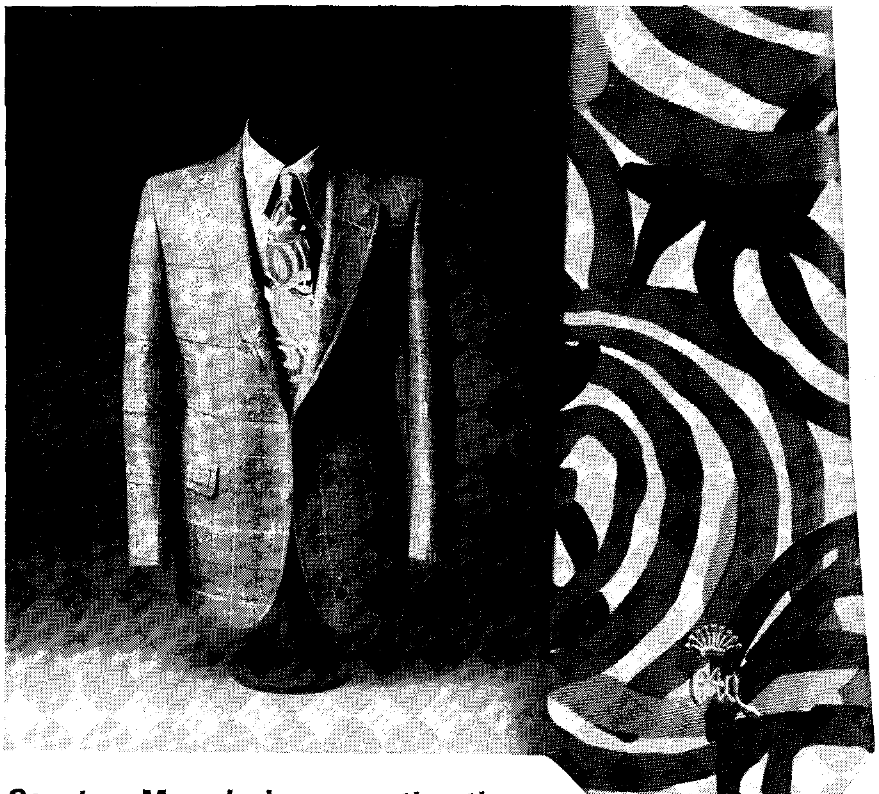

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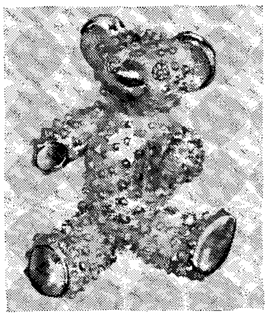
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being an intellectual revolutionary, and that is to give up being an intellectual?" The girl representing democracy—beleaguered, milky democracy—wanders around in pasture so lush that it makes you want to moo. She goes silent at the triteness of the questions and then reluctantly says only "Yes."

As the Stones' song slowly comes together, with Jagger again and again going through the line "Let me introduce myself," and the beat changing, the world outside the recording studio begins to cohere in revolution. White girls in nightdresses, who look like models in ads, and who have been slavered over by blacks with exclamations in the style of Victorian pornography, lie dead and bleeding on a beach. Other girls with cannier minds have survived to chalk up some of Godard's sardonic schoolboy puns on the Thames Embankment and on garage doors. They wear trousers and cowboy hats, and they look a lot more themselves than the girls in nightdresses. They are the outriders in Europe of Women's Lib, perhaps—the film was made in 1968, after the Events of May in Paris—and Godard probably means to do them an honor by having them not open their mouths, since the articulate in this film have as little understanding of what they're saying as a ticker-tape machine has of its tape. Godard's affection is extended toward the stuttering, the uncertain, the black manglers of borrowed white language, the English musicians deaf behind earphones and stumbling toward technical solutions.

Like all Godard's films, this one doesn't finish. It merely stops. The producers tied things up too neatly, against Godard's will. Godard wanted silence under the final shot, in which Eve Democracy's dead body is hoisted away on a camera crane labelled "Sam Mighty;" the producers laid in a track of the final version of the Stones' song, belying Godard's meaning that a revolution is never finished. In the same spirit, Godard's own title was dumped. He called his film "One Plus One;" the sum remained to be added up. "Symphony for the Devil" is the producers' title, and it strikes me as silly, reactionary, and having nothing whatever to do with Godard's tone, which is always meticulously subtle and meditative just at the moment when his shots have been toying dangerously with the calligraphy of advertising slogans and chalked-up war whoops. Godard's films live on these hostilities: finely calibrated thoughts, crass images; nonchalant behavior, desperate events; beautiful girls, ugly sexual profits;

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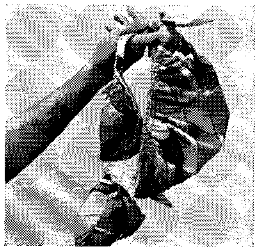
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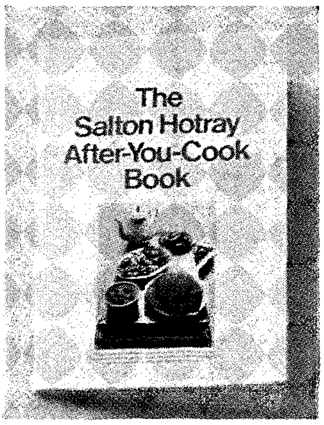

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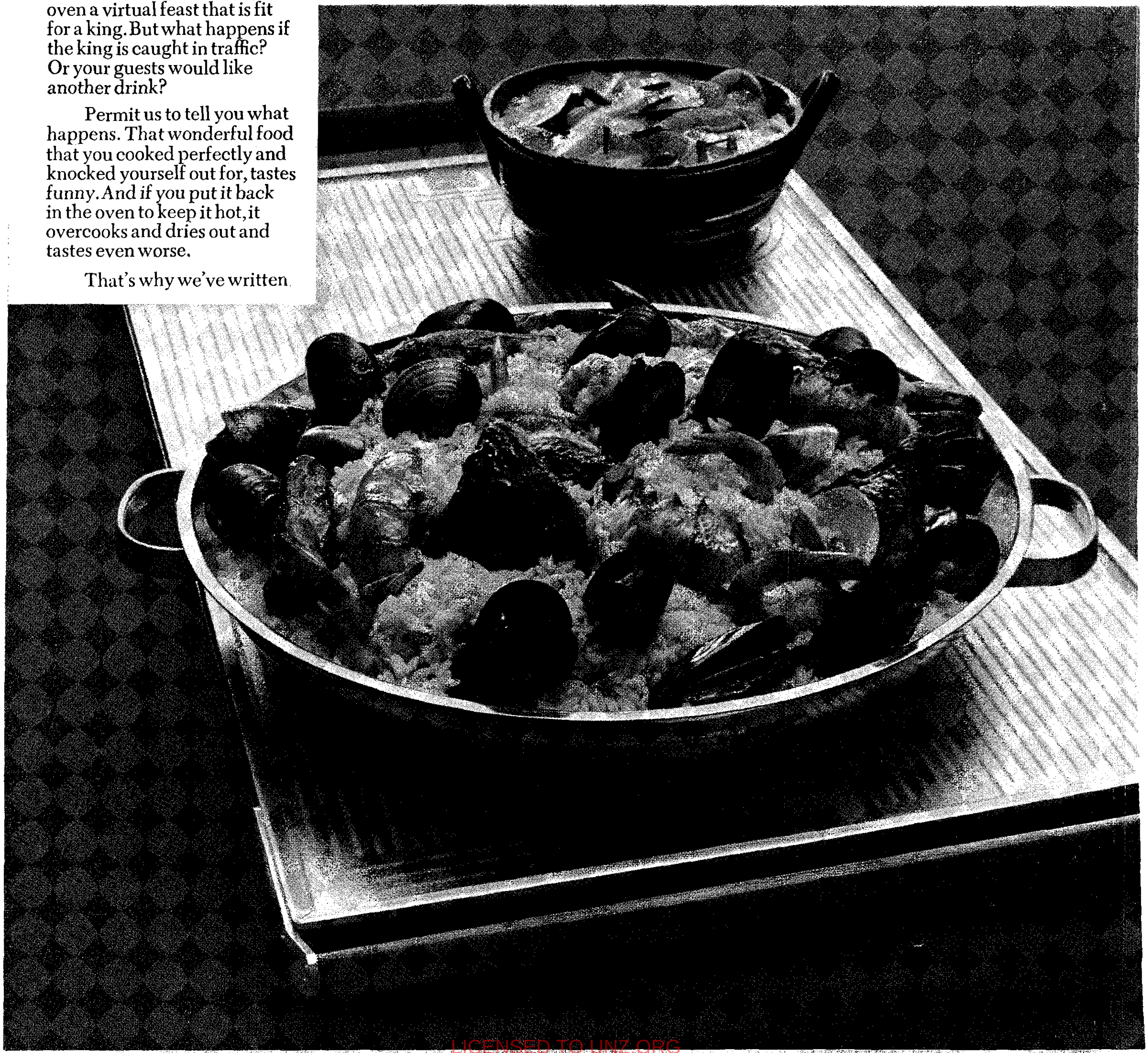

brand-new situations, stale language; a film style like a child's picture book but employed by a mind with the concentration of some aging, cornered man who has been working away at a café table for a long time. There is no one at all like Godard in the cinema. His films have moments of grace that suddenly flood the daily world with an amazing light from—what? A new sun that has nearly burst out? Again and again, watching his peculiarly simplified films, one has the feeling that he has just hit on something he has spent a long time thinking about and hoping for. He has an unsleeping eye for humbug and humiliation, for the things that modern people put up with, for affronts endured with dignity and fun, for political situations that seem too densely consolidated by talk to be budged, for the comfortlessness of a world full of expensive, ditchable commodities. When he paints a world of the dispensable, he certainly includes his own films. As he mentioned once—and it haunts him—people will say that they've seen an old Eisenstein film but never that they've read an old Balzac novel.

Two or three things one guesses about Godard. That he thinks the fine arts are dying. That he is nervous and deeply intelligent, and hidden behind dark glasses only because he finds the real world unbearably bright. That he is kept alive by creative vivacity in a world he finds lethal. That if he makes a mistake in a film and changes course halfway through to a style that puts him a mile ahead of himself—like Shakespeare in "Timon of Athens"—his answer is to finish the present piece and use the new impulse to go straight on to the next film. That he chooses to veil fear as energy, and always to address himself, not us. There is nothing demagogic here. If we were to describe his presence through his films, and our response, we might say that we are both trembling slightly.

—Penelope Gilliatt

•

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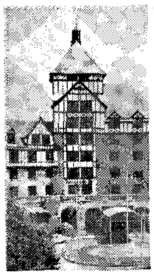
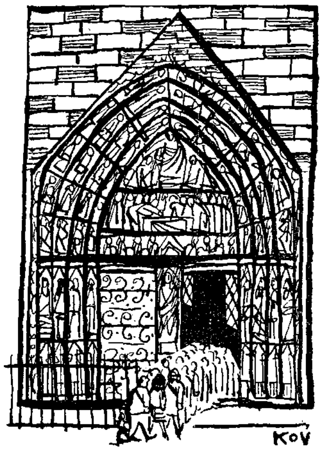


LETTER FROM PARIS

April 23

THE two most formal journals in this part of the hemisphere—*Le Monde*, of Paris, and the London *Times*—both burst forth with "O.K., Joe," dictated directly from the skies, to headline their front pages bearing Friday's great good news of the approaching salvational descent to water and earth of the Apollo 13 astronauts. "As memorable as, and perhaps even more than, the solemn 'one small step for a man, one giant leap for mankind' pronounced by Armstrong on first setting foot in the Sea of Tranquillity was Swigert's 'O.K., Joe,' " *Le Monde* declared with satisfaction, and went on to say, "On the moon, the astronauts had been supermen, ready to perform all the tasks demanded of them and to say what was appropriate. Become refugees in their fragile cabined shelter, pierced with cold, mending one thing and concocting another, the Apollo 13's crewmen were cut down to the size of our petty world. With Apollo 11, the astronaut took his place as the best product of American civilization. With Apollo 13, he once more put on his human face. . . . Paradoxical as it may seem, the voyage of Apollo 13, far from raising any question about the American space program, will doubtless reinforce it. In the United States, nobody imagines that the moon flights will be abandoned. The habit has been established. Especially now, with the rescue having been effected, confidence will be stimulated, and the man in the street will feel closer to the man in space. It was to compete against Russia that the United States threw itself aloft into the conquest of the cosmos. Everything now leads one to believe that, even with the present slack in the Soviet efforts, the Americans' activity will go on. In accepting their space program from its start, and at whatever the cost of proclaiming it and displaying it in full, the Americans entered into a great risk, and it is only fair that now they have been rewarded"—in the meticulous rescue, and the miraculous good luck on top of bad, of this past week.



In Paris on Tuesday, which seemed the blackest day for hope, it was like the day when Roosevelt died and Parisians stopped Americans on the street to express their sympathy. On Tuesday, a pious old Frenchwoman on the Rue de Castiglione said to this correspondent, "I have just been to church praying for your men." In the newspaper shop, the young clerk said earnestly, "We are thinking of them constantly. We won't let them go. We will bring them back, you'll see." Public sympathy so acute that it becomes private in its expression is touching and rare in a conventional civilization like that of France. If it is to take shape in spoken words between strangers on the sidewalk and between generations in shops, it demands an event that causes pain.

The melodramatic return to earth of Apollo 13 was followed fairly closely by the radio stations audible here, although only one—Europe No. 1—was in permanent contact with NASA. Radio-Monte-Carlo followed the news in bulletins from 6 P.M. to midnight; France-Inter, which is a French national station, had a crew in Houston and brought in special speakers of interest to French listeners. And the Luxembourg station ran what it called a non-stop Apollo program as its afternoon news. On the two French national TV chains, a flash about the astronauts was given every hour on the hour. The children's daily evening program was cancelled, but not the Liège-Bastogne bicycle race, which was carried every afternoon at four-thirty. However, the five daily news roundups on the first and second national TV chains ran overtime with excitement and joy when the good news started coming in. Previously, there had been one peculiarly French element in the universal reaction of fear that the men might be lost in space. This French reaction was so positive that it was mentioned on the first national TV chain as a news item. By the end of the week, it had been summed up editorially by the *Nouvel Observateur*, which said that the public had indeed wanted to know every detail about the space drama "not because there are three men in danger of death but because there are three men in space who risk dying without ever being *interred*," adding, "Faced with their situation, every man feels the anguish of the earthling."

DURING the week of the Apollo drama, France itself was suffering a national tragedy. On the Plateau d'Assy of the Savoy Alps, which is studded with sanatoriums because of its benevolent high air, the Sanatorium du Roc-des-Fiz was submerged by an avalanche that swept it away and down into the valley, and with it the lives of over seventy people, mostly children. The village of Assy is famous in the art world. Its remote modern church, which certainly few art lovers have ever journeyed up to see, is noted for its decoration by a complex of modern artists, each working independently in his own style—Matisse, Léger, Chagall, Rouault, Lurçat, and the sculptress Germaine Richier, whose Christ in a chapel is particularly renowned. The church, which is the most spectacular, if the least familiar, result of the project to revitalize church decorations conceived by the late noted Dominican Père Couturier, was not harmed. There have been other avalanches, such as that at the popular ski center of Val d'Isère, which was also tragic, with forty dead. Nature in France, beginning with the delayed, winter-bound spring, has been brutal, and even dangerous, at its worst, and, at its best, unkind, sunless, and melancholy, with rain or the threat of it daily, except for one perfect sunny poetic primaveral day out of the last thirty. The bad weather is part of a discouraging social climate that only higher temperatures and frankly higher wages in some sectors seem likely to relieve. Various spring strikes have already begun, with the garbage collectors now following the postmen. Today, there is a strike of high-school teachers in southern France, and tomorrow there will be the same strike in the north, demanding larger educational appropriations for next year, and also more scholarships and grants, all sharply refused by the Ministry of Education. Last Sunday in Paris, the big master bakers struck, because the government refused to let them boost the price of their bread by five centimes a loaf. The smaller master bakers and three bakers' unions disagreed about raising the price at all, it being their opinion that price-raising merely irritates the customer and increases taxes—and so it does. The strike threatened for yesterday of half a million civil servants, which would have paralyzed France, including its

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airports, was called off at the last minute because the government put up a mollifying ante of a five-and-three-quarters-per-cent raise in salaries, which is cheap at the price, especially since the civil servants had demanded a six-per-cent boost. Unlike spendthrift Washington, European governments all pay their people poorly, except their Presidents. The French civil servants are, in their way, almost more valuable, because when a French government falls the civil servants keep right on working, carrying the government on their backs.

A BODY blow was dealt to the age-old supreme authority of the French husband in family affairs by a new law, passed last Thursday, which expels him from his superior position in the Code Civil, founded by Napoleon, and legally replaces him with a new principle—that of the moral and material direction of the French family by *both* parents. The wife has now become her husband's equal in civil rights "*au sein de la famille*" ("in the bosom of the family"), in the phrase of the Law of Parental Authority, which is what this new domestic equalizer is called. It was first proposed by a former Minister of Justice, M. Jean Foyer, who, as the project was being debated in Parliament, made a few highly pertinent, extremely progressive remarks on how the times have changed. "The notion of paternal power as consecrated by the Code Civil is absolutely out of date now, and can have no more meaning for the young generation," he said. "If the new text is on many points innovational, it is because the new definition that it brings to the role of the parents in relation to their children, and especially to their children's education, corresponds to what is already practiced in the great majority of families, and represents the young people's views. In today's society, the family is in reality a conjugal community in which father and mother co-operate closely, and is not a relationship based on the dominant—one might even say domineering—authority of the father."

The difference between the new French domesticity and the way Napoleon saw and codified its sexual and social elements can be seen at a glance by merely quoting three or four of the old Code Civil dicta, which will continue to have legal force until January, 1971, when the new parental-authority text goes into effect. Most of them are enough to set any American

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or British feminist's teeth on edge. Dictum No. 1, on parental authority, declared simply, "Authority is exercised by the father alone, in his position as head of the family." By deduction, this led to the father's necessary signature on all important family papers, including a wife's demand for a passport, or even for opening her own bank account. Under the new legal setup, the wife will have the right to participate in certain important family procedures. For instance, she will be able to demand a passport for her child, enroll her child in school, send it to a summer camp, and so on. In cases of disagreement between the parents, the father's decision was always sovereign under the Code Civil. In the new domesticity, if the parents cannot agree on some point, either of them may take the case to a *juge d'instance* (roughly approximate to our justice of the peace, with ameliorations), who, if both remain obdurate, will make the decision for them—a celerity of procedure that would have cut thousands of words from the endless reports of lawsuits and marital quarrels such as were chronicled by Balzac. The only disagreement in which the husband will still automatically dominate the outcome is the decision on where the family is to live—provided that what he selects does not present "physical or moral danger." Napoleon having chosen to ignore the question of grandparents, of which his Code Civil therefore made no mention, it was necessary in the new family laws to give some protection to both the old and the new generations. So neither father nor mother, by these new laws, can interfere in the normal relations between the child and its

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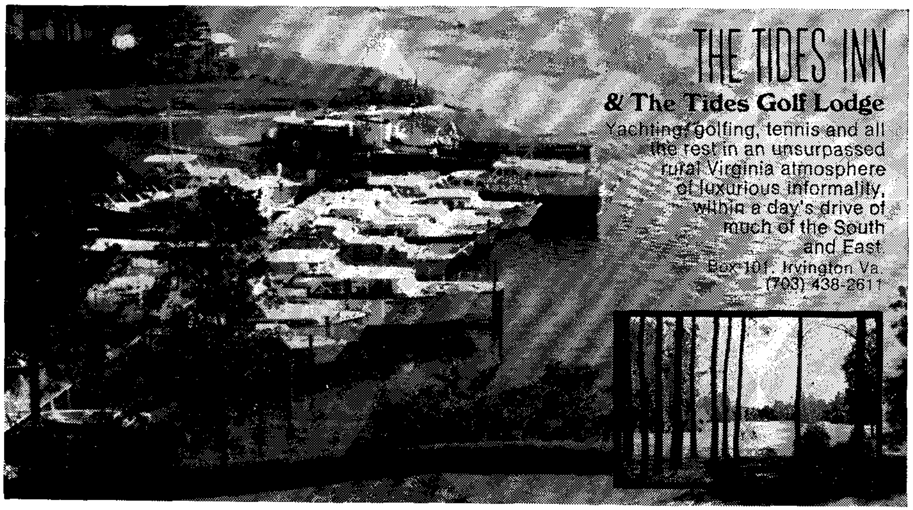

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granny or granddad, with visits and letters between old and young being fully protected. Where illegitimate children were concerned in Napoleon's time (and quite a problem they were, even in Napoleon's own family), the Code was very explicit. It said that parental authority was exercised over the little by-blow by whichever parent *first acknowledged the child's existence*; if both parents acknowledged the child, the father's claim took precedence. By the new law, if both parents acknowledge the infant, it is the woman who exercises the parental authority. Finally comes the responsibility of payment for damage caused by children—no small item today, when even minor children who wreck school property are threatened with having to pay for it. According to Napoleon, the mother did not have to pay a centime unless she was a widow. Now everything is to be tinged with real justice. Thus, under the new law both parents are responsible for whatever destruction is caused, at least by their minor children still living at home. How the university students who smash things will be treated seems not to have been determined in Parliament last Thursday. However, in paying for student damage, if the father's funds give out, the mother (provided she is a woman of property) is supposed to continue to pay up. "By acquiring the same parental rights as her husband, the wife acquires the same duties" is the final comment being made on these admirable new French social-reform laws, which next year will start altering many of the old difficulties of being a female here in France. And high time, too.

Romain Gary, who probably knows the United States as well as any other Frenchman, was born in Russia, is a Jew, lived in France and served in the war as a flying officer, and was one of the Compagnons de la Libération, which was General de Gaulle's private honor group, before he became the French consul-general in Los Angeles in the nineteen-fifties. He had already become one of the most highly appreciated of the new French novelists, beginning with "Les Racines du Ciel," which was about his earlier life in Africa with the wild elephants. "La Promesse de l'Aube" was his memorial to his super-eccentric Russian mother—perhaps the *only* memorial by a son that raises the rare literary pleasure of laughter in the reader as a measure of appreciation. When

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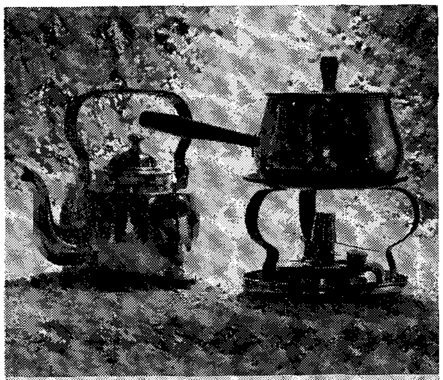

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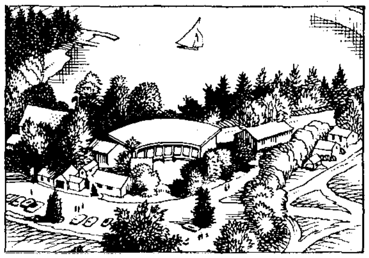

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he was flying in North Africa during the war, and she knew from her doctor in the South of France that she could never live long enough to lay eyes on him again, she wrote him a series of falsely dated fortnightly letters that would be posthumous by the time he received them in the battle zone—one of the most successful plots of tender devotion ever created in relation to a war. His latest book, just published here, is "Chien Blanc," which is based on fact and has made a violent, strong impression on the French, to whom it brings our American racial problem, our dramas and struggles, in their exact terms, like an enormous illustration in black and white. In subject matter, it is in part like a pictograph of a section of contemporary history, in part a compendium of small portraits of people, in part an enlarged portrait of his estranged wife, the handsome cinema actress Jean Seberg, who shared his affection for the black Americans. For him, with no atmospheric prejudice left from our Civil War, the black Americans were no different from any of the vari-skinned people he had known—Berbers, Arabs, Chinese, California-born Japanese. To American readers, "White Dog" contains one fact that few Americans north of the Mason-Dixon Line have ever even heard of, which furnishes the reason that the white dog existed: an intelligent German shepherd with murderous teeth, he was trained to attack Negroes, as a superior animal assistant to some police unit in the South. The story itself is like a hastily written movie script, beginning with the night that the dog, who is lost, is brought to the Garys' door by their own house dog and becomes a family member. Then comes the terror inspired by his attacks on their Negro friends, and then Gary's determination to have him cured of his Negrophobia by an extraordinary Black Muslim animal-trainer friend of his. The cure is so horrifyingly successful that the white dog turns into a black dog, in the sense that he starts attacking whites and is friendly only to the blacks. Basically, Gary declares, his book and the dog are based on truth. This truth is as true as that of all allegories. The violence of the California scene; the devotion of Jean Seberg to her cause; the black friends and their dramas, their children and lovers and husbands arrested or lost to friendship, turning in some cases against those white friends who had never failed them and whom they failed, aiming at them the hatred that they themselves had known—it is all there. It is a book of repeated shocks. Gary has given some Paris interviews that extend his personal views to a greater clarity than the book permits. He has just clearly said the following: "America for us is in the state of living—intensely, violently, sometimes ignobly. But, in the face of the corpse-like rigidity of the Russian East, it is a continent in an acute crisis. Something in America is painfully trying to be born. It is the only great power in history that questions itself about its crimes. That has never been seen before. That is why, in the depths of its desperation, it has not given itself over to despair."

—GENÊT

• •

OPUS 132

When the quartet came to the third movement,
the cellist, who looked like Roethke, stopped showing off,
we forgot the eye tic of the second violin;
all four leaned together and back at their bowing—soft

at first, then more fortissimo until
they seemed four dancers holding a great ball
of sound aloft, spinning on fingertips,
all of them, poised in a seascape, equally deft,

as the round tone, turning, curved with shimmering colors.
In the scene of the music, they danced there naked, adept,
with Grecian proportions as clear as the sphere they were keeping
up off the earth for the little time they had left

before it would float away flawless, escaped on the air,
and blow out of shape down the shore in a wobbling stretch
as they got up to bow on the stage—four middle-aged men,
halt, faultily built, and short of breath.

—HAROLD WITT

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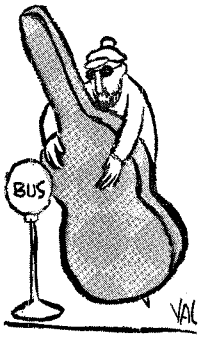
MUSICAL EVENTS

"The Rake" Progresses

THE so-called "additive" method of musical composition, which was so popularized among composers of the past generation by Igor Stravinsky, is not original with him. It can be traced back to Debussy, to Wagner, and possibly even to some of the last quartets of Beethoven. But nobody has used it as consistently as Stravinsky, and it was—at least until his recent twelve-tone works appeared—part and parcel of his style. The principal feature of the method is its strict avoidance of the repetitive, or "rhyming," character of the music that preceded it all the way back to the seventeenth century. And along with the "rhymes," or stanza forms, Stravinsky threw away the regular rhythmic pulse that had characterized music in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. His music, from the beginning, stressed irregular, or unsymmetrical, rhythm, and since exact repetition has something of the character of a cliché, his music avoided clichés. Everything that hit the ear was new—new, that is, until a whole generation made the method itself seem a cliché. It goes without saying that this method of composition, with its continuous flow of new ideas, must have been very difficult to compose in. It required a continuous evolving of novelty, an enormous amount of virtuosity in creating new twists. It was also somewhat difficult to listen to, because the auditor scarcely had a chance to become acquainted with one idea before another was presented. During his middle period, Stravinsky became, as they say, a "neoclassicist." But his neoclassicism was not by any means a return to classical models; it was, in general, an application of the additive principle to the superficial aspects of baroque music. The rhythms remained eccentric rather than symmetrical, as they had been in real baroque music. The only baroque touch remaining was a mere whiff of the conventions of the baroque style, and this was distorted, often amusingly, in a manner that seemed ironic or satirical.



Stravinsky's opera "The Rake's Progress" is an example of this kind of irony. The setting, the story, and the superficial aspects of the style are all eighteenth-century. But the music itself echoes the eighteenth century only here and there, in a melody or a quaint convention. One of the indispensable features of eighteenth-century music—its regular rhythm and its always symmetrical phrasing—is missing. Stravinsky presents the unexpected in practically every phrase. Melodies do not end where you think they are going to end. A rhythm is set up, only to distort itself by leaving a weak pulse where you expect a strong one, giving you a sensation of suddenly falling through the floor. The harmony is a parody of eighteenth-century harmony, with wrong notes skillfully inserted to make you realize that this is, after all, Stravinsky and not a real eighteenth-century composer.

In recent years, I have come to like "The Rake" and to admire the craftsmanship with which it is put together. But it does make difficult listening if you are bent on grasping every musical idea that is set before you. If you are tired, you may let all these ideas slip by in an incoherent mass, and then you will find "The Rake" boring. I used to find it so, and many of my colleagues find it so today. Stravinsky asks so much of his listeners that often they fail to respond, and, losing track of the high-wire act that he is constantly performing, they miss all traces of musical meaning.

Last Thursday night, I was torn in two directions. The London Philharmonic, in Carnegie Hall, was performing Bruckner's Second Symphony for the first time that I can remember in any local concert hall, and I wanted to hear it. But priorities are priorities. The Juilliard American Opera Center was presenting "The Rake's Progress" in its brand-new theatre, in a production by Tito Capobianco and Ming Cho Lee, conducted by Erich Leinsdorf. This was the dedication, so to speak, of the new auditorium—a beauty, seating about a thousand people (just the right size for "The Rake," which is very modestly scored for orchestra) and having, apparently, perfect acoustics. I had inspected the auditorium before. It is probably the best-equipped thing of its kind anywhere, with backstage facilities that would be the envy of many much bigger opera houses. At last, we have a miniature opera house, comparable to, though infinitely better suited to operatic per-

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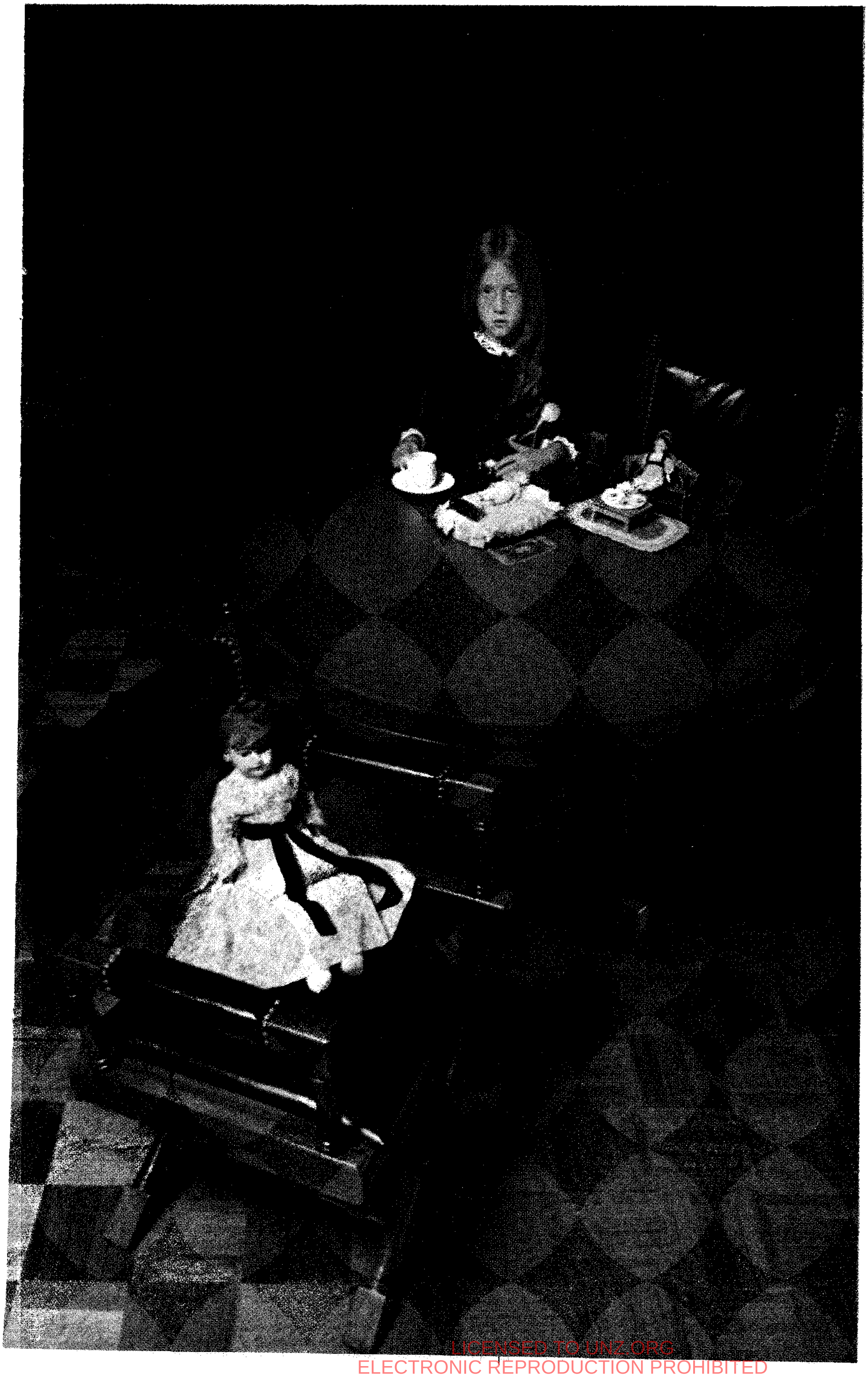

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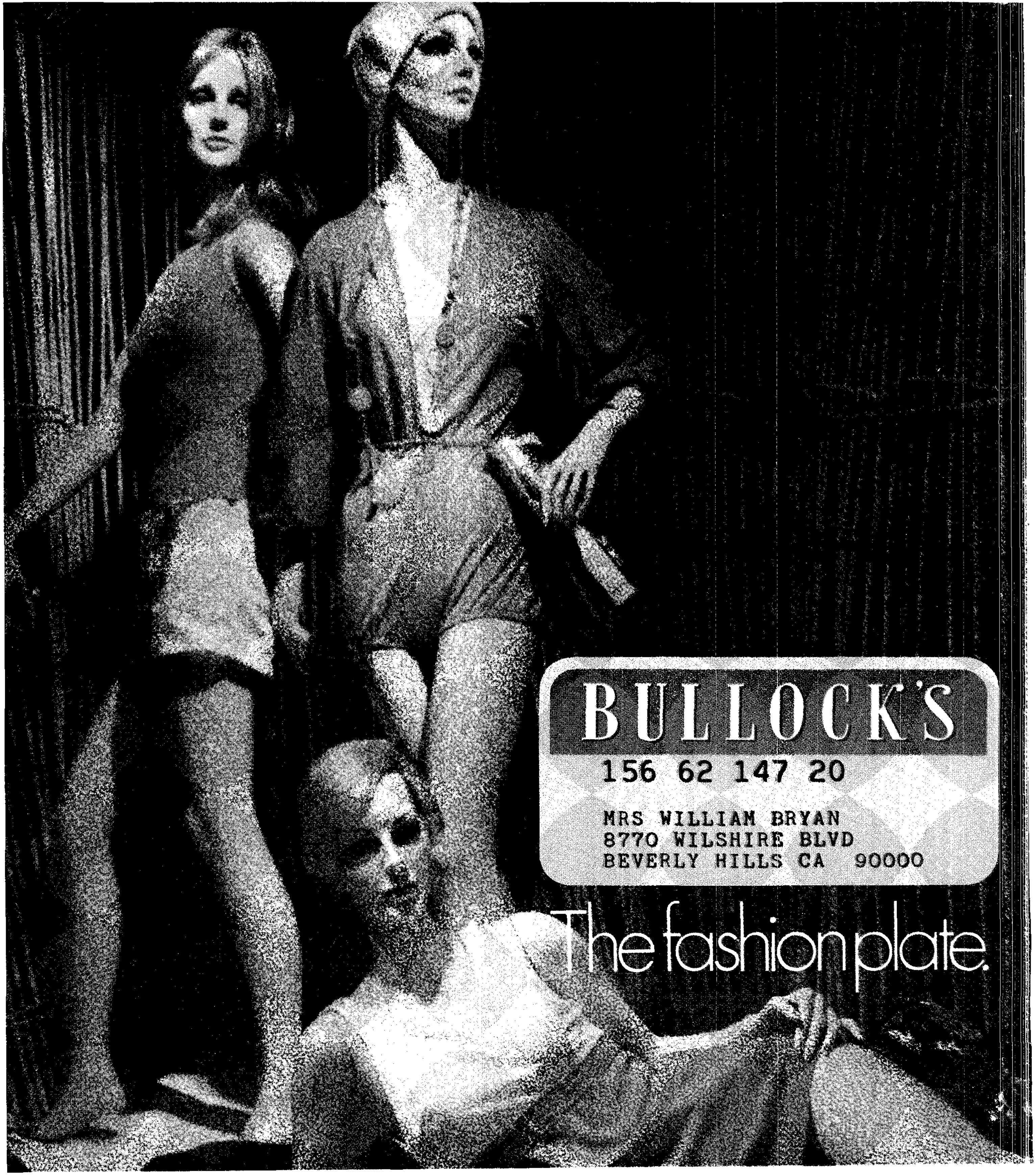

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The production was stylish in the Capobianco-Lee manner, with in-between-scene curtains of Hogarth prints, as well as revolving flats at the sides, also presenting blowups of prints by Hogarth, or by somebody closely resembling him. The boards of the stage floor—or of a built-up floor over the stage—were visible, in the eighteenth-century manner, and some of the overhead lighting gadgets remained visible throughout the performance. The costumes, by José Varona, were a delight. The fixings Baba the Turk brought along included a gigantic rubber cobra and her own private mummy. Mr. Leinsdorf, a precisionist who is exactly right for this opera, made the student orchestra sound magnificent, and the young singers, apart from an occasional lapse in enunciation, performed admirably. A fashionable audience, a virtual *Who's Who* of the musical world, attended, and apparently found everything much to its satisfaction.

MODUS LASCIVUS was the name applied in the Middle Ages to the major scale, which was avoided in religious ceremonies because of its supposed naughtiness but was popular in folk music. The composer Tibor Serly, friend and disciple of Béla Bartók, has recently applied the term to a system of composition he has invented, in which tall chords made out of thirds (as all chords were until Debussy and Schoenberg) form the basis of consonant harmonies, while the notes left out in the construction of these chords take the role of dissonant ones. The method is much too complicated to explain here. I had read about it some time ago, but my first chance to hear a composition in modus lascivus came a week ago Sunday night when one of Mr. Serly's compositions, Concertino 3 x 3 for Piano and Orchestra, was performed in Philharmonic Hall by the Master Virtuosi, under Gene Forrell, with Mr. Serly's wife, Miriam Molin, as soloist. According to Mr. Serly, this new system of composition can include the most conservative as well as the most cacophonous kinds of music. His Concertino was in between. It gave the impression of shifting in and out of tonality, and on the whole it was pleasant to listen to. I am not yet well enough acquainted with this sort of music to evaluate this composition. I might get to like it immensely, and certainly, as systems go, this seems to me the most promising one to appear

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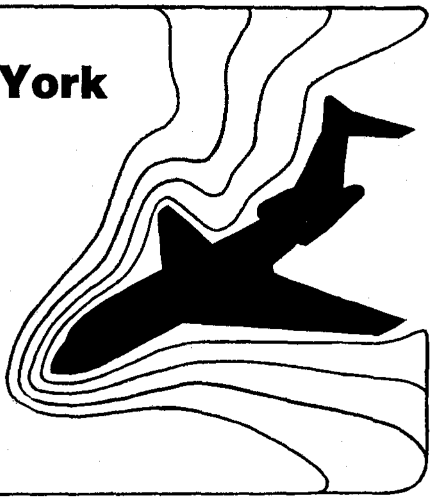

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in recent years. However, I must point out that systems are merely systems. Whether a composition has what I not long ago termed the "mystical," or hypnotic, power of great music depends on something else—the composer's deep emotional need to communicate a profound concept that is beyond the power of words to express.

JUST why the Royal Ballet chose to open its spring season at the Metropolitan Opera House last Tuesday night with "The Sleeping Beauty" boggles the mind. The production is one of its tackiest—highly conventional in choreography and scenically ranging from the drab and unimaginative (those flats that descend like railroad-crossing safety devices to cover the castle where the princess is immured, and that "Grand Canyon" scene) to the silly (the wigs, seemingly made of Spanish moss, for the men in Act I). Moreover, "The Sleeping Beauty" in this version has become a weighty and overstuffed rite, entirely predictable, with Ashton choreography that I suppose reproduces Petipa faithfully but does so with consummate dullness. Of course, there are redeeming features. There is Margot Fonteyn as the Princess—not quite as brilliant the other night as she has been on many another occasion, but nevertheless a great ballerina. There is Rudolf Nureyev, the panther among today's male ballet dancers, in fine form as the Prince. But what caused me the greatest pleasure was the dancing of Deanne Bergsma as the Lilac Fairy—really quite lovely—and the scintillating leaps with bending torso of Michael Coleman as the male Bluebird in the last act. Not that there was any fault in the performance. It was all done with fine British efficiency, and there were many other dancers in this huge company who performed admirably. But the few moments of real magic were the ones I have noted.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

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•

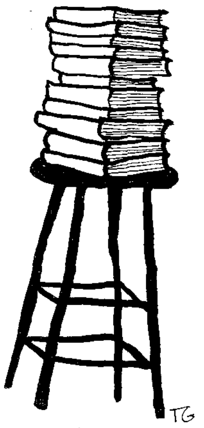
THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition, 1947*]

pollutant (pŏ·lūt′ănt), n. That which pollutes. *Rare.*

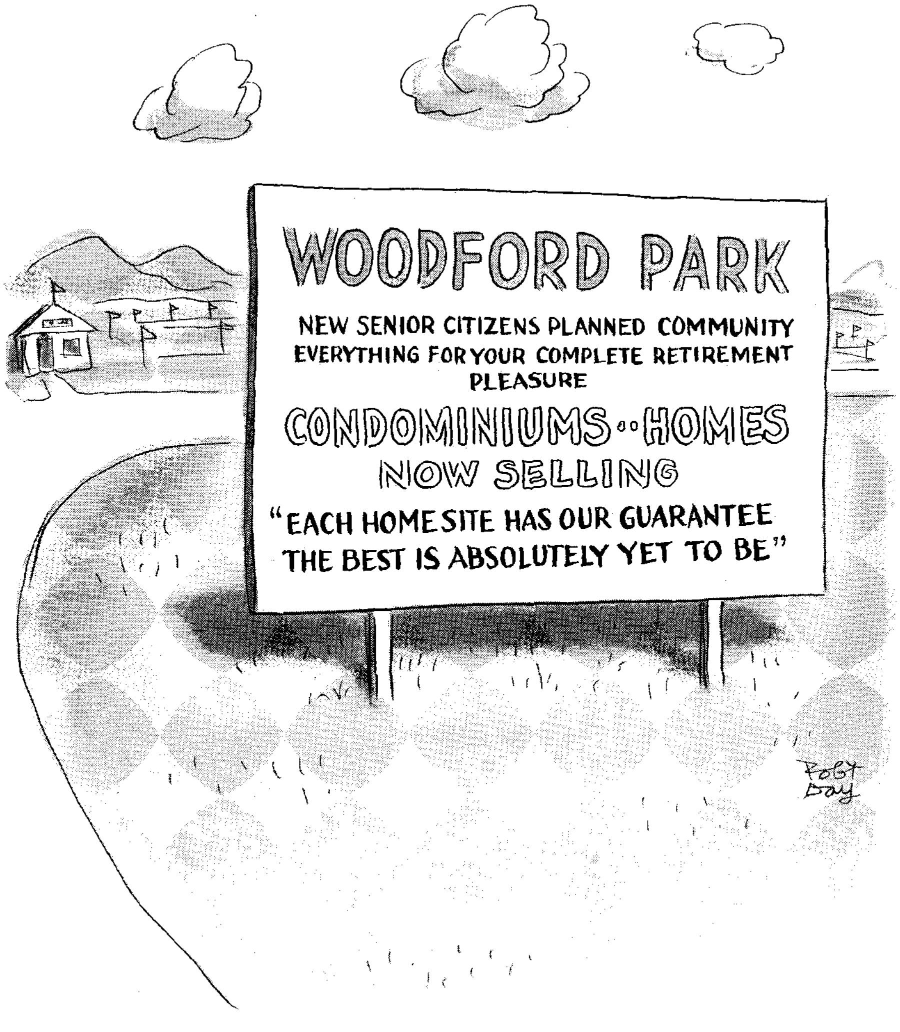
BOOKS

Poet Into Novelist



THE poet sits limberly at his harpsichord, plucking, on his limited keyboard, an almost cryptogrammatic succession of high, clear notes whose carrying power is no greater than that of one human voice; considered together with their lacunae of silence, these notes, he hopes, will print a terse and subtle pattern of meaning and sensation on the listening ear. The novelist, alone in his loft above the congregation, sweats at the manuals, stops, and pedals of a mighty organ—almost too many for ten fingers and two feet; from ranks of reeds and tubes and stacks and conduits blares out the superhuman majesty of the full diapason. Sometimes the poet wishes he could change places with the novelist and just for once command that mighty engine and its hundred tongues. And sometimes he makes the move from verse to fiction, as James Dickey has done in "Deliverance" (Houghton Mifflin), his first novel. When this happens, though, it is uncommon for the poet to pass in a single leap from the paradoxically liberating forms, rules, and restrictions of verse to the frightening breadth and freedom of the novel on the grand scale. Instead, he often halts, in his instinctive wish for the reassuring restraints of form, of genre, at the halfway house of an established kind of novel, with its own conventions and traditions. To return to my analogy, he halts at the piano: the spinet of the academic novel (Randall Jarrell's "Pictures from an Institution"), the baby grand of the autobiographical reminiscence (James Agee's "A Death in the Family"), or the barroom upright of the thriller (Cecil Day Lewis's Nicholas Blake detective stories).

James Dickey's first venture into fiction is a thriller—or, more strictly, a suspense story—that transcends its genre. "Deliverance"—judged on that level alone—ranks high indeed, up among such classics of the form as "The Thirty-Nine Steps," "The Wages of Fear," and "Rogue Male." (It also shares a number of other affinities with "Rogue Male.") It is the story of four city-bred men who, at the urging of their outdoorsman leader, agree to spend a weekend exploring, by canoe, an almost unknown river in the Appalachian foothills of northern Georgia. (Mr. Dickey has disguised his place names, but a look at the map suggests that he has set his story in Gilmer County, the locale of his long poem "May Day Sermon," where a few descendants of the original hill people still scratch a living from the wild and unpromising country, and where the chief river of the region, like his fictional Cahulawassee, is soon to be turned by Carters Dam into a man-made lake.) Lewis Medlock, the leader of the group, owns residential real estate; he is bored and restless, obsessed by the idea of testing and proving himself against a series of invented and simplistic obstacles. He has conquered weight lifting, fly casting, spelunking, archery. Now he is ready to try his strength and cunning against a wilderness, even though his knowledge of some of the essential skills—canoeing, for example—is still rudimentary; he wishes, in a world that seems both tame and threatening, to prove his capability for survival. The other men—Ed Gentry, a second-rate art director, who narrates the story; Drew Ballinger, a soft-drink sales supervisor; Bobby Trippe, a mutual-fund salesman—share his boredom but not his restlessness. Until their leader dragoons them into the expedition, they are content to remain in their worn suburban grooves. When they finally head north, on a Friday morning in September, only Lewis Medlock looks forward to the weekend with genuine anticipation. Once in the mountains, they meet their first unexpected obstacle: the suspicion and contempt of the hill men for city people, the sinister wildness and unaccountability of the country and its people. Nevertheless, they begin their river journey, Lewis and Bobby in one ill-managed canoe, Ed and Drew in the other. At first, the river is predictable, and they learn to handle their canoes with some skill. When they camp for the night, the oddness of the country, the uncanniness of something elemental, begins to as-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sert itself: a hunting owl perches on Ed's tent during the small hours, tearing the fabric of the peak with its cold talons; in the morning, hunting with bow and arrow in the dense river fog, Ed sees and misses a ghostly deer. Further downriver, in the lead canoe, Ed and Bobby pull into a landing place and are faced by two menacing hill men with a shotgun. Ed is tied to a tree, and one of the men commits sodomy upon Bobby. They are interrupted by one of Lewis's arrows, which kills the man with the gun. The other man flees. Terrified at having killed someone in a country where it would be their word against the natives', they decide to bury the body and go on, all of them now out of their moral depth. As the banks of the river rise to sheer cliffs, they encounter the first set of deadly rapids. Simultaneously, Drew pitches out of Ed's canoe, possibly shot by a rifleman on the cliffs, and disappears in the water. Both canoes capsize; Lewis's thigh is shattered as the men tumble through the rapids. The three of them pull themselves into the shallows and consider their position as night falls. Lewis is out of action; it is likely that they are being stalked by the dead man's companion, who will have a clear shot at them when they proceed down the river at first light; it is therefore up to the exhausted Ed Gentry to scale the cliffs and stalk the stalker with his only weapon—a bow and two arrows.

There is a good deal of sense in the old convention that no one should disclose the ending of a novel of suspense, since the raison d'être of such a novel *is* suspense. I don't propose to violate Mr. Dickey's confidence, but it will do no harm to say that Gentry's attempt at the cliffs is a marvel of imaginative description that will make your muscles ache, and that the subsequent pursuit of the putative gunman rivals in ingenuity of terror the climactic scene of Geoffrey Household's "Rogue Male," in which, as you will recall, the unnamed protagonist, interred in a badger earth, must dispose of an armed enemy waiting in the lane outside. This whole sequence, and the ones that follow, closely parallel the aim, if not the technique, of several Household novels: to thrust an ordinary man, with ordinary mental and physical equipment, into a situation in which his life depends on formulating a plan that tests his endurance and ingenuity to the utmost. Like Household, though, Dickey uses the suspense-story form in order to transcend it. Household manages to

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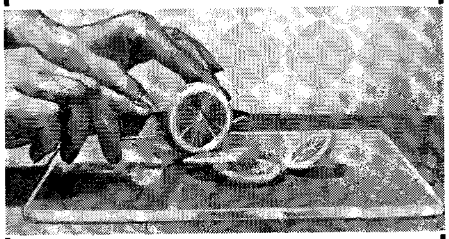

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say a good deal in his thrillers about the English countryside and the English character; as is Orwell in "The English People," he is concerned to bring out the mildness, justice, honor of a nation, set against the backdrop of a mild, familiar countryside. Dickey is concerned to bring out the opposite character of America: the unpredictable violence, still only lightly papered over with urban civility, of the country and its citizens. The city men, dulled by the lack of adventure in their lives, the lack of a new frontier to conquer, invent an adventure and unwittingly take on the old frontier and its unregenerate ethic of survival. No paraphrase can suggest the menace and hostility of this frontier as Dickey does; his steely portraits of the rednecks alone would be the making of his book. But his portrait of the river is, equally, an insight into America and the wellsprings of its carelessness of life.

The book is not without its faults. The opening section seems a trifle slow and unnecessarily detailed; the epilogue, too, rambles, failing to wind up the story with the whipcrack it deserves, and raising several small but nagging questions: why does Gentry delay so long in calling Drew's widow and his own wife; why, despite discrepancies in his and Bobby's stories, are the small-town police finally content to let them go?

One note on style: Mr. Dickey is to be praised for resisting the temptation of the poet to write "poetical" prose, to lose his story in lyrical metaphor. He writes in a neat, terse, matter-of-fact prose, level in pitch and perfectly suited to carry the burden of the action. There are handsome moments, to be sure: the hunting of the buck in the mist, the appearance of a mass of chicken feathers in the river, the descriptions of the cliffs and rapids. But they are not betrayed by a shift in tone, any more than the moments of pure terror are. Though the trials and setbacks of the adventurers are, on analysis, a shade too numerous and cumulative to be wholly believable, the cool style carries the action and the reader along without a lapse of credibility.

Having constructed his first novel, which brilliantly achieves what it sets out to do, and having given us a breathtaking adventure that is also an acute comment on America, Mr. Dickey has discharged his responsibilities as a first novelist with power, skill, and grace. Perhaps he will be encouraged by this first success to go beyond this genre, to paint a broader canvas,

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to attempt—if you'll forgive a last return to my first metaphor—to play the organ. —L. E. SISSMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

PEOPLE WHO PULL YOU DOWN, by Thomas Baird (Harcourt, Brace & World). The story really should have started before Aunt Lydia's shocking flight from home, because though we are swept along by Mr. Baird's ferociously tight-lipped humor, it is difficult to become really excited by a seventy-five-year-old lady we know about only from hearsay. As the story begins, the narrator, Aunt Lydia's thirty-five-year-old nephew, Gary—tall, slender, indolent, discontented about the dull way things are between him and his beautiful wife—is summoned by his fat, irascible Uncle Jasper to a family consultation to decide how to find Aunt Lydia, in order to drag her home and, if necessary, have her locked up someplace. Lydia, a widow, has been keeping house for Jasper and for her other brother, Will, a timidly romantic bachelor of seventy-three. Jasper, a widower, is seventy-one. After collecting as many clues as they can to Lydia's possible destination, the three set off, Gary driving, in a regally ancient maroon Packard, on a search that turns out to be an endlessly fascinating expedition in homage to the great and tiny wonders of the North American continent, since Lydia's interests include conservation, ecology, all wildlife, E.S.P., bird sanctuaries, the whooping crane, the history of the American West, American Indians, Mormons, all natural monuments from National Parks to pebbles, all old friends (she is very loyal), all new friends (she attracts them), and a few other matters—old battles, old battlegrounds. She had gone from home to find something, and if she had a guide, it was Mark Twain. Gary knows that for sure, and he plots their course through Iowa, Minnesota, Missouri, "and on across the plains into the mountains." ("Good!" cried Will. "Colorado, Montana, Alaska—when do we start?" Will is still hoping to find the girl he wants to marry.) This is a strange book, about people who are human and changeable and talkative but who are also, somehow, hard and ungiving—unblinking, even, like gargoyles. It doesn't matter. They're

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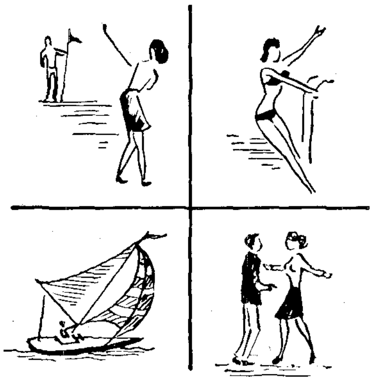

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NOTE: "City Life," a collection of fourteen short stories by Donald Barthelme, has been published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux. All but two of them were first printed in this magazine.

GENERAL

THE JOURNEY NOT THE ARRIVAL MATTERS: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE YEARS 1939 TO 1969, by Leonard Woolf (Harcourt, Brace & World). The fifth and final volume of the fine memoirs of an unpretentious and many-faceted man who died last August at the age of eighty-eight. In the second half of the book, which is about the latter days of the Hogarth Press and the author's very old age, there is sometimes a slackness in the telling and a repetition of the facts, but the first half, in which Mr. Woolf writes about the Second World War (the boredom, the claustrophobia, the despair) and about the suicide of Virginia Woolf, his wife, in the spring of 1941 (her three notes—two to her husband and one to her sister—stop the reader's breath), is as fine as anything in the five volumes. Mr. Woolf speaks of the great pleasure he got from a great variety of things: "eating and drinking, reading, walking and riding, cultivating a garden, games of every kind, animals of every kind, conversation, pictures, music, friendship, love, people," and he communicates his pleasure beautifully. Photographs.

BLACK FREEDOM: THE NONVIOLENT ABOLITIONISTS FROM 1830 THROUGH THE CIVIL WAR, by Carleton Mabee (Macmillan). For thirty years of the nineteenth century, American Christian pacifists, black and white, representing several Protestant denominations, worked to abolish slavery and assure equality for free Negroes by peaceful means. They relied on persuasion, oral and written, and experimented with such non-violent techniques as preach-ins and pray-ins, sit-ins at segregated public facilities, freedom rides on Jim Crow transportation, and boycotts of segregated schools. Some groups formed experimental coöperative interracial communities. Mr. Mabee, a professor of history (his biography of Samuel Morse won a Pulitzer Prize), examines—critically, carefully, and in fascinating detail—the non-violent movements, their

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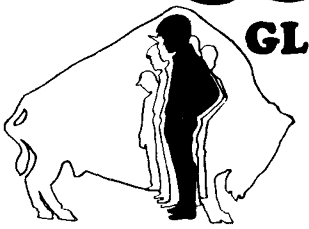

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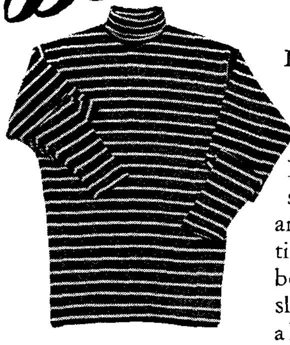

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leaders, their followers, and their activities. The Civil War strained the pacifism of most, but several abolitionists became conscientious objectors and draft resisters. The author doubts whether non-violent methods could have succeeded in freeing the slaves as quickly as the war did, but he remarks that the pacifist abolitionists' witness—that violence is not persuasive—was borne out by the wretched aftermath that abandoned Southern Negroes to defeated, embittered whites. And he believes that the legacy of non-violent abolition offers a spiritual, and possibly a practical, inspiration to Americans today; at any rate, it seems absolutely beyond argument that non-violence is *also* as American as cherry pie.

THE CHILD'S CONCEPTION OF TIME and THE MECHANISMS OF PERCEPTION, by Jean Piaget (Basic Books). The Swiss psychologist Jean Piaget is not the born essayist Freud was, nor do books like these two lend themselves to the general reader unless he be determined indeed, and able, by virtue of education, to comprehend a mind versed in and prone to the use of higher mathematics and a variety of philosophical concepts. Yet even in the midst of such intricate, scholarly books one finds ample evidence of Piaget's other side: his remarkable willingness to watch children carefully, his capacity to keep on learning from them, and his refusal to make abstractions about their psychological growth and development unless he can at the same time offer utterly concrete and tangible evidence to support his ideas. Piaget never boasts with his theories, never flaunts them. He comes across as a singularly restrained and humble man, and a painstaking investigator. In these two books, he asks himself how human beings develop a sense of what time is and how we get to figure out accurately the size and shape of objects, and he goes on to supply the many answers he has been given by children.

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In his conversations with state legislators, Dr. Burnham said, he was told that some feel the poor should not be entitled to the "same kind of care that he has to pay for out of his own pocket for his own family."

Another told him he was against "cuddling" welfare recipients.—*American Medical News.*

Not even that pretty little Mrs. Ramsgate?

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